

Towards a Society based on Mutual Aid, Voluntary Cooperation & the Liberation of Desire

#33/Summer '92

\$2.50

Anarchy

A J o u r n a l o f D e s i r e A r m e d

Raoul Vaneigem • Sacrifice
John Zerzan • Future Primitive
Fredy Perlman • Against His-Story
Ward Churchill • Deconstructing Columbus



Collage by Johann Humyn Being

Abandoning Civilization

Anarchy is a not-for-profit quarterly publication of C.A.L. Press. We sell no advertising, have no paid staff, and finance this journal entirely through donations, newsstand sales and subscriptions.

Subscriptions

\$12.00/six issues in the U.S. (unwrapped, 3rd Class bulk mail)

\$15.00(U.S.)/six issues in Canada or Mexico, & for U.S. subscribers who want to receive their subscriptions in plain envelopes (3rd Class)

\$18.00/six issues for our library/institutional rate

\$18.00 for First Class subscriptions in plain envelopes in the U.S.

\$18.00(U.S.)/six issues for other continents by Surface mail

\$36.00(U.S.)/six issues for other continents by Airmail

Back issues are available postpaid for \$3.00 for the first one (in the U.S. by 1st Class mail, Surface mail to other continents), \$2.50 each for additional issues (2nd to 10th) and \$2.00 each for further copies (11th and up). Airmail orders to other continents must include \$2.50 extra for each copy ordered. Issues #1 & 2 (xeroxed copies only) & #6 to #30 (originals) are now available. Sorry, #3-5 are not in print.

PLEASE MAKE ALL CHECKS PAYABLE TO C.A.L. (WE CANNOT ACCEPT CHECKS MADE OUT TO *Anarchy*!) And keep in mind that, if your subscription is by Third-Class mail, YOU MUST SEND US CHANGE OF ADDRESS NOTICES PROMPTLY (this means at least 6 weeks before you move!) in order to be assured that you'll receive all your copies. The Post Office does not forward them! And we can't afford to freely send out a lot of extra copies.

Please send checks or money orders in U.S. dollars only. U.S., Canadian or British paper currencies are also acceptable. (If you must make out your check in a foreign currency, add U.S.\$10.00 for conversion.) Subscriptions are free to prisoners. Sustaining contributors send \$60.00 to \$120.00 per 6 issues.

U.S. subscribers, please allow 90 days for delivery if you are subscribing at 3rd Class rates; 1st Class allow 30 days. Foreign subscribers, please allow adequate delivery time for Surface rate subscriptions (up to 3 months).

We're seeking 2nd Class postal status, and very rarely we will exchange our mailing list with other publications and projects which we trust. Please notify us when subscribing if you do not want your address used for these purposes.

Distribution

Bulk copies for resale in North America at a cover price of \$2.50 are available at 40% discount for 6 to 19 copies; 45% discount for 20 to 59 copies; 50% discount for 60 to 99 copies; and 60% discount for 100 or more copies. Masthead returns are adequate. (An accelerated discount schedule is available for those who are willing to make whole copy returns: 50% for 40 to 59 copies, and 60% for 60 or more copies.) Bulk orders for resale outside of North America (shipped by surface mail): 20% discount for 6 to 19 copies; 40% discount for 20 to 69 copies; 45% discount for 70 or more copies.

Submissions

Please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with all articles, stories, photos, and graphic art if you wish to have them returned. Please submit two copies of all articles and fiction. We prefer that all submissions be typed and double-spaced if possible; IBM or MacIntosh diskettes are also acceptable, or if there is an interest in sending submissions by modem, first write to E.B. Funck c/o C.A.L.

Short news and comment articles or reviews which are used in "Openers," "The Sad Truth," "Alternative Media Review" or "International Anarchist News" may be edited for brevity and style. Other submissions (features, fiction) will be edited only with the author's permission. Until we can afford to remunerate authors, photographers, and graphic artists for their published contributions we will give free issues &/or subscriptions, or other appropriate tokens of our appreciation. The deadlines for submissions are Feb. 1st for the Spring issue, May 1st for the Summer issue, Aug. 1st for the Fall issue, and Nov. 1st for the Winter issue, but it *always* helps to get submissions in earlier!

Please address subscriptions, contributions, submissions and letters to:
C.A.L., POB 1446, Columbia, MO. 65205-1446, U.S.A.

Mailing codes

For those who are interested in such things, if you received this issue of *Anarchy* by mail, there was likely a short code in the upper right corner of the mailing label. The code key follows (the number in the codes almost always indicates the last issue of your subscription):

"(33)" indicates that you are a U.S. subscriber whose subscription will run out with this issue or that for some other reason we're sending you a copy of the current issue. Other numbers alone indicate that your subscription will end with that number or already has ended with that number. So, if your mailing code indicates that your subscription has ended with this issue, **please renew!**

"(P33)" indicates that you are receiving a free prisoner's subscription, but that it will expire with the issue number indicated unless you contact us to let us know that you wish to continue receiving *Anarchy*!

"(S33)" indicates that you paid a little extra to receive your subscription in plain brown envelopes.

"(Z33)" indicates that you paid even more in order to receive your subscription by 1st class mail in plain brown envelopes.

"(L33)" indicates that you are a library/institutional subscriber.

"(F33)" indicates that you are a subscriber living in another country besides the U.S.

"(X)" indicates that we exchange (or at least wish to exchange) with your periodical on a regular (all-for-all) basis, and that you publish in the U.S. If we hear from you, we'll most likely continue sending *Anarchy*. If we don't, sooner or later (probably sooner) we'll stop sending it.

"(X33)" indicates that we are exchanging with you on an issue-for-issue basis, and that you indeed have sent us a copy of your publication since our last issue was mailed out.

"(FX)" indicates that we exchange with your periodical (or wish to) and that you publish outside the U.S.

"(C33)" indicates that you've been a contributor to *Anarchy* at some point, and we're sending you a free subscription ending with the issue number given.

For those whose mailing codes don't make sense by this schema, maybe we marked them wrong, maybe we forgot them, or just maybe you're not who you seem!



LOS ANGELES FREE PR

Discontents

Essays

20 Sacrifice

BY RAOUL VANEIGEM

24 Future Primitive

BY JOHN ZERZAN



34 Against His-story, Against Leviathan

BY FREDY PERLMAN

45 Deconstructing the Columbus Myth

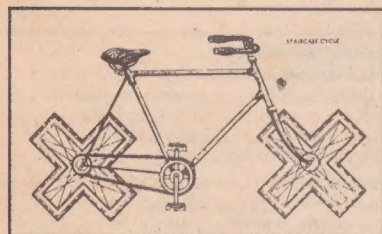
BY WARD CHURCHILL

52 The Calico Indians and the Anti-rent War

BY THOM METZGER

58 Bicycles & Civilization

BY MICHAEL WILLIAM



60 Positive Child-Adult Sex: The Evidence

BY JOEL FEATHERSTONE

Fiction

55 Not My Uncle

BY HARRY WILLSON

Departments

Openers

- 4 Inside *Anarchy*
- 5 Bob Brubaker, 1952-1992

The Sad Truth

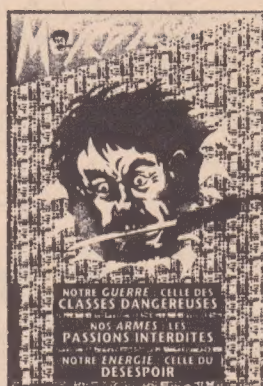
- 6 Femme aux Bananes
- 9 "Peace for Cuba"

Alternative Media Review

- 10 Alternative Press Review
- 13 *You Can't Blow Up a Social
Social Relationship...But
You Can Have Fun Trying*
- 14 Corporate Power
- 15 *Outwitting the State Takes a
Different Kind of Power*
- 16 Anarchist Press Review

International Anarchist News

- 18 The Anarchist Scene
- 18 "Wear a Mask!"
- 19 Declaration concerning
the journal *Mordicus*



Columns

- 66 *The Iconoclast's Hammer:*
Insurgent ferocity: The Playful
Violence of rebellion

Letters

68-87

Anarchy #33

Summer 1992

Press run: 5,500

ISSN 1044-1387

LC 88-13329

PUBLISHER
C.A.L. Press

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

Jason McQuinn
Toni Otter

EDITORIAL ADVISORY GROUP

Claude B.
Avid Darkly
E.B. Funck
A. Hacker
Shagbark Hickory
Emma Kollwitz
Noa
Mikell Zhan

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS

Freddie Baer, San Francisco, CA.
Johann Humyn Being, San Francisco, CA.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Bob Brubaker, Numazu-shi, Japan
Alice Carnes, Eugene, OR.
Wendy S. Duke, Akron, OH.
Feral Faun, Portland, OR.
Alison Gross, Paris, France
Neal Keating, Albany, NY.
Tad Kepley, Brooklyn, NY.
Michael William, Montréal, Québec
John Zerzan, Eugene, OR.

CONTRIBUTORS THIS ISSUE

Ace Backwords • William Blake • Bureau
of Political Correctness • Jacques
Carelman • Marie Catherine • Ward
Churchill • R. Cobb • (d)anger • Joel
Featherstone • Mr. Fish • James
Koehline • Mike Kolhoff • Earl Lee •
Stan Major • Thom Metzger • Fredy
Perlmán • Andrew Singer • Raoul
Vaneigem • Harry Willson

The views expressed in the articles,
graphics, letters, etc. published in *Anarchy*
do not necessarily reflect the views of
C.A.L., or those of the editorial & produc-
tion staff.

Anticopyright—*Anarchy* may be reprinted
at will for non-profit purposes, except in the
case of individual articles, graphics and
other contributions copyrighted by their
creators or previous publishers.

Anarchy is indexed in the *Alternative Press
Index* (POB 33109, Baltimore, MD. 21218), and is
part of the Anarchist Media Network (@net).

C.A.L. Press is a member of COSMEP, the
International Association of Independent Pub-
lishers (POB 420703, S.F., CA. 94142-0703).

"The whirligig of time has its revenges."

--B.A.G. Fuller

Anarchy distributors

Anarchy can be found at the following bookshops and stores. We urge you to check out the listings for your area.

- Aardvarx**
17 N. 10th St.
Columbia, MO. 65201
- Bloom of Ishtar Bookstore**
1027 E. Walnut St.
Columbia, MO. 65201
- Cool Stuff**
120 S. 9th Street
Columbia, MO. 65201
(314) 875-7912
- Peace Nook**
804-C E. Broadway
Columbia, MO. 65201
- Salt of the Earth Records**
207 S. Ninth St.
Columbia, MO. 65201
- Amok**
POB 861867
L.A., CA. 90086
(large mailorder catalog)
- Blacklist Mailorder**
475 Valencia St.
San Francisco, CA. 94103
(mailorder catalog only)
- Bob's News & Book-Store**
1619 S. Andrews Ave.
Ft. Lauderdale, FL. 33316
- Bound Together Books**
1369 Haight St.
San Francisco, CA. 94117
(mailorder catalog also)
- City Lights**
261 Columbus
San Francisco, CA. 94133
- Europa Bookstore**
2021 Guadalupe St.
Austin, TX. 78705
- Everyone's Books**
71 Elliot St.
Burlington, VT. 05301
- Fifth Estate Bookstore**
4632 Second Ave.
Detroit, MI.
[hours vary, so call first
@ (313) 831-6800]
- Hungry Head Books**
1241 Willamette St.
Eugene, OR. 97401
- Last Gasp**
2180 Bryant Street
San Francisco, CA. 94110
(mailorder catalog only)
- Laughing Horse Books**
1322 NW 23
Portland, OR. 97201
- Left Bank Books**
399 North Euclid
St. Louis, MO. 63108
- Left Bank Bookstore**
92 Pike St.
Seattle, WA. 98101
- Left Bank Distribution**
4142 Brooklyn NE., #201
Seattle, WA. 98105
(mailorder catalog only—
extensive listings)
- Left Hand Books & Records**
1200 Pearl, Lower Level
Boulder, CO. 80302
- Librarie Alternative Bookshop**
2035 St. Laurent Blvd
2eme étage/2nd floor
Montréal, Québec
H2X 2T3 Canada
- The Love Garden**
936 1/2 Massachusetts
Lawrence, KS. 66044
- Newspack**
43 Richmond St.
Providence, RI. 02903
- Normal's**
429 E. 31st Street
Baltimore, MD. 21218
- Opening Books**
403 Pratt Avenue NE
Huntsville, AL. 35801
- Perennial Books**
POB B14
Montague, MA. 01351
(mailorder catalog)
- The Primal Plunge**
107 Brighton Ave.
Allston, MA. 02134
- Qvimby's Queer Store**
2001 Evergreen Ave.
Chicago, IL. 60622
- Rainbow Book Store**
426 W. Gilman St.
Madison, WI. 53703
- Renaissance Books**
6639 Magnolia Ave.
Riverside, CA. 92506
- Reptilian Records & Comics**
403 S. Broadway
Baltimore, MD. 21231
- Revolution Books**
38 JFK St.
Cambridge, MA. 02138
- Rubyfruit Books**
666-4 W. Tennessee St.
Tallahassee, FL. 32304
- Saint Mark's Bookshop**
12 St. Mark's Pl.
New York, NY. 10003
- Second Story Books**
3302 Greenmount Ave.
Baltimore, MD. 21218
- Talking Leaves...Books**
3144 Main Street
Buffalo, NY. 14214
- Wooden Shoe Books**
112 South 20th St.
Philadelphia, PA. 19103
- Outside North America:
AK Distribution
3 Balmoral Place
Stirling FK8 2RD
Scotland
(extensive mailorder cata-
log)
- Het Fort Van Sjakoo**
Jodenbreestraat 24
1011 NK Amsterdam
Netherlands
- Bokhandel INFO**
Hornsgatan 151
S-11734 Stockholm
Sweden

Inside Anarchy

Welcome to the Summer '92 issue of *Anarchy* on the theme of "Abandoning Civilization." This issue is dedicated to the memory of our good friend and, for a short time, contributing editor, Bob Brubaker (see facing page).

Beginning with this issue we've changed to a new format, going from our previous tabloid magazine size to the smaller, more common magazine trim size you're now holding. We've made up for the decrease in page size by doubling our page count to 88 pages. This change in our trim size should allow for more effective newsstand distribution (which makes up over two thirds of our paid distribution), as well as allowing *Anarchy* to be more easily handled and read. Let us know what you think of this new size. All comments—whether positive or critical—will be welcomed.

In this issue

This issue's features start off with Raoul Vaneigem's "Sacrifice," the 12th chapter of our serialization of his powerful book *Revolution of Everyday Life*. The myth of the nobility of sacrifice has been one of the major anchors for the foundation of civilization in the self-renunciation and self-immolation of its masses. Turning back the tide of devastation imposed by civilization requires the lucidity of radical subjectivity no longer fettered by sacrificial myths. In "Future Primitive" John Zerzan contributes an important essay to the ongoing debate concerning the origins of civilization which furthers his speculative critique of the symbolic roots of alienation. An excerpt from Fredy Perlman's *Against His-story, Against Leviathan!* considers reasons for the successful Indian resistance against the onslaught of pre-Columbian civilizations in what is now called North America, and explores the devastation wrought by the Columbian invasion. While Ward Churchill compares the Columbian

debacle unfavorably with the genocidal policies of the Nazis through World War II, documenting the fabrications and misconceptions which still cloud the mainstream perceptions of the historic 'contact' between Europe and America. Thom Metzger unearths the forgotten history of a small-scale, but significant 'anti-rent' movement in the hills of upstate New York. And Michael William discusses some of the problems posed by even relatively low-intensity industrial technologies like that of the bicycle. Finally, our theme for this issue even extends to Harry Willson's short fiction "Not My Uncle," in which a young boy learns about his family's history of resistance to enslavement. At this point in the envelopment of the earth by the Leviathan of civilization, we are all descendants of the conquered. Let us continue the resistance to our collective enslavement.

Dance party benefit

A dance party benefit was held by friends of *Anarchy* magazine in Toronto, Ontario on Friday the 13th last March. Besides raising much appreciated funds for the magazine, the party was a source of community enjoyment and networking. Many thanks to all who took part, contributed and had fun there. This is a type of event which could be happening more frequently and in more locations throughout North America in order to foster local communities of resistance, and to help fund local, regional or continental projects. Anarchist dance parties, picnics, concerts, lectures, panel discussions and debates, parades, cultural gatherings, workshops, and bake sales can complement the energies which currently go into demonstrations, direct actions, strategy meetings, and media projects with less politically intense, more culturally-oriented forms of solidarity and group activity. Why not try pulling something off in your locale, raising some funds for your favorite anarchist project while you picnic with friends, or dance the night away?

—Jason McQuinn

Anarchy wholesale distributors

- Armadillo & Co., Dist.**
5795 West Washington Blvd.
Culver City, CA. 90232
- Daybreak Distributors**
17 Hawthorn Rd.
Milton, MA. 02186-1611
- Don Olson Distribution**
2645 16th Ave. South
Minneapolis, MN. 55407
- Doormouse Distribution**
65 Metcalfe Street, #6
Toronto, Ontario M4X 1R9
Canada
- Fine Print Dist., Inc.**
6448 HWY 290 East, #B104
Austin, TX. 78723
- Homestead Book Company**
6101 22nd Ave. NW
Seattle, WA. 98107
- Inland Book Company, Inc.**
POB 120261
East Haven, CT. 06512
- Last Gasp**
2180 Bryant Street
San Francisco, CA. 94110
- Left Bank Distribution**
4142 Brooklyn NE., #201
Seattle, WA. 98105
(Also an extensive retail
mailorder catalog)
- Subterranean Records**
POB 2530
Berkeley, CA. 94702
(Distributor to record stores)
- Tower Magazines**
2550 Del Monte St.
West Sacramento, CA. 95691
- Ubiquity Distributors, Inc.**
607 Degraw St.
Brooklyn, NY. 11217
- Counter Productions**
PO Box 556
London SE5 0RL
England
- Nautilus**
CP 1311
10100 Torino
Italy
- Outside North America:
AK Distribution
3 Balmoral Place
Stirling FK8 2RD
Scotland
- Inquiries for sales or
distribution to:
C.A.L. Press
POB 1446
Columbia, MO. 65205-1446**

Bob Brubaker 1952-1992

Our close friend and comrade Bob Brubaker died at the end of April, shortly after celebrating his 40th birthday in Japan. Most *Anarchy* staffers didn't have a chance to get to know Bob as well as we would have liked—due to his residence the last several years in Japan after leaving Detroit in the mid-1980s. But he had been speaking more and more frequently of moving in another year to Columbia in order to join in our local community, as well as in order to get more closely involved in the production of *Anarchy*. Besides recently agreeing to become a Contributing Editor for *Anarchy*, Bob was a sustaining contributor and was working on a review of Douglas Kellner's *Jean Baudrillard: From Marxism to Postmodernism and Beyond* for an upcoming issue. A couple of Bob's last published essays were his "Comments on John Zerzan's Critique of Agriculture" and his evaluation of the 1989 San Francisco "Without Borders" gathering titled "No Radical, Utopian Vision," both of which appeared in the *Fifth Estate*.

Bob's death has been a great loss to us personally and to the *Anarchy* project. Following are three appreciations by *Anarchy* associates. —Jason McQuinn

Bob Brubaker AKA Panda Bear

I first met Bob in 1972. He had transferred from Penn. State (having grown up near Pittsburgh) to the University of Illinois in Champaign-Urbana when his dad had moved to Peoria. I was active in the Walrus anarchist collective and met Bob while hawking the Walrus (a tabloid) on the quad. He had long beautiful brown hair down to his nipples that he always wore with a head band. Bob started coming by the "anarchist literature" table in the union regularly.

The next year we sat together in a class on alternative community taught by Lou Gold and we became close friends. By then all the Walrus folks had gone to Chicago, leaving us the two post office boxes and lots of underground papers. We became active in organizing demonstrations against Nixon, the war, Earl Butz (the Secretary of Agriculture), Norman Carlson (head of the US Bureau of Prisons), and against the student government sham. We formed an anti-student-government slate to abolish it and performed absurdist guerilla theater, while forming a rival non-approved student union.

We formed a new collective called the Polar Bear collective and out of this grew Bob's nickname, Panda Bear. Bob had bad allergies and asthma and when he woke up

his face was a bit puffy and he had big rings about his eyes, and he really did resemble a Panda Bear.



In his years in Illinois Bob never was arrested for spraypainting or Pet Milk poster, but he did manage to get nabbed trying to unarrest a streaker. In his trial he was acquitted due to key testimony by a comrade famous for his pink bunny costume.

Bob was for a time peripherally associated with the Woodstock Anarchist Party and the Youth International Party, but never joined the IWW. He for a time considered himself associated with the Social Revolutionary Anarchist Federation and helped put out the first few issues of its magazine *Black Star*.

Panda Bear was influenced by the Situationist International and post-situationist groups by the time he moved into the Nottingham Co-op in Madison, Wisconsin, where we formed the group Aurora and began a series of interventions. When the wishy-washy liberal-socialist newspaper *Free For All* decided to purge the Wobblies, we joined them in creating *No Limits*, which came out for a few years. Aurora found itself allied with the *Fifth Estate* and Upshot, among others in its growing critique of technology and of Revolutionary organizations. Bob ended up later moving to both San Francisco and Detroit [to work with the *Fifth Estate*] before heading to Japan.

Some of my favorite memories of Panda Bear are when he would imitate Amos McCoy of "The Real McCoy's," and he would do a really hilarious, ribald monologue. At other opportune times Bob would bolt out "Fluid running out of my brakes!" which was the caption to his favorite one-panel cartoon

showing a man in a car screaming as he careened down a hill. Like us, trapped in a world we never made, out of control. When Panda Bear would have an asthma attack, I would always tell him "it's time to grease the wheezer." I'll sure miss that wheezy Panda Bear. —Shagbark Hickory

A remembrance

Bob showed me that one could have clear disagreement without a corresponding lessening of the potency of a friendship. His careful thinking and honesty not only reflected a thoughtful, very intelligent nature, but were never manipulated to curry or maintain favor.

Another impressive quality was his lack of sexual possessiveness or jealousy. More than any other male I've known, Bob lived the non-'monogamy' attitude.

I knew him since the mid-'70s and will very much miss his warmth and unique strengths in the crazy, crumbling days ahead. —John Zerzan

Night watch

I woke, and almost immediately thought of Bob, and of the circumstances of his life and death. I pictured him in a white shirt, slim, tanned, and alert, as he always seemed to be. The red letters glowed 2:30 on the clock radio and I was wide awake, wondering why Bob chose to stay in Japan, rejecting the explanations he had proffered when I wrote to ask.

He had replied that because his work as an English teacher paid well, in Japan he could work less. And the job was less entangling, less a part of an awful system, than any comparable work he could find in the States. But there must be more to it, I persisted in thinking as I lay on my bed, listening to the night's stillness.

Out of that dull quiet rose a hollow shout, a prolonged masculine complaint, a keening almost. Not violent in tone, not the kind of early morning outburst that foreshadows weaponry and mars lights, but the wispy faintness of a human being far gone into madness, drunkenness, or senility. As the unintelligible sounds continued, here and there, in the yards of houses across the park, a dog took up the cry. But no more human voices joined in, and the mildest of crescendos only gave way to silence. Someone who cares for that man, I speculated, has perhaps persuaded him to come inside. Or a low-key cop has offered him a free ride to the lock-up.

Why did Donne spring to mind? No man is an island, entire unto himself. And a passage from Montaigne, cited in the original

Continued on page 8...

Femme aux Bananes (Woman with Bananas)

A furor has erupted in the art and feminist milieus and in the Quebec and Canadian media after two paintings depicting women carrying fruit on their heads were censored in an exhibition sponsored by the Concordia University Women's Centre. Originally the exhibition had been announced as "non-injured," in other words without a selection process. Among different, frequently contradictory reasons given by the Women's Centre, one member, Shira Spector, said that one of the paintings was 'racist' because the artist, Lyne Robichaud, "was exploring primitive and mythical imagery of women." "Though one image was more blatant, and the other more ambivalent," a statement by the Women's Centre's art committee said, "we could not refuse one without refusing both."

Putting another spin on the painting's rejection, however, Robichaud was informed over the phone by art committee member Sue Goldstein that "because you're white, you should stick to making paintings of white women."

However, another member of the Women's Centre, Johanne Cadorette, gave the impression that the painting was rejected primarily because of a lack of submitted paintings of women of color: "If we had a really good number of all sorts of really positive images of women of color," she said, "...then maybe a picture of one carrying bananas on her head would be a completely different issue."

In their statement of rejection, however, the Women's Centre flatly accused Robichaud's painting of "reproducing derogatory, condescending stereotypes of women of color and of all women." Basing their analysis on a "deconstructive stance," the Women's Centre stated that it was their "responsibility to refuse to display images which could be read as reproducing—whether intentionally or unintentionally

—racist, sexist, homophobic, and/or violent images and stereotypes."

But in an interview in the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, art committee member Shira Spector backed off from implying racist intentions on the artist's part: "No, we're not saying that Lyne intended to be racist...." Elsewhere in the interview, though, Spector affirms that the painting "is racist" because it is a "primitive image": "We are a feminist organization that doesn't want to promote racism, sexism and homophobia. We felt that [Robichaud's] image was a primitive image of women. She even said in her written description that she is exploring primitive and mythical imagery of women. We feel that this is racist. We're not saying that there aren't women who carry bananas on their head, or that this picture doesn't correspond to a reality. But this seems to be the main image of women from these countries. It reminds us of colonialism and the noble savage who is happy with her life and smiling."

"Okay, she's not smiling," Spector acknowledged, when the *Globe and Mail* reporter pointed out that she wasn't smiling. "But it's a happy image nonetheless."

Figuring out what is going on in this tangle of statements from the Women's Centre is no easy task. But it is clear that a primitivist approach is being slandered.

By the time I decided to write an article the controversy had already turned into a hotly debated media event. A call I left on

the Women's Centre answering machine was not returned and the media shows on which Robichaud and Women Centre members were to be present were canceled by the Women's Centre. Later a forum to discuss the issues involved was organized at Concordia but Robichaud was not invited to the event to present her side.

In a letter to the *Link*, a Concordia student newspaper, Natalie Kauffman, a first-year fine arts student, said that her painting depicted "a woman of many colors, not a woman of color" and that the art committee "misunderstood my

painting even after my explanation." "In many ways a self-portrait," she said, her painting was a "representation of womankind, from different cultures and different areas of the globe" and its theme was "sexuality, cultural diversity and spirituality, exactly what the show's objectives were."

Lyne Robichaud, for her part, said that her painting was an "homage to the monotonous everyday tasks that women have performed as mothers for thousands of years." But she also talks about the "over-automated, polluting and arrogant societies of the Western world" and describes her painting as a being about "a simple way of life and a connection to the earth ... We [women] began as nourishers, as gatherers."

Here we appear to come to the offending primitivist dimension which was deemed so horrid by the Women's Centre.

Fear of the Primitive

Lyne Robichaud had never heard of *Fifth Estate* or *Anarchy*, or primitivist precursors such as Lewis Mumford or Jacques Ellul. But her concerns and an anti-authoritarian, anti-civilization approach coincide in certain ways, and she is clearly being attacked because of the primitivist dimension.

The revolt against civilization stretches back to the rise of civilization itself. Gaining momentum with the advent of massive industrialization and the introduction of the factory system, it has experienced steady growth in recent years, now that the true extent of the damage wrought by the megamachine has become starkly apparent. The libertarian anti-civilization milieu, which has been around for about 15 years in its present incarnation, is only one manifestation of a centuries-old phenomenon. Civilization in effect produces its own negation.

The Women's Centre, it seems, will not be satisfied with less than eradicating the word primitive: "We could not see ourselves printing that word beside the image because that would be derogatory," according to art committee member Cathy Sisler, because, she says, the word has "been used to exploit and degrade." (Actually Robichaud did not use the word primitive in the text which was to accompany her painting; she does use it elsewhere, however.)

It is clearly time to reclaim this word from certain feminists who are attempting to downgrade me by eliminating it.

Primitive, for me, simply signifies the antidote to civilization. However, there has been debate about the word in the anti-civ milieu itself. Hème of the French journal *Point D'Interrogations*, for example, has called it a "limiting, fragmented label," a term which "tends to mask the roots of our rejection of this world. Our disgust becomes not the product of what we in effect are living and undergoing on a daily



"She." By Natalie Kauffman.



Lyne Robichaud with her painting, "Femme aux Bananes."

basis and the thoughts that it gives birth to in us, but of an ideological reference to another kind of society about which we have no direct knowledge."

In any case, mine is only one among not infrequently clashing approaches in the hardly monolithic anti-civ milieu, where outlooks range from positing a pre-language golden age, as John Zerzan does, to the *Fifth Estate's* emphasis on community and defending past and present indigenous groups, to the approach of Feral Faun, who, while integrating a critique of technology and civilization, says, "I desire something new, something which, to my knowledge, has never existed," to approaches within the anarchist tendency of Earth First! (See the recently released third issue of *Live Wild or Die*). And beyond the anti-authoritarian anti-civ milieu as such, of course, are all those who, past or present, have practiced low-tech or subsistence lifeways.

Though acknowledging that the word primitive might have positive connotations for others, "You can't unload all the baggage that word carries," according to Cathy Sisler. But the 'baggage' problem is clearly the Women's Centre's: they seem to have accumulated an enormous amount of it and of the variety whose claims to be authoritative become all the more strident the more the ideology in question becomes patently dysfunctional. "We are in the vanguard," Women's Centre coordinator Margot Lacroix revealingly rants, which for her indicates being in line with the latest theoretical ap-

proach (i.e. academic fad). "You have to retain your critical tools, you have to *pay attention*" lectures Lacroix, as if a subtle, supple critique were being honed as opposed to wheeling out a monstrosity, their "deconstructive stance." The Women's Centre complains about 'ridicule' in the media. But nobody obliged them to become a laughing stock—they brought it entirely upon themselves. After talking about 'responsibility' everywhere in their statements and interviews, they should find it self-evident that actions like theirs cause reactions.

Primitive Stereotypes and Stereotyping Primitivists

But if after the initial firestorm one might have expected the Women's Centre to become a little less categorical in their assertions and judgements, to back off a bit, such thoughts were quickly laid to rest. "We are not here to justify or apologize for our actions," as Cathy Sisler put it. The Women's Centre just doesn't seem to "get it," so detached from reality has their approach become. Unable to "pay attention," to listen to what is actually being said, or to shake free from their rigid grid of academic pigeonholes, the Women's Centre only manages to superimpose its own galaxy of stereotypes, whereby what are considered primitivist approaches are equated, in Shira Spector's term, with a kind of 'colonialism'. Referring to the short statement which was to have accompanied Robichaud's painting, "That's the kind of

thinking that has kept black people down at the bottom of the social ladder for centuries," Cathy Sisler is reported to have said in an interview with Barbara Black for a Concordia student newspaper. But it is most of the Women's Movement itself—after a brief, exhilarating battle against hierarchy as such in the '60s and early '70s—which has accepted a life-as-a-"social ladder" worldview and which has adopted as its primary goal the assurance that an equal number of women can elbow their way to the top.

In the Guatemalan native villages I visited the preferred way of carrying medium-size loads is on the head. But for Gail Velaskasis, the chair of the Concordia Faculty of Arts and Sciences, if I have images of women carrying objects on their head in my mind or express them as words and images, I become guilty of using racist, derogatory, condescending stereotypes ...unless, she informs us, with respect to Robichaud's painting, they are there within a strictly pedagogical framework: "enlightening the public concerning the plight of black women." The unlamented "socialist realism" of the Stalinist era is not dead, it seems, but is only being modernized and recycled as what might be dubbed "deconstructive realism." In her painting Robichaud may or may not have succeeded in conveying all the nuances and emotions she desired: what is at issue here is not a question of esthetics or 'talent' but the implementation of a form of cultural terrorism. In line with a van-

Continued on next page...

Femme aux Bananes (Woman with Bananas)

Continued from previous page

guard approach, judgements concerning Robichaud's painting, however contradictory, all seem to be pronounced with a uniform self-assurance. Where Shira Spector sees a 'happy', 'smiling' image, Gail Velaskasis perceives a 'beast of burden.'

But on another level there is of course a question of 'colonialism', and of 'savages' who are 'smiling' and 'happy'. The colonized, according to the colonizers, could not be other than pleased to play their assigned role in the natural, cosmically-ordained scheme of things. Like Shira Spector the colonizers perceived smiles that weren't there; blacks on the plantation, for example, could only be carefree, happy, content with their lot. For the colonizers gave the colonized the greatest gift of all—the exquisite luxury of basking in the presence of the colonizers and their culture, their science, their truth, their stern but upright justice. Unfamiliar primitive lifeways were proof of an inferiority which justified expropriating the land of the colonized and turning them into peons or slaves.

Art and the Primitivist Perception

Attitudes toward art in the anti-civilization milieu are diverse. For example in "The Case Against Art" and other writings, John Zerzan took a negative tack, questioning symbolism and representation as such, whereas in an exchange which took place in the *Fifth Estate* a few years back George Bradford and others were generally favorably inclined toward art and culture.

But the art milieu is clearly one of the precursors of the contemporary anti-civilization milieu. Fauvism, Surrealism, Picasso, and Cubism—primitive influences permeate modern art, underscoring the magnitude of the purification process undertaken by certain feminists. The question of artists and primitive influences is complex, and perhaps best approached with considerable caution. Around the turn of the century exhibitions of African masks, for example, could be seen in European cities and exerted a profound influence on Picasso and others and had a more diffuse effect on the milieu as a whole. Often these influences were primarily aesthetic and did not necessarily imply a profound questioning of civilization or its rejection. At times, primitive influences were only one among an array of factors affecting an artist's style, or represented a phase the artist was passing through. As well, ubiquitous buying and selling was also having its corrosive effect, with other factors tending to be displaced by the art-as-commodity aspect. Ironically, some works by famous artists influenced by primitivism now fetch colossal sums on the art market.

In an interview about the controversy in the *Montreal Gazette*, Jean Parris, a black woman, also had harsh comments about the painting: "To a modern-day black woman that image is stereotypical. It's like continually portraying a black man with chains on his feet. Why can't

artists today depict us as people who have an education and accomplish things, just like whites." But in an article in *La Presse*, Vivien Barbot Lymburger, a woman of Haitian origin, said that "Lyne Robichaud's painting allowed me to recreate an entire slice of my childhood. So for me it is in no way a stereotype and represents what is probably still taking place in many countries...Concealing certain conditions which are specific to black women, in particular in order to exclusively favor representations of American-type 'success stories', would have a much more pernicious effect on the status of women, in my opinion." Linda Dyer, a woman from Trinidad, said in a letter about the controversy that "For the first 18 years of my life and on annual visits thereafter, I would sit on my mother's front veranda and watch women and men returning home from their nearby farms with the day's harvest of bananas, cauliflower, baigan, plantain or cabbages. On their heads, of course...carrying loads on the head provides the best distribution of weight for the human frame and so creates the least strain on the spine." Clarence Bayne, a black man, said, "I don't see any uproar in the black population about this...It's not an issue...Some white people are getting too sensitive."

This is clearly delicate territory, but I will attempt to tread firmly, if carefully:

Every people has its roots in primitive lifeways; for each, civilization is only a very recent phenomenon.

- I am part of humankind and all of humankind is part of me. Through exploring the primitive lifeways of different peoples, images gather in my head (though personally I have no particular desire to express them as visual art).
- The self-images of a group undoubtedly constitute the most valuable source of understanding about that group. However, the ethnic group is not the final arbitrator of the images that concern it. Images are not the private property of the group. They belong to everyone.

A New Apartheid?

Nationalists of different stripes (feminist nationalists, gay nationalists, black nationalists, etc.) will argue that the opinions of people who are not members of a group are inherently invalid or even, as Robichaud was told with respect to black people, that they should not express them. "Does that also mean," Robichaud notes, "that women should only paint women, and men only men, and that you have to be a dog in order to draw a dog?" Having opinions about a group and expressing them, according to a certain discourse, becomes itself a form of imperialism. In practice this outlook usually translates into expecting non-members of the group to rally behind cultural and political elites of the group in question.

The media were "just waiting in the wings to jump on this one," noted Julianne Pidduck, whose weekly 'Female Persuasions' column appears in the free, ad-financed cultural tabloid the *Montreal Mirror*. The media in effect went bananas. (At least) 14 letters and 30 articles have appeared in the print media, and 15 electronic media pieces have been cranked out. Soliciting calls to their "Info-Line" the *Montreal*

Gazette made "Is this picture racist?" their question of the week. Pontificating editors and columnists spouted banalities from their press pulpits. The censored image appeared on the front page of the *Montreal Gazette*, in *La Presse*, *Le Nouvelliste*, *Le Soleil*, the *Toronto Globe and Mail* (the Canadian equivalent to the *New York Times*), *Voir*, the *Fredericton Daily Gleaner* and in other papers, flashed on TV screens across Quebec and Canada and was bounced off a satellite and into homes around the world. Taking a line from censors the world over, the Women's Centre claimed that Robichaud's painting was not censored because it could be displayed elsewhere, a result they certainly did much to bring about!

Appalled by the reaction of the media, Lyne Robichaud said, "It makes me sick," concerning the question of the week gambit. She was also bitter about being, in the words of Nancy Cole, a feminist artist from Toronto, "unjustly accused" of racism. Indeed, the smear campaign mounted by the Women's Centre has amounted to a veritable witch hunt. If they can do this to Robichaud (who complained that the Women's Centre never even bothered to arrange a meeting with her), it can be done to anyone who, in Shira Spector's words, is "exploring primitive...imagery."

In the name of anti-racism, a new apartheid is being born. Or in Sue Goldstein's words, "Because you're white, you should stick to making paintings of white women."

-Michael William

Night watch

Continued from page 5

French by Virginia Woolf in *The Common Reader*, my bedtime reading just a few hours earlier, which I translate as: "For, as I know only too well, there is no sweeter consolation for the loss of our friends than to know that there is nothing we have forgotten to tell them, and to have had with them a perfect and complete communication."

Bob's letters from Japan more than answered my queries. He described a life that combines the contradictions of the 1950s with the exaggerated transparencies of the 1990s. Where grown men drink like fraternity boys, and fill the homebound midnight trains with the sounds and smells of their puking. Where the use of fellatio by mothers to ease the sexual tensions of their sons is sometimes an ingredient in success on all-important school entrance exams. Where modern life is lived, I read between the lines, in all its horror and grossness, without benefit of labels like 'alcoholism' or 'sexual abuse'. Imputing motives, I hazard a guess that Bob chose to live unfettered and unprotected by the dictates of mediated mass culture, by living in a land at once depressingly familiar, and unrelentingly foreign.

And our few letters, our brief but intense friendship, were based on a perfect and complete communication. We liked each other; our letters were written and received with interest, pleasure, and satisfaction; and we told each other so.

By now the red lights said 3:45 and my eyes were heavier with impending sleep. In the last wakeful moments this essay took rough shape, along with a resolve, which I'll associate with Bob's memory henceforth, to put a good share of my heart's and mind's efforts into experiments and explorations with writing. I woke a few hours later with this resolve intact. -Alice Carnes

"Peace for Cuba"

The repressive left in action

It seems that under increasing pressure from the so-called "Death of Communism," the radical left is showing little or no tolerance for dissent. On Saturday, January 25th, two WBAI-FM radio producers attempting to hand out an open letter urging human rights reform in Cuba were forcibly ejected from the Jan. 25th "Peace For Cuba" event at the NYC Jacob Javits Center by security goons provided by the Stalin-worshipping Workers' World Party (WWP).

Ms. Avila, a WBAI poetry producer, had recently returned from a two week trip to the Latin American Film Festival in Havana, Cuba. Unlike most visitors from the American left, Ms. Avila was born in Cuba, and was able to visit family in both Havana and a small town near Santiago De Cobé, in the south of the island. Coming from WBAI and having studied with the Antonio Maceo Brigade (a Marxist study and work group for Cubans in America), she expected to find an island and a people struggling but united in their resolve to survive shortages caused by the 30 year U.S. embargo and the recent withdrawal of aid from the former Soviet bloc.

Instead, what she found was a system held in place by political repression and government informers, repressing not just gays (the infamous 'cocos', or homosexual detention camps), but also those who had attempted to work within the system to create a socialism where freedom of speech and criticism of bureaucratic mismanagement and elitism were not a crime.

She saw numerous cases of repression, and was told of many others that no tourist would ordinarily be privy to, including cases of poets, intellectuals, and writers imprisoned under "La Ley De Peligrosidad" (the Law Of Danger To The State); gays and lesbians expelled from universities, removed from their jobs, given electroshock, and evicted from their homes; even a Marxist scholar who was imprisoned for writing a criticism of elitism in the upper echelons of the Communist Party.

Unfortunately, pointing out these abuses has never been popular. The usual reaction by the American left ranges from lame justifications ("Well, the U.S. embargo creates an emergency situation, so gay detention camps are an understandable by-product of U.S. policy."), to outright denial of any problems or dissatisfaction whatsoever. What tourists in Cuba may not realize is that no Cuban will speak honestly with them for fear of being turned in by the tourists themselves. The Cuban people have learned that Americans on holiday with their Marxist study groups may be likely to report them to the authorities, resulting in long jail terms for violating "La Ley De Peligrosidad." Dissing the revolution in any way has become a crime, to the extent that persons committed to socialism have been jailed for even suggesting the existence of corruption or mismanagement.

These Stalinist tendencies appear to have

had an influence on the workings of American left groups, blinding them to criticism of both the police state in Cuba and the very similar tactics they use at home. Those here fighting against human rights violations in Cuba get insults from the left, rejection by the right, and racism from both sides, who can't believe that a nation of brown people might actually be able to run their own country without the 'advice' of elitists on both ends of the political spectrum.

Ms. Avila and a friend were thrown out of the Javits Center shortly after they managed to hand a copy of Ms. Avila's open letter to former Attorney General Ramsey Clark, an organizer of and speaker at the event. They had been standing with other media professionals in a press detention area, waiting to be officially

escorted into the event when they spotted Clark as he entered. The "Peace For Cuba" staff member running the press area demanded to see a copy of the flyer, and after approximately eight seconds, determined that an open appeal for human rights had no place at their rally. He immediately summoned over two men who physically dragged Ms. Avila to the door and then the street as she shouted out human rights slogans. When her friend attempted to follow the goons who were assaulting her, he was grabbed by two other large security types who forced him out another door. He began shouting "This is the same treatment gay activists get in Cuba! Close the HIV detention camps!" The "Peace For Cuba" security grabbed him in a police-style arm lock in order to eject him as quickly as possible.

Once outside, the pair continued to hand out flyers to those waiting to enter the rally, enduring abuse and insults such as the racist 'gusano' moniker used almost exclusively by white Americans on the line, and responses of "so what?" when the issue of homosexual detention camps was raised. *OGB News Service (528 5th St., Brooklyn, NY. 11215).*

City of Light

Pigs will be pigs. You've got to wonder about anyone who'd choose to be one. Just as you have to wonder how many people chose/choose not to know that Rodney King beatings happen every day.

But the insurrection in L.A. was not fundamentally about the latest high-profile police atrocity, nor was it mainly a matter of race relations. Of course, the media worked overtime to argue otherwise, endlessly showing a white trucker being beaten by blacks, in order to equate him with Rodney King and trivialize the whole matter. Pushing most of the story out of the way, this tactic says, one "brutal and senseless" act cancels the other and things are not really that bad, except for such behavior. As if excesses committed by a population enraged beyond measure are the same as a calculated, vicious act by those who are not. More importantly, what is truly "brutal and senseless" is remaining passive about systematic degradation and not rising up wrathfully.

The media 'coverage' was simply outrageous. Almost none of it hesitated to openly take sides against the slave revolt and array every kind of oppositional thinking against it. An outbreak that cost some 60 lives, burned and looted 5,000 businesses to the tune of \$1 billion, and required 8,500 troops and countless cops from all over Southern California to contain, was attributed to a few "hoodlums and opportunists"—an incredible lie in itself. All media attention seemed to turn to politicians and church leaders—for their help in denouncing the events unfolding, those cops who speak for the very few. The media behavior only reminds one that its job is always to advertise the culture defined by the commodity and its

rules (viz. work).

On May 1st a group of German anarchists in Berlin unfurled a banner declaring their solidarity with the people of Los Angeles and attacked a nearby group of neo-Nazis. In a radio interview May 6th, permitted safely after the fact, sociologist Harry Edwards pointed out that what happened "was not a black vs. white thing. Everyone was out in the streets, old and young and every color." He also made it clear that people with jobs took part, including employees who destroyed their employers' businesses. So much for the vain hope of capital that investment in new businesses will create social peace.

The rioting was not confined to the ghetto. In L.A. it spread to downtown, Westwood, mid-Wilshire and Hollywood, as desert-camouflaged armor guarded shopping malls for nearly 50 miles in every direction. The violence could not be isolated in South Central Los Angeles any more than the depth of alienation can that exists all across this rotting culture. The decline of voting to depths that challenge the very legitimacy of a phoney representation is one excellent example.

Those who wish to remain slaves as every authentic aspect of society, and nature along with it, are looted every day still summon up their defenses of slavery. Others, everywhere, who will not suppress their anger, their passion to live, find an inspiration in the explosion of those whose pride and dignity could not be suppressed. As Marc Fumaroli put it earlier this year, "the new generation is now discovering that the state of being a consumer, and above all a 'cultural' consumer, is the most humiliating and deceptive of all."

AAA (POB 11331, Eugene, OR. 97440).

As always, we are happy to exchange publications with other alternative periodical publishers. I try to list all the publications (of more than 2 pages) we receive in a timely way, but please be aware that there are times when this is impossible due to time and space limitations. Also keep in mind that the *Anarchy* issue we send for exchanges will be the one your publication is reviewed in, so please be patient. -Jason

OH-TOH-KIN #1/Winter-Spring '92 (POB 2881, Vancouver, B.C., V6B 3X4, Canada) is an important new 20-page tabloid "focussing on Indigenous struggles and resistance since the first colonizers landed in the Caribbean," published by a former editor of the anti-imperialist tabloid *Resistance*. This first issue includes an epic recounting of 500 years of indigenous resistance" by editor Gord H., along with "Voices from Oka" (transcripts from defense speeches by Paul "Sugar Bear" Smith, Joe "Stonecarver" David and Kevin "Little Bear" Stanger), "As long as the rivers flow...they'll try to dam them!" and an introduction to the development of "The American Indian Movement" (reprinted from *Indian Nation*). Highly recommended. Subscriptions are \$10/4 issues. Sample copies are \$2 postpaid.

SOUND CHOICE #17/1992 (POB 1251, Ojai, CA. 93023) is a 112-page music magazine, out with its final issue—now subtitled "Audio Evolution Network Annual"—still covering a much wider variety of music & related topics than most other zines, while consistently pushing networking, cassette culture and DIY music & publishing. This issue includes an interview with "Daavid Allen: Making music magic," Manly Hall's interesting, historically-oriented account of the "Therapeutic powers of music," and Darrell Jonsson's "North-west Africa: 1200 years of jammin'" at Islam's global crossroads," along with all the usual music reviews, a long "Remarkable publications" column, and much, much more. If you haven't yet seen a copy of this zine, get a copy of this one before it's too late! Subscriptions are \$10/4 issues.

EARTH FIRST! Vol.12,#4/Eostar '92 (POB 5176, Missoula, MT. 59806) is a 40-page tabloid of the Earth First! movement/organization. This issue includes a report on the March "Activist Conference," info on the 1992 rendezvous, Charles Sullivan's "Humanism, emotions & environmental activism," info on the "Predator Project," and, as usual, lots of news from a dozen fronts, along with an extensive letters column. Always recommended. Subscriptions are \$20/year (8 issues).

OPEN MAGAZINE Pamphlet Series #4/Oct., #10/Sept., #13/Nov., #14/Nov.'91, #16/Jan. & #17/April '92 (POB 2726, Westfield, NJ. 07091) is a succession of 20 to 24-page pamphlets presenting essays and speeches from alternative voices. Pamphlet #4 is a transcript of a radio broadcast by Helen Caldicott titled "Saving the planet"; #10 presents Noam Chomsky's incisive

Alternative press review

Compiled by Jason McQuinn

speech on "Media control: The spectacular achievements of propaganda"; #13 is Edward Said's "Peace in the Middle East"; #14 reprints Tom Althaus's "US politics & global warming" (from *Socialist Review*); #16 features Manning Marable on "Black America: Multicultural democracy in the age of Clarence Thomas and David Duke"; and #17 presents Rosalyn Baxandall's "Women & abortion: The body as battleground." Each pamphlet seriously tackles a meaty subject in a readable style. Individual pamphlets are \$3.50 postpaid, while subscriptions are \$30/10 pamphlets.



EXEDRA #3/Spring '92 (POB 422937, San Francisco, CA. 94142-2937) is a thought-provoking, 48-page punk-oriented zine produced by two women who emphatically don't want it narrowly categorized as a "women's zine." This issue includes Kim Carlyle's painful account of being gang-raped by three men, an interview with Karin Gembus (of *Maximum RocknRoll*, Mordam Records & the band Spitboy), a piece by Sonia Skindrud on politics, Tolstoy & revolution, Kim's thoughts on abortion, Sonia's interviews with three women in the hardcore scene, and much more. Copies are \$2 postpaid.

ALSO RECEIVED:

Uncommon Desires Newsletter #3/Dec.'91 & #4/Jan.'92 (Postbus 408, 1000AK, Amsterdam, Netherlands) is a 16-page interim newsletter (serving until *Uncommon Desires* magazine is able to publish again). Issue #3 features an account by Bill Andriette of the FBI's set-up of attorney (for *Uncommon Desires* & other persecuted clients) Lawrence Stanley, "Towards a definition of 'girl-love': Common desires, uncommon acts," and a reprint of an editorial (from *The Guide*) calling for the abolition of laws against rape

(though not assault, or other forms of violation of consent). Issue #4 includes a piece on a nazi-like "sex-therapist," among others. Highly recommended for anyone interested in issues of pedophilia, children's sexuality, or sexual repression & 'deviance' in general. Subscriptions are now \$20/year.

Body Memories #1/Winter Solstice '91 & #2/Spring Equinox '92 (POB 14941, Berkeley, CA. 94701) is a new, 22 to 30-page quarterly zine making an attempt at exploring, as its subtitle says, "Radical Perspectives on Childhood Sexual Abuse." The first two issues entirely bypass the crucial question of where the editors' stand on children's ability to consent to sex, and largely ignores probably the most widespread form of sexually-related abuse—anti-sexual abuse (psychological and physical abuse or suppression of children by adults and institutions for engaging in nudity, masturbation, consenting sexual relationships—whether homo or hetero, cross-dressing, possession of porn, etc.), so it is hard to say how sex-phobic this publication will be. A couple of pieces in issue #1 do at least criticize some aspects (though certainly not all) of the "survivor industry" and of the "ritual abuse" witchhunt. Issue #2 includes several personal accounts by women who were abused by older women, which suggests that the incidence of abuse by heterosexual men may be much less than the 97% claimed here by Catherine McGuire in "A political analysis of child sexual abuse." Subscriptions are \$8/year (4 issues).

Prison News Service #34/Jan.-Feb. & #35/Mar.-April '92 (POB 5052, Stn. A, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5W 1W4) is an interesting 12 to 20-page tabloid covering North American prison issues. Issue #34 focusses on "women and prison" with articles like "How prisons reinforce white male supremacy." Issue #35 includes Abd al-Bari's Islamic discourse on "The prison situation in the United States," and "Indian prisoners struggle for religious freedom" (reprinted from *Iron House Drum*). Send a contribution for a sample copy; or the suggested subscription rate is \$10/year (6 issues).

Twisted Image #37/Jan., #38/Feb. & #39/Mar.'92 (1630 University Ave. Apt.26, Berkeley, CA. 94703) is a consistently funny 10-page comics zine by Ace Backwards. Issue #37 includes reviews of Seymour Hersh's *The Samson Option* (on the Israeli nuclear threat) and Thomas Hauser's *Muhammad Ali: His Life and Times*. Issue #38 has a review of Mitchell Jones' *The Leichter Report: A Dissection*, and a story by David McCord titled "Hitman."

Issue #39 includes "My troubles with R. Crumb." Send \$1 for a sample copy.

Liberty Vol.5,#5/May '92 (POB 1167, Port Townsend, WA. 98368) is an 80-page, right-wing 'libertarian' magazine chock full of short essays all advocating "free market" economics and government 'deregulation' to at least some degree (mostly deregulation of business, not of pro-'market' laws & regulations). Issue #5 includes a defense of the newest Supreme Court Justice in "Clarence Thomas: Cruel and unusual justice?" by James Taggaart, along with Vojtech Cepl & Ronald Lipp's "Divorce, Czechoslovak style," and Gary Alexander's "The world's most successful price-fixing conspiracy" on the history of the New York Stock Exchange. Subscriptions are \$19.50/-year (6 issues).

Utne Reader #51/May-June '92 (Box 1974, Marion, OH. 43305) is the 144-page *Readers' Digest* of the left-liberals, still misleadingly subtitled "The best of the alternative press"—since it ignores most of (and the best of) the actual alternative press in practice. This issue features Andrew Kimbrell's disappointing "Body wars: Can the human body survive the age of technology?" (apparently only if they're "re-sacralized"), along with a few more insightful pieces like Linda Hasselstrom's "A real workout" (from the *North American Review*), and Kim Edwards' "The body as evil" (from the *Michigan Quarterly Review*). Subscriptions are \$18/year (6 issues).

Nomad Vol.3,#1/Spring '92 (c/o Mike Smith, 406 Williams, Florida State Univ., Tallahassee, FL. 32306) is a 42-page "interdisciplinary Journal of the Humanities, Arts, & Sciences," featuring more or less amusing pieces like Gregory Ulmer's "Electronic monumentality," "Talking heads of disdainism explaining" (a conversation transcript), "Excerpts from 'Action is Addiction'" by the Critical Art Ensemble (critical of the interventionism of the medical establishment), and Chris Gray's "Excerpts from 'Philosophy and the human future: The implications of postmodern war.'" Subscriptions are \$9/year (2 issues).

Rain Vol.14,#2/Winter-Spring '92 (POB 30097, Eugene, OR. 97403-1097) is a 56-page quarterly decentralist/appropriate technology magazine. This issue includes articles on community supported agriculture and on bicycles, along with an essay titled "Real and imagined communities" (on false community and the nation-state), and lots of reviews (including Greg Bryant's long, sympathetic review of Murray Bookchin's *The Rise of Urbanization and the Decline of Citizenship*). Subscriptions are \$20/year (4 issues).

Ben is Dead #18/March-April '92 (POB 3166, Hollywood, CA. 90028) is the 64-page L.A. punk theme-zine, with a "Glamour Issue!" out this time around featuring "Beauty tips for junkies," Nina Dentata's "Being beautiful in the New World Order," Al Cacophony's "Connoisseur's guide to the perfect car crash," and interviews with "Glue" and "The Goddess Bunny." Also included in

this issue is part two of "Sound and its technologies," compiled by Mikki Hallin. Always a well-produced and amusing zine. Sample copies are \$2, while subscriptions are \$10/6 issues.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS:

Diss'd unnumbered/Jan.'92 (Friends of Political Prisoners, Box 3113, Madison, WI. 53704) is a (one-shot?) 7-page authoritarian leftist tract by Marion prisoner Raymond Luc Levasseur critical of U.S. leftist non-support for armed struggle prisoners. Send a contribution for a copy.

Seattle Community Catalyst Vol.2, #10/Feb., #11/Mar. & #12/April '92 (5031 University Way NE, Rm.2, Seattle, WA. 98105) is a 16-page eco-peace-community tabloid. Issue #11 focusses on coverage of a controversial antifascist march in Seattle on Jan. 25th. Subscriptions are \$15/year (12 issues).

Incite Information Vol.3, #1/Mar.-Apr.'92 (1507 E. Franklin St. #530, Chapel Hill, NC. 27514) is a 20-page bulletin of "News Analysis and Commentary." Issue #1 features a short interview with ex-CIA agent Victor Marchetti titled "The CIA and the murder of JFK" (reprinted from *Spectator* magazine). Subscriptions are \$10/year (6 issues).

The Fire Fly #14/Mar. & #15/April '92 (Box 1077, Mission, SD. 57555) is a fun and interesting, 8-page locally-oriented newsletter that's just moved from Ely, Minnesota to the Rosebud Reservation in South Dakota. Issue #14 has a cover piece titled "A night out in Ely: The cook, the cop & the communist." Subscriptions are now \$5.00/6 months (6 issues).

Industrial Worker #1545/Mar.'92 (1095 Market St. #204, San Francisco, CA. 94103) is the 8-page newspaper of the vestigial remains of the Industrial Workers of the World. Issue #1545 announces that "People's Warehouse goes for worker control." Subscriptions are \$10/year (12 issues).

Alternative Press Index Vol.23, #4/Oct.-Dec.'92 (POB 33109, Baltimore, MD. 21218) is a 130-page quarterly, library-style index to a wide range of alternative and radical periodicals, including anarchic publications like the *Fifth Estate*, *Kick It Over*, *Our Generation*, and *Social Anarchism*, along with *Anarchy*. Subscriptions are \$30/year (4 issues) for individuals & movement groups.

Skipping Stones Vol.4, #1/undated (POB 3939, Eugene, OR. 97403-0939) is a 32-page "Multicultural Children's Quarterly" full of short articles, letters, artwork and photos, this time focussing on the theme of "Women of Many Ages and Places." Samples are \$4; subscriptions are \$15/year (4 issues).

I Am #1 & #2/undated (no address) is essentially a 46 to 66-page, man-boy love comic, including poetry and graphics, subtitled "A Publication for Gays." Copies can be obtained from NAMBLA (POB 174, Midtown Station, New York,

NY. 10018) for \$9.50 postpaid.

Ship Of Fools #1/undated (POB 2062, Westminster, MD. 21158) is a good, 12-page first effort at producing an alternative news tabloid. This issue includes a reprint of Jack Straw's "The battle for People's Park" (from *Anarchy*), along with lots of news shorts from a variety of sources. Subscriptions are \$2/2 issues.

Green Synthesis #35/Mar.'92 (L.E.D., POB 1858, San Pedro, CA. 90733) is an irregular, 16-page zine officially associated with the Greens [USA]. This issue includes a piece pathetically titled "The Green Party of California has ballot status!" and a decent critique titled "On green liberalism" by Wendell Bradley. Subscriptions are \$10/(8 issues).

The Other Side #1/Winter '91-92 (Michael Harrington Center, CUNY, Kissena Hall, Room 323, Flushing, NY. 11367-1597) is a new 16-page academic leftist newsletter seeking "to create a moral climate conducive to more intelligent and humane political discourse." This issue includes a tired discourse on the need for social democratic public policy by the director of the Harrington Center, and a comparison of the misfortunes of "London and New York" by Suzanne MacGregor. Price not listed.

Ideological Commentary #54/undated (15 Calabria Rd., London N5 1JB, England) is a 20-page periodical pushing editor George Walford's ideology of Systematic Ideology (for more information see the review of Walford's book *Beyond Politics in Anarchy* #31/Winter '92, p.9). This issue includes "Small is unsuccessful," "Steam engine time," and "Ideology of everyday life"—all apparently by Walford. Subscriptions are \$5/year (4 issues).

Itchin' For Ink #2/Feb.'92 (POB 50682, Minneapolis, MN. 55405) is a down-to-earth 24-page tattoo magazine, featuring lots of interesting tattoo photos and personal accounts of getting "scarred for life." Samples are \$2.50; subscriptions are \$10/4 issues.

Arm The Spirit #11/Jan.-Feb.'92 (c/o Wild Seed Press, POB 57584, Jackson, ON. Hamilton, Ontario L8P 4X3, Canada) is a 16-page newsletter "focussing on militant and revolutionary struggles." This issue focusses on new asylum policies, refugees and the rise of the right in Europe, along with Big Mountain, Mohawk and Lubicon struggle news. Subscriptions are \$10/10 issues.

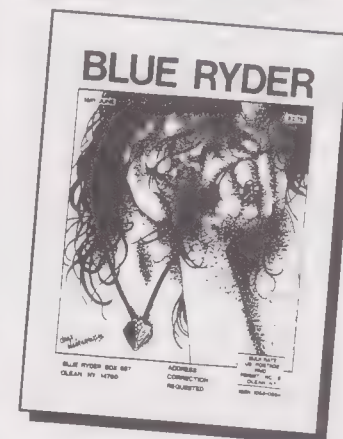
Celtic Pamplermousse #4/undated (Jim Druid, 66 Greyhound Dr., Willowdale, Ontario M2H 1K3, Canada) is a 20-page photocopied fiction/rant-zine. This issue includes a short story titled "Killin' Time" by Jim Munroe. Sample copies are \$1 postpaid.

Behind The Wall of Injustice #1/April '92 (POB 6188, Fullerton, CA. 92684) is a nicely-done, new 24-page punk/animal-rights zine from the Orange County Peace Punks, featuring practical pieces like "How to start a fanzine" and "Becoming a vegetarian,"

along with band interviews with Media Children, Pagan Renewal, Church Police and others. Send \$1 plus two 29¢ stamps for a copy.

Kaspahrastr #2/undated (1436 SW Park Ave. #101, Portland, OR. 97201) is an unusual zine featuring a full-color cover, a "Dream journal," and "Bubble gum cards of the nineties." Send \$1 for a sample copy.

The FIJActivist #10/Winter '92 (POB 59, Helmville, MT. 59843) is the 40-page tabloid "Newsletter of the Fully Informed Jury Association," whose major purpose is getting the word out to jurors and potential jurors that they have the power to judge not only the "facts" of trials, but also the law itself, if only they take that power for themselves—useful information for any anarchists who serve on juries in order to protect defendants from repressive laws. This issue includes the story of Dixianne Hawks' acquittal on charges of jury tampering for distributing FIJA literature to jurors at her son's drug trial. Send \$1 or \$2 for a sample copy.



Blue Ryder #23/May-June '92 (POB 587, Olean, NY. 14760) is a 36 to 48-page zine which consists of "excerpts from underground, small press, and micropress publications." Issue #23 includes reprints of "Another U.S. dirty war in the making" (on U.S. involvement in Peru), and "The war and the spectacle" by The Bureau of Public Secrets. Subscriptions are \$10/year (6 issues).

The Crash Update unnumbered/March '92 (519 Castro St. #7, San Francisco, CA. 94114) is a novel 16-page zine for "travelers who want to see the world and meet people along the way." This issue includes "A zine lover's guide to the Mission" (district in San Francisco) by Miles Poindexter. Subscriptions are \$6/6 issues, or \$14/6 issues if you also want to receive the semi-annual *Crash Directory* with the addresses of members of the network.

off our backs Vol.22, #3/March, #4/April & #5/May '92 (2423 18th St. NW, Washington, DC. 20009) is a 28 to 32-page tabloid with probably the best feminist news coverage of any North American publication. Issue #3 includes pieces on Iraqi and African women. Issue #4 includes "Menstrual

extraction: Women take control," and "Controlling our own words: Survivors of sexual violence speak out." Issue #5 includes a piece on "Non-sexist child-raising." Subscriptions are \$19/year (11 issues).

Regeneration (formerly *Workers' Democracy*) #37/Spring '92 (WD Press, POB 24115, St. Louis, MO. 63130) is a 24-page "Magazine of Left Green Social Thought." Issue #3 is a "Special Issue on Feminism," including Elizabeth & Patrick Eyichison's "The Wichita abortion war: A left green perspective." Subscriptions are \$10/year (4 issues).

Shattered Wig #7/undated (523 E. 38th St., Baltimore, MD. 21218) is an interesting 72-page lit-zine of poetry, short stories and bizarre graphics. This issue includes "Scenes from the silent radio" by John Eaton, along with innumerable other short pieces. No price listed; send a contribution for a copy.

Think #1/undated (Farrell Elliott Montana, 3965 Phelan Blvd. Suite 207, Box 326, Beaumont, TX. 77707-2232) is a new 48-page, unbound collection of flyers to be produced quarterly. Each one is hand lettered with great care, and themes include "The Pope a transvestite," "94000 hours of your life will be sold to someone else," and "How much blood you shed must make them love you." Send \$1.20 in postage for a copy of this premiere issue.

Katúah Journal #34/Spring '92 (POB 638, Leicester, NC. Katúah Province 28748) is an interesting, 36-page bioregional tabloid for the Katúah region of Appalachia. Issue #34 focusses on "Sustainable Agriculture," with articles like Joe Hollis' "Paradise gardening," and Peter Bane's "Eating close to home: The logistics of a permanent culture." Subscriptions are \$10/year (4 issues).

Insert #17/Winter '92 (The Gadfly, Billings Student Center, UVM, Burlington, VT. 05401) is a 12-page feminist newsletter, including Mette Gustavsen on "Teaching Gynecology," and "A brief guide to herbalism for women." Send an SASE for a sample copy.

The Other Israel #51/April-May '92 (I.C.I.P.P., POB 956, Tel-Aviv 61008, Israel) is the 12-page newsletter of the Israeli Council for Israeli-Palestinian Peace. Each issue is filled with accounts of recent events in the Middle East, Israel and its occupied territories from the perspective of the Israeli peace movement. Recommended. Subscriptions are \$30/year (6 issues).

Dendron News #27-29/May '92 (POB 11284, Eugene, OR. 97440-3484) is an important source of anti-psychiatric news published by the Clearing house on Human Rights & Psychiatry. This issue includes articles like "Racist 'Violence Initiative'" (on Fred Goodwin, who is currently the director of NIMH), attacks on the APA, electroshock therapy & psychosurgery (lobotomies & similar surgical destruction of portions of the brain), and Leonard Frank's "Five

Continued on next page...

Alternative press review

Continued from previous page

centuries of perspectives on psychiatric 'treatment': A chronology." A worthwhile source of news on issues of forced drugging, psychiatric abuse, and institutionalized psychiatric violence. Subscriptions are \$10/year (6 issues).

The Honkin' Dog #6/Winter-Spring '92 (POB 48059, St. Albert, Alberta, T8N 5V9, Canada) is a 50-page sex zine in this incarnation. This issue features lots of explicit angles on sexual practices & AIDS, including "The 'fag thing'" by the Nomadic Ken. Sample copies are \$2.00 postpaid.

Western Review Institute Newsletter #19/May '92 (POB 806, Chino, CA. 91708) is a 4-page 'educational' newsletter published by Robert Sagehorn. This issue contains a short historical critique of "Laissez-Faire" economics from a sympathetic perspective. Subscriptions are now \$25/year. Sagehorn also still has available copies of his own reprinting (of the Libertarian Book Club edition) of Max Stirner's important anarchist classic, *The Ego and His Own*, for \$8.95 postpaid.

Bakunin Vol.3, #1/Spring-Summer '92 (POB 1853, Simi Valley, CA. 93062-1853) is a 98-page literary journal focussing on poetry, and carrying a dedication "for the dead Russian anarchist in all of us." This issue includes some amusing fiction like Lynn Marie's "Grace," G.W. Clift's "Dine and Dash," and Ken Jones' "A Cracker as Big as a Ritz." Single copies are \$5; subscriptions are \$8/year.

Angst unnumbered/undated (145 Ross St., Batavia, NY. 14020-2322) is a thoughtful 18-page zine featuring BM Cat's "Ten days that shook Iraq" (reprinted from *Anarchy*), chapter five of Raoul Vaneigem's *Revolution of Everyday Life* on "The decline and fall of work," and a piece on a Stormtroopers of Death performance. Send \$1 plus 2 stamps for a copy.

Food For Thought #3/Spring '92 (R. Seth Friedman, 900 Oak St. Apt. #11, San Francisco, CA. 94117) is a very readable 24-page zine dedicated to food & politics. This issue includes a piece on "Life in the Lower Haight," along with recipes including vegetable eggplant parmesan, potato pierogis and vegetable soup. Subscriptions are \$2/issue.

Networker Congress Statements 1992 (The Drawing Legion, POB 227, Iowa City, IA. 52244) is actually a 16-page pamphlet published in response to the Decentralized World-Wide Networker Congress 1992, compiling the responses of various correspondents. Copies are \$1.50 cash.

Left Green Notes #10/Nov.-Dec.'91 (825 East Roosevelt #178, Lombard, IL. 60148) is the articulate 40-page voice

for the "left-green" faction of the U.S. greens. Issue #10 includes Howie Hawkins' epic account of "The Green Gathering in Elkins," Paul Glavin's account of the "Youth Greens Fifth Continental Conference," Janet Blehl's "Eco-feminism and the Left Greens" (a response to an earlier piece by Laura Shere), and a "Symposium on *Reclaiming Capital*." Subscriptions are \$10/year (6 issues).

ApaEros #38/Nov.'91 (John & Kaihe Burt, 960 SW Jefferson Ave., Corvallis, OR. 97333) is still a 32-page "unedited reader-written forum about sex, erotica and relationships of all kinds: het, lesbian, gay, bi." This issue features Peter Cummings' "Union Station tit patrol," Tom Banta's "Why B&D and S&M?" and Rick DeMasi's "The beneficial effects of pedophilia." A good issue of this perennial favorite of mine. Subscriptions are \$2/issue, but you must also send an age statement (that you are over 18).

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS ALSO RECEIVED:

Abapa Freer 31/Feb.'92 (Pat Underhill, POB 759, Veneta, OR. 97487) 16pp. aberrant "assured publication arrangement" publication on freer places to live, concentrating on AK, NV, NH, & OR states. Samples are \$1 cash.

Comic Release #17/Feb., #18/Mar. & #19/April '92 (POB 20661, Seattle, WA. 98102) 8pp. comic tabloid monthly of "amateur and underground cartoonists and humorists." Subscriptions are \$8/6 months (6 issues).

MSRRT Newsletter Vol.5, #2/Mar. & #3/April '92 (Chris Dodge/Jane Desire, 4645 Columbus Ave. S., Mpls, MN. 55407) 16pp. 'socially-responsible' librarians' newsletter. Send a 52¢ SASE for a sample.

Riot GRRRL! unnumbered/Feb.'92 (c/o Allie, Box 2115, Mount Holyoke College, S. Hadley, MA. 01075) 8pp. girls' mini-zine "to deconstruct the insidious stereotypes that seem to haunt even the most 'alternative' and 'radical' communities." Samples are \$1.

The Nuclear Resister #82/Feb. & #83/May '92 (POB 43383, Tucson, AZ. 85733) 8pp. anti-nuclear, civil resistance tabloid. Subscriptions are \$18/year (10 issues).

Artpaper Vol.11, #7/Mar., #8/April & #9/May '92 (2402 University Ave. W. #206, St. Paul, MN. 55114) 28-40pp. tabloid subtitled "Art/Community/Cultural Activism." Subscriptions are \$20/year (10 issues).

Pagans for Peace #53/Mar. & #54/May 9992 A.D.A. (POB 86134, North Vancouver, B.C. V7L 4J5, Canada) 10-12pp. newsletter for socially-activist pagans. Subscriptions are \$15/year (13 issues).

Reclaiming Newsletter #46/Spring '92 (POB 14404, San Francisco, CA. 94114) 32pp. pagan newsletter "working to unify spirit and politics." Subscriptions are \$6-\$25/year (4 issues).

The Southern Libertarian Messenger Vol.20, #8/Dec.'91 (Rt.10 Box 52A, Florence, SC. 29501) 16pp. photocopied, right-wing 'libertarian' news-clipping collection. Subscriptions are \$6/year (12 issues).

Small Press Review #230/Mar. & #231/April '92 (POB 100, Paradise, CA. 95967) 16pp. review of small press poetry and fiction. Subscriptions are \$20/year (12 issues).

Campus Review Vol.8, #2/Mar.'92 (336 S. Clinton, Suite 16, Iowa City, IA. 52240) 24pp. homophobic, authoritarian, right student tabloid with an occasional sense of humor. Subscriptions are \$5/year (? issues).

Deleuzional Systems unnumbered/undated (POB 129, Dekalb, IL. 60115) 8pp. mini-zines making oblique statements with short texts and images. Send "2 stamps" for a sample.

The Gateway Greens' Compost-Dispatch Vol.3, #3/March, #4/April & #5/May '92 (Gateway Green Alliance, POB 8094, St. Louis, MO. 63156) 8pp. local/regional environmental newsletter. Subscriptions are \$25/year (12 issues).

Turning The Tide Vol.5, #2/Mar.-Apr.'92 (POB 1990, Burbank, CA. 91507) 4pp. tabloid subtitled "Anti-Racism Newsletter." Subscriptions are \$6/year (6 issues).

Frontier Report #11/April & #12/May '92 (POB 32814, Kansas City, MO. 64111) 8pp. monthly, "Independent, Unconventional, Non-commercial" alternative community tabloid. Single copies are 50¢; subscriptions are \$6/year.

Nukewatch Pathfinder unnumbered/Spring '92 (The Progressive Foundation, POB 2658, Madison, WI. 53701-2658) 4pp. 'nonviolent' anti-nuke tabloid. Send an SASE.

Micro Terra #5/undated (POB 26331, S.M., KS. 66225-6331) 28pp. punk/skate zine. Send 2 stamps for a sample copy.

We Are The Weird Vol.8, #14/April 6.'92 (POB 2002, Dallas, TX. 75221) 8pp. "America's only weekly fanzine" of weird movies and drive-ins. Subscriptions are \$35/year (52 issues).

LUNO unnumbered/April & May '92 (31960 SE Chin St., Boring, OR. 97009) 10pp. newsletter of the Learning Unlimited Network of Oregon. Send an SASE for a sample copy.

The Outlander #4/April '92 (POB 585, Mountlake Terrace, WA. 98043-0585) 8pp. prisoners' zine. Send a donation for a sample copy.

The Geis Letter #4/April '92 (POB 11408, Portland, OR. 97211) 8pp. personal zine of "Thought crime, Dogma-cide, and Intellectual Heresy" from the former publisher of *Science Fiction Review*. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

Kids Lib News #25/Spring '92 (POB 28, Naalehu, HI. 96772) 32pp. zine promoting "social-equality, family-

cooperation, natural-freedom, kids play-spaces," etc. Subscriptions are \$12/year (3 issues).

The Peace Farm Advocate unnumbered/Spring '92 (c/o Peace Farm, HCR 2 Box 25, Panhandle, TX. 79068) 4pp. newsletter of the Peace Farm near Amarillo, Texas. Subscriptions are \$5/year (4 issues?).

The American Rationalist Vol.36, #6/Mar.-April '92 (POB 994, St. Louis, MO. 63188) 16pp. newsletter subtitled "The alternative to religious superstition." Subscriptions are \$6/year (6 issues).

Jabiru Tribe #1/undated (POB 3648, Corpus Christi, TX. 78463-3648) 4pp. community newsletter. Send an SASE for a sample.

Dachau #7/undated (POB 5663, Norman, OK. 73070) 24pp. Graphically oriented Okie punkzine. \$1 postpaid.

Dialogue #91/Spring '92 (POB 71221, New Orleans, LA. 70172) 24pp. "Progressive Community Journal" focussing on local news. Subscriptions are \$5/year (4 issues).

Fehl! #12/May '92 (2226 Hennepin Ave., Box 20, Minneapolis, MN. 55405) 24-page "Journal of Odious Poetry." Subscriptions are \$5/3 issues.

Raw/No Idea #3/undated (Nicholas Penasola, 435 W. Delavan, Buffalo, NY. 14213) 28pp? "RAW" = "RADICAL actions against AIDS and WAR." Copies are free for SASE or trade.

Radical Beauty unnumbered/undated (c/o Rachel, 260 N. Grand, Eugene, OR. 97402) 10pp. tabloid poetry/lit paper subtitled "Rearranging the Furniture in Your Head Through Language." Send a contribution for a copy.

Republican Liberty Vol.3, #1/'92 "Outreach Issue" (RLC, 1717 Apalachee Parkway, Suite 434, Tallahassee, FL. 32301) 12pp. newsletter for a supposed 'libertarian' caucus in the Republican Party. Subscriptions are \$20/year (4 issues).

Loving More #30/Spring '92 (PEP, POB 6306, Captain Cook, HI. 96704-6306) 16pp. polyfidelity newsletter subtitled "A group marriage journal & network." Subscriptions are \$25/year (4 issues).

Eggroll unnumbered/Spring '92 (Wayne, 6323 Cherrywood, Portage, WI. 49002) 16pp. zine of reviews & comment. Send an SASE for a sample.

Storm Warning! #22/April '92 (VVAW-AI, 4710 University Way NE., Suite 1612, Seattle, WA. 98105) 16pp. anti-imperialist veterans newsletter. Subscriptions are \$10/year(?) (10 issues).

The New Catalyst #23/Spring '92 (POB 99, Lillooet, B.C. V0K 1V0 Canada) 12pp. "bioregional" tabloid cum booklist, affiliated with New Society Publishers. Free; or subscriptions to the paper are included in subscriptions to "The New Catalyst Bioregional Series" of books at \$18/year (2 books).

You Can't Blow Up a Social Relationship ...But you can have fun trying!

Review by Bob Black

In 1979, four Australian anarchist and "libertarian socialist" organizations published a tract called *You Can't Blow Up a Social Relationship*, presumptuously subtitled "The Anarchist Case Against Terrorism"—as if theirs was the only case against it and there was no case for it. The pamphlet has been reprinted and distributed by North American anarchist groups, usually workerists, and by default appears to enjoy some currency as a credible critique of terrorism canonical for anarchists.

In fact, the pamphlet is rubbish: incoherent, inaccurate, even statist. It makes sense only as an attempt to spruce up anarchism's public image. It clutters the question of violence and should be swept, if there is any room left there, into the trashcan of history from a perspective which is not pro-terrorist but on this occasion anti-anti-terrorist.

What makes the diatribe so wonderful is the way it refutes itself as it goes along. Opening with reference to obscure actions by Croatian fascists in Australia, the authors explain that the state uses right wing terrorism to justify the repression of the left. Indeed, democracies "will even incite or conspire in terrorism to justify their own actions." They cite "the famous American Sacco and Vanzetti case of the 1920s" as "an archetypal case of the preparedness of the police to frame dissenters on charges of political violence." Apparently the case is not famous enough for the authors to notice the duo was *not* framed for "political violence" but rather—as they proceeded to tell us!—for "robbery and murder." The Haymarket case would have made a better example but is perhaps not

famous enough. The lesson, if any, to be drawn is that one way or another, the anarchists are going to be screwed. Sacco and Vanzetti, like the Haymarket anarchists (except Lingg) did not "take up the gun," they "engage[d] in the long, hard work of publicizing and understanding of this society" as the Australians propose. Why *not* throw a bomb or two? (As Lingg was preparing to do when he was arrested...showing that something like Haymarket was inevitable.)

Here is how anarchists sound when they speak the language of the state:

"Around the world the word 'terrorism' is used indiscriminately by politicians and police with the intention of arousing hostility to any phenomenon of resistance or preparedness for armed defense against their own terroristic acts. Terrorism is distinguished by the systematic use of violence against people for political ends."

A usage which is indiscriminate when police and politicians resort to it is presumably discriminate when, one sentence later, anarchists do it. By this definition, violent revolution is terrorism, even if it involves the majority of the population. Indeed collective self-defense, which the authors elsewhere imply they approve of, is the systematic use of violence for political (among other) ends. By way of added inanity, the definition leaves out the *unsystematic* assaults by individuals acting alone—Czolgosz's assassination of McKinley, Berkman's wounding of Frick—which *everybody* has always agreed are fairly called terrorism. These Australians are not speaking proper English and it's not a difference in dialect either.

Having adopted a pejorative nonsense definition of their subject, the authors proceed to silly it further. "Just as the rulers"—and, as we see, certain anarchists—"prefer the word 'terrorist', terrorists prefer the description 'urban guerrilla' as it lends them a spurious romantic air." The authors explain that *urban guerrillas* are terrorists (just like "the rulers" say), but *rural guerrillas* are not: "Especially in rural warfare these people can use non-terroristic armed action. This usually involves armed clashes with the police or army." So an armed attack on police stations in a village is guerilla warfare, but an armed attack on a police station in a city is terrorism? Do these anarchists think the police care how populous the locality is that they are killed in? Do they think the general population cares? Who's being romantic here? These guys are romanticizing peasants because they have never met one and maligning urban intellectuals like themselves because they know their own kind.

What, according to these tacticians, rural guerrillas can do is not all of what the successful ones *actually* do. The Vietcong were based in the countryside but carried out assassinations, bombings, and expropriations in the cities too. Guerrilla warfare is by definition opportunistic and elastic, wherever it happens. The fact that rural guerrillas *can* (and do) "use non-terroristic armed action" does not mean they don't also use terroristic armed action, such as the village massacres of the Khmer Rouge or Sendero Luminoso.

Lexicography aside, what's really put ants in these anarchists' pants? The pamphlet has nothing, really, to do with terrorism as such. Instead it's a critique of urban armed struggle by mostly nationalist and/or Marxist-Leninist outfits in the '60s and '70s: the IRA, PLO, RAF, SLA, etc. Understandably these leftists (as they repeatedly identify themselves) do not want to be confused with these terrorists, but surely their discrepant *ends* mark the distinction much more clearly than their often identical *means*? Most Marxist groups, they admit, denounce terrorism in favor of party-building and propaganda, pretty much what the Australians call for. The Red Brigades had no harsher enemy than the Italian Communist Party. Then again, maybe the Australians exaggerate their differences in method (all but ignoring the long history of *anarchist* terrorism) because they do *not* differ so much programmatically from the Marxists. They keep making puzzling remarks such as "a democracy can only be produced if a majority movement is built." Typically, this generalization is false—that was not how democracy came to Japan and West Germany—but regardless, why are *anarchists* concerned to foster the condition in which democracy, a *form of government*, is produced? Or did the "libertarian socialists" slip that in?

"Terrorism does not conflict with such ideas" as authoritarianism and vanguardism, they say. Well, there are a lot of ideas terrorism doesn't



Trashing TV for Earth Day. Photo by Claude B.

conflict with, considering that terrorism is an activity, not an idea. Terrorism does not conflict with vegetarianism either: Hitler was a vegetarian and so were the anarchist bank robbers of the Bonnot Gang. So what? In other words, even if the authors make an anarchist case against terrorism (they don't), they haven't made a case against *anarchist* terrorism, which means they can't excommunicate the anarchist terrorist and usurp the label for their own exclusive use. Which seems to be what this all comes down to.

The authors' treatment of anarchist terrorism is shallow, deceptive, and incomplete. If their definition of terrorism as *systematic* political violence was meant to dispose of many embarrassing assassinations, bombings, and bank robberies by verbal sleight of hand, they are smarter than they seem, but they're really just changing the subject (political violence) to an artificiality of no practical interest. They are talking to themselves with no claim to anyone else's attention. More likely they aren't articulate enough to say what they mean.

To state the obvious, anarchists have practiced terrorism in the "Australian" sense—collective politically motivated violence directed at persons—for over a century. The bungled anarchist insurrections in Italian towns in the 1870s involved gunfire with the carabinieri. Soon these local revolts became recurrent features of peasant anarchism in rural Spain. By the 1890s the anarchists were killing heads of state all over the Western world and if they were not delegated to do so by authoritative anarchist organizations, does that not sever the link between 'terrorism' and 'vanguardism'?

The authors allude to Stalin's bank robberies but not to those of the Bonnot Gang or Durruti. More recently, the noted Italian anarchist Alfredo Bonanno has pled guilty to bank robbery. They ignore Berkman's *attentat* against Frick, Dora Kaplan's attempt to assassinate Lenin and Stuart Christie's aborted attempt to assassinate Franco. Some of these, certainly the last one, involved conspiracies and thus should be 'collective'. To equate anarchists with bomb-throwers is grossly unfair. To ignore anarchists who *were* bomb-throwers, often at the cost of their lives, is dishonest and despicable.

What about the Spanish Revolution? The anarchist armed groups, it is said, "*drew much of their specific justifications*"—what they are, we are never informed—"from the Spanish revolution and war and the urban warfare that continued there even past the end of the Second World War." Yes, exactly, the urban guerrillas—the terrorists—had some "specific justifications," valid or not. Which is just to say nobody takes up the gun without *reasons*, a conclusion as banal as it is evasive. "*For our argument the civil war in Spain is exemplary because the slogans 'win the war first' was used against politics, to halt the revolution and then to force it back under Stalinist dominated but willing republican governments.*" This is asinine coming and going. It equates falsely what the Aussies call 'politics' with what the Spaniards made, 'revolution'. For the wimps Down Under, politics means alternative institution building (presumably the usual leftist stuff, constituency lobbying, food coops, etc.) plus propaganda. For *all* the Spanish revolutionaries it meant far more, and it *certainly* included taking up the gun. The

revolution no less than the war was done with the gun. When Durruti and his column occupied the town of Fraga and executed 38 police, priests, lawyers, landlords etc. that was politics, that was revolution, and that was political violence. That was, to hear some people talk, terrorism. That was anarchist revolution also. If that upheaval is exemplary what is it an example of, pray tell?

It is true that anarchist violence has often backfired and never won any lasting victory. But this is but to say that anarchism is a failure to date. Anarchist propaganda is a failure. Anarchist organizing is a failure (*vide* the IWW). Anarchist schooling is a failure. If anything, anarchists have accomplished more by violence than in any other way, in the Ukraine and in Spain, for instance. The fact is anarchists have not accomplished anything by *any* means to compare with their leftist and fascist and liberal rivals. Their propaganda, for instance, has not come close to the efficiency of propaganda by Nazis, televangelicals, and Fabian Socialists. Their institution-building (touted by the Austra-

lian consortium) amounts to nothing but anarchists bagging granola in food coops or supplying warm bodies for demonstrations claimed by Stalinists or Green yuppies or whomever. Anything they can do, others do better. Could it be that *anarchism itself* scares most people away, stirs up their fear of freedom such that they seize upon media spoon-fed slanders like 'terrorism' as excuses for looking the other way?

My purpose has been limited and negative, merely cutting some weeds, not planting anything. If anarchists have an image problem—and if they care—it attaches to their anarchism, not to their occasional terrorism. The Australian anarchists seem to have been most concerned not with an anarchist approach to so-called terrorism but with assuring their government they are harmless. To their everlasting shame, I'm quite sure they are. An anarchism that wants to be anything but harmless to the state and to class society must deal with 'terrorism' and much more in another, more radical way.

Corporate power

Power!: How to get it, how to use it

Review by Earl Lee

Power!: How to get it, how to use it, by Michael Korda (Warner, New York, NY, 1991) 271pp. \$5.99 paper.

There are, of course, literally thousands of new books published each year on "making it" as part of a big corporation. Many of them deal with how one can learn to fit in with the corporate culture of IBM, AT&T, CBS, or whatever corporate giant owns you today. Michael Korda's *Power!* is a little different from the run-of-the-mill power lunch book in that Korda also looks at power in terms of the larger society.

Korda recognizes, for example, that the President of GM can continue indefinitely, making millions of dollars a year as a CEO, even if GM is having serious financial problems. Charles Keating and other executives of large savings & loans proved that they can easily run their companies into bankruptcy (for fun and profit) before they will be finally ousted by government regulators. Obviously any theory of capitalism that ignores power is a seriously flawed illusion.

The early part of *Power!* states in no uncertain terms a basic fact of corporate culture: a corporation institutionalizes power by giving power to people who have a psychological need for control; power is a commodity that becomes part of their overall compensation. In fact, power is cheaper than money as a form of executive compensation. After all, corporations control the lives of many thousands of employees. As Korda points out,

"...the average corporation functions as a kind of broker, providing those who want power with a certain number of people over whom they can exert it. This costs nothing;

every organization always has plenty of people so unimportant or easily replaceable (assuming they were ever necessary in the first place) that it is simple enough to satisfy the power cravings of even the most incompetent executives by giving them someone to tyrannize. For years this has been the real function of secretaries in the minds of many men."

Korda describes the real challenge for good executives as "*how to control people without making them subservient.*" Korda is able to write this with a straight face, as if the iron fist in the velvet glove is the ideal form of corporate power. It is easy to imagine a 19th century slave owner giving similar advice on how to handle slaves. After all, the perennial problem of slave-owners throughout history has been the tendency of slaves to feign ignorance or incompetence and thus subtly sabotage the master's efforts. These 'unimportant' people have to carefully be manipulated into believing they have something to lose if the boss's plans go wrong. Modern corporations go to great lengths to make their wage-slaves believe that employees can be "team players" who by actively supporting the organization will share (at least vicariously) in its victories.

This Machiavellian approach to corporate power is cynical, but refreshingly honest. At least Korda doesn't bore us with the typical Dale Carnegie approach to business.

The latter part of Korda's book is devoted to describing various power games that one can play for fun and profit. People interested in how managers manipulate each other might enjoy this description of constant one-upmanship among business executives.

Outwitting the State takes a different kind of power

Review by Neal Keating

Outwitting the State edited by Peter Skalnik, vol.7 of the *Political Anthropology* series (Transaction Publishers, Rutgers University, New Brunswick, NJ. 08903, 1989) 172pp. \$24.95 hardcover.

One of the most tenacious of contexts within which thinking about society takes place is the context of social evolution; the context that conceives of human society as some kind of organism that evolves, just as human bodies are known to have evolved from other kinds of primates, and ultimately from fish-like creatures. This idea, that society, i.e. human activity, evolves over time is a most powerful analogy and is poetically gripping. It is perhaps the most poignant product of a positivistic science of man. But it is also a fantasy. More specifically, it is the creation myth of the society of industrial capitalism. By telling and re-telling this myth, the society is by turn justified, criticized, eulogized, and finally resigned to or else whole-heartedly embraced. Those outcasts who don't fit in to this myth are usually blotted out.

In *Outwitting the State*, this evolutionist myth is largely renounced in the light of eight case-studies which examine various forms of social organization that in the myth, are forerunners of the modern state; but in reality are fundamentally contradicting the state, and not simply pre-dating it. In other words, what is being said here is that tribal social organizations, such as 'chiefdoms' and kin-based clans, are not only *not* the ancestors of the modern state, but that they aren't even related. The state must look elsewhere for its heritage. In this light, the state is historically less the inevitable culmination of some kind of quasi-mystical process of evolution, and much more the occasional aberration intruding upon thousands of years of otherwise non-alienated human interactions—which by no means were entirely libertarian or lovey-dovey; there is plenty of intrigue and violence, though arguably less so than today. The point is that one did/does not need a license to kill, nor a permit to love. There are no registration forms, no legal precedence, no laws to speak of beyond what you and yours say is right and wrong. As the great eigh-

teenth century American vagabond Henry Tufts wrote: "I far prefer a savage life, to gloomy cares or vexing strife." The modern state that currently encircles the entire planet is an aberration that appears to be here to stay, at least until everything else is gone, devoured in its maw as it were. Yet if these case-studies are any evidence, they indicate that the state has so far been unable to entirely control the world it presumes to own. These are not tales of revolution. Some are more, some are less subversive than that. These accounts of outwitting the state have to do with practical, cultural and ethnic motivations rather than ideological, or philosophical rationales. Neither the Kreisha Bedouins (Jordan) nor the Ponapean chieftains (Micronesia) are interested in spreading revolution. They are instead looking to claim for themselves as much autonomy as they can in the face of a stronger power—that of the modern state.

Particularly in the more developed regions, i.e. Europe, North America, and western Asia, the logic of the state forms the bedrock of the prevailing worldviews. Clastres, in *Society*

Against the State, examined the ways in which other societies resisted such logic, and how their worldviews had built-in guards against the development of absolute hierarchical relations of power. The societies he studied were ones that had not as yet had the state imposed on them from without. *Outwitting the State* looks at some of these other kinds of societies, as they are now, after having had the state imposed on them for 50-300 years. What emerges is the generalization that throughout the world are various indigenous forms of social organization that continue to struggle against the modern state. They are not always so successful, and none of them succeed in entirely escaping the pressures of the state. Yet some of them do manage to establish grounds upon which they can retain their culture and their autonomy, at least temporarily.

The last study in this volume especially clarifies this general situation. It concerns two entirely different indigenous forms of social organization. They are the Nanumba and the Konkomba of the Nanun (Ghana). While the Nanumba are people whose organization consists of a centralized hierarchical polity, the Konkomba are described by anthropologists as "acephalous tribesmen" (leaderless, communal). These two ethnic groups came into violent conflict with each other in 1981, largely owing to arbitrary border shifts effected by the state of Ghana. After a few years, both the Nanumba and the Konkomba came to realize they had more in common with each other than either had with the state. They've since become allies against the alien modern form.

What makes the indigenous hierarchy of the Nanumba different from the absolute hierarchy of the state is that the Nanumba polity was local, without abstract law, was not production-based (the Nanumba economy was subsistence farming), and had no way of forcing people to work. Whatever authority the Nanumba chief has is directly related to his ability to convince with words, for there are no police in Nanun. Or there weren't any prior to the arrival of the state. It is thus reasonable to say that the hierarchy of the Nanumba chieftaincy is fundamentally different from the hierarchy of the state, in that the former is comforting (in this case, to the people of Nanun), while the latter is oppressive. Local authority is different from expansive power. The former does not evolve into the latter. In fact, it is a simple thing to trace the origins of the state for the Nanumba. It begins on November 30, 1896 and is imported by German colonialists who conquer them,

Continued on page 67...



Collage by Johann Humyn Being (San Francisco, CA.).

Anarchist press review

Compiled by Jason McQuinn

FIFTH ESTATE #339/Spring '92 (4632 Second Ave., Detroit, MI. 48201) is a 32-page anti-civilization, anti-technology, anarcho-primitivist tabloid. This issue features Gary Doebler's "Berkman's tunnel to freedom," George Bradford's important, epic essay, "The triumph of capital" (on the history & breakup of the USSR), Mary Wildwood's "4th World War against native peoples," and Jack Straw's "Debunking Oliver Stone's mythology—JFK: Cold warrior." Always recommended. Subscriptions are \$6.00/year (4 issues).

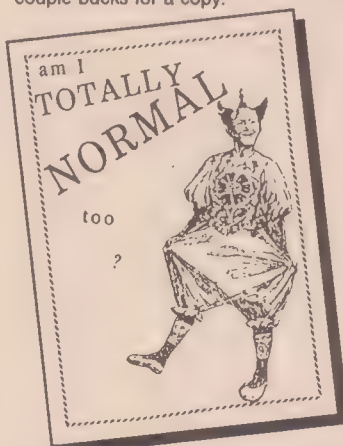
SOCIAL ANARCHISM #17/1992 (2743 Maryland Ave., Baltimore, MD. 21218) is a journal-sized, 96-page "Magazine of Current Anarchist Writing." This issue, one of the most engaging in recent years, features Ron Sakolsky's account of one instance of "Anarchy on the airwaves" ("Zoom Black Magic Liberation Radio" in Springfield, Illinois), Syd's personal account of "Living in community: A look at Twin Oaks in the context of the Contemporary Communities Movement," and Elaine Leeder's autobiographical "The making of an anarchist feminist." As usual, this issue also includes lots of poetry and many book reviews (including reviews of Bookchin's *The Rise of Urbanization and the Decline of Citizenship*, and of Zerzan & Carnes' *Questioning Technology*, among many others). Recommended. Sample copies are \$3.50; subscriptions are \$10/2 years (4 issues).

INSTEAD OF @ MAGAZINE #53/Spring-Summer '92 (POB 433, Williamantic, CT. 06226) is a very breezy, 64-page reader-written journal. This issue focusses on some aspects of "Anarchy and Sex," including "Scattered thoughts" from Mike Gunderloy, an interesting account of "Bar girls in the land of Buddhists" by Michael Ziesing, Len Bracken with a literary approach to "Sex and Literature," and Elizabeth Hayden's socially reactionary sermon titled "If Freud were alive today." Subscriptions are \$7/4 issues.

IDEAS & ACTION #16/undated (POB 40400, San Francisco, CA. 94140) is the irregular 48-page journal of the Workers Solidarity Alliance, a small, U.S. anarcho-syndicalist group affiliated with the International Workers Association (I.W.A./A.I.T.). This issue includes Tom Wetzel's "On imperialist barbarism & the need for world democracy," Mike Kolhoff's anti-anti-organizational "The Bay Area Direct Action Network: A post-mortem" (as an alternative to which he proposes the organization of a permanent 'council' of direct action organizations), Edward Elhaug's interesting account of "San Francisco's queer Street Patrol," and Martin Comack's "Caste and class struggle in Guatemala." Subscriptions are now \$11.50/4 issues.

NOT BORED #20/Feb.'92 (POB 3421 Wayland Square, Providence, RI. 02906) is a very idiosyncratic, 64-page, photocopied situationist-influenced zine. This issue includes accounts of "What's happening..." (in Buffalo, New

York City, & Providence, RI.), "Letters by Weishaupt and other illuminati," Rodolphe Gasche's "On the Spur process," and "Further comments on Debord's *Comments*," and a text titled "What? Panties again?" Interesting in some parts, cryptic in others, unusual throughout. No price listed; I'd send a couple bucks for a copy.



TOTALLY NORMAL undated/undated (c/o BM CRL, London WC1N 3XX, England) is a small-format 44-page, graphically-oriented zine featuring insightful comic/text pieces like "I always wanted to be a hero," an untitled critique of romance, and "We interrupt this program...." Aside from the sometimes illegible (too small) text, this zine is a consistently interesting read. Sample copies are \$3 (or £1.50 in the U.K.).

ALSO RECEIVED:

Profane Existence #13/Early '92 (POB 8722, Mpls, MN. 55408) is an energetic, well-done, 24-page anarcho-punk fanzine, this time around featuring a band interview with Born Against, and interviews with Jonna & Kieran of Anti-Racist Action and Ramsey of AK Distribution & the band Political Asylum. along with lots of zine & 'noise' reviews. Single copies are now \$2 postpaid; subscriptions are \$9/6 issues.

Love and Rage/Amor y Rabia Vol.3, #1/Jan., #2/Feb. & #3/Mar.'92 (Box 3, Prince St. Station, New York, NY. 10012) is a 16-page leftist, "revolutionary anarchist newsmagazine" published in English & Spanish. Issue #1 features part 2 of the well-done "500 years of indigenous resistance" by Gord H., and a reprint of F. Dzerzhinsky's "All the way with the BLA!" Issue #2 includes "Solidarity with Cuba, not Castro" by Gustavo Rodriguez, "Mayday 29 victory!" (on the recent New York trial) by Lisa Novacek, and "Re-

productive freedom in everyday life" by Liz Highleyman, along with a decent critique of a previous anti-porn piece titled "Another look at porn." Issue #3 includes another anti-anti-porn critique by Laura Lib titled "Love and justice?" (This issue is also noteworthy for breaking the silence and actually mentioning the existence of *Anarchy* & the *Fifth Estate*, though giving addresses proved too much to ask for this newspaper supposedly committed to anarchist networking!) Subscriptions are now \$9.00/year (10 issues?).

Dumpster Times #11/Mar.'92 (W.S.D., POB 80044, Akron, OH. 44308) is a 48-page zine billed as "Akron's only anarchist review of art & culture." This issue includes "Anarchy makes sense" by Ed D'Angelo, Allen Thornton's "The Republican Othello," and an excerpt from Nancy Bogen's novel *Klytarnestra Who Stayed At Home*. Send \$2.00 or equivalent for a sample copy; subscriptions are \$10/4 issues + a yearly audio compilation tape.

The Shadow #21/Dec.'91-Feb.'92 (POB 20298, New York, NY. 10009) is a spirited 20-page tabloid covering alternative scenes on the Lower East Side in New York. Issue #21 includes updates on the Tompkins Square Park struggle, an account of the "May Day 29 victory!" by Lisa Novacek, and an interview with JFK film co-writer Zachary Sklar. Subscriptions are \$10/year (? issues).

Wind Chill Factor #5/Mar. & #6/May '92 (POB 81961, Chicago, IL. 60681) is a "freeform journal of ideas, action, news, creativity and more." Issue #5 includes a bunch of rants, a discussion of black nationalism, and "Squatting 101: Locating the building." Issue #6 includes "Black block blues" by Sprite & Nixie, an interview with an ex-Chicago-skinhead, and "The dynamics of gentrification" by Jacinto. Subscriptions are \$8 cash/5 issues.

Artflux #1/undated (c/o *Profane Existence*, POB 8722, Mpls., MN. 55408) is a lively new 24-page comic zine. This first issue includes Aron's "My essential rite of passage" (on getting a tattoo), a profile/review of Ace Backwards' work, and comic by Donovan & Benjamin. Send \$1 for a copy.

Anarchist Information Bulletin on Greece #1/March '92 (Anarchist Coil, POB 30658, Athens 10033, Greece) is a new 14-page English-language news bulletin from the same group which publishes the Greek-language tabloid *Exegesi* (see listing below). This issue covers events which occurred from Nov. '90 through Dec. '91, giving an essential overview for those interested

in the lively Greek anarchist movement. Send a contribution for a copy.

Bayou La Rose #37/undated (POB 5464, Tacoma, WA. 98415-0464) is a 48-page tabloid. This issue includes news on Leonard Peltier, "Youth struggle for justice in Greece," "From a letter from Marion" by Raymond Luc Levasseur, "Police riot at Seattle anti-fascist march," and news on the repression in East Timor, along with lots of news shorts and networking information. Single copies are \$3; subscriptions remain \$7.50/4 issues.

New World Disorder #1/undated (c/o *Bayou La Rose*, POB 5464, Tacoma, WA. 98415-0464) is a new 48-page photocopied zine featuring a potpourri of quotes, excerpts, and graphics from a wide variety of mostly anarchist sources. Single copy price is \$5.

Anarchist Age Monthly Review #13/Jan.'92 (Mutual Aid, POB 20, Parkville 3052, Melbourne, Australia) is a 32-page newsletter meant to keep *Anarchist Age* magazine readers up to date on international anarchist activities and news. This issue includes reprints of Paul Rosen's "The Poll Tax and the state" (from the *Bulletin of Anarchist Research*), Brian Marlin's liberal-pacifist "Social defense: Elite reform or grassroots initiative?" (from *Social Alternatives*), and Noam Chomsky's "Notes on anarchism" (from *The New York Review of Books*). Subscriptions are \$24/12 issues.

Green Perspectives #26/May '92 (POB 111, Burlington, VT. 05402) is a 10-page "Social Ecology Publication" presenting a translation of Wolfgang Haug's interesting "Pogroms begin in the mind" (on "new right" ideology). Subscriptions are \$10/10 issues.

Kick it Over #28/Spring '92 (POB 5811, Station A, Toronto, Canada M5W 1P2) is a quarterly zine featuring a reprinting of "The Quito Declaration" (issued by the "representatives of 120 indian nations" in 1990), John Reed's "Death lurks behind fiesta" (on the flipside of "Columbus Day" as "El Dia de la Raza" in Guatemala), a reprinting of Murray Bookchin's "The population myth," along with Ulli Diemer's well-taken "Dances with guilt: Looking at men looking at violence," and Violet Black's "Dancing around the issues" (in which she equates verbal abuse with violent acts). Subscriptions are \$9.00/4 issues.

OTHER PERIODICALS RECEIVED:

The Thought Vol.12, #2/Feb. & #3/Mar.'92 (POB 3092, Orange, CA. 92665) is a 22-page, photocopied, monthly publication of the Philosophers Guild. Issue #2 includes Marc Ely-Chaillin's call for "The non-partisan national emergency coalition," and a reprint (from *NAAR*) of Bert Price's review of Kerry Thornley's *Zenarchy*. Subscriptions are \$10/year (12 issues).

Stinky's Wet Spots #2/Spring '92 (Box 181, 2440 16th, San Francisco, CA. 94103) is a 16-page zine now subtitled "A trembling zine for these times

of tribulation." This issue starts out with "Dog's Law" (the real 10 Commandments), and also includes Carlos Franqui on "The Cárdenas Uprising," and "Saef Secks" (reprinted from *Dumpster Times*). Send a donation for a sample copy.

Ecomedia Bulletin #112/Jan. 24, thru #117/Apr. 10, '92 (POB 915, Stn. F, Toronto, Ontario M4Y 2N9, Canada) is a 4-page fortnightly anarchist news bulletin. Subscriptions are \$15/year (26 issues).

Practical Anarchy #3/Winter '92 (Chuck Munson, 16 N. Butler St. #2, Madison, WI. 53703) is a nicely-done little 10-page "forum on how to do constructive things now." Send an SASE for a sample copy.

A Infos #17/Dec. '91, #18/Jan., #19/Fev. & #20/Mars '92 (Humeurs Noires [F.A.], BP 79, 59370 Mons en Baroeul, France) is the 4 to 6-page French edition of the English-language **A-Infos** international "Bulletins d'information" meant for spreading news for publication in anarchist periodicals. Send a contribution for a copy.

Media Blitz #1/undated (c/o G.K.M. S., 470 West 23rd St. Apt. 2A, New York, NY. 10011) is a new, somewhat situationist-oriented, 14-page zine featuring publisher Greg Schmeegma's "The media spectacle," and a reprint of "Anti-mass: Some points on anarchist organization." Send a contribution for a sample.

Ovo #14/Mar.-Apr. '92 (Trevor Blake, POB 23061, Knoxville, TN. 37933-1061) is the final issue of this 28-page theme-zine. The theme this time around is "Suffering," with contributions by Hakim Bey and Orten Nenslo. Sample copies are \$3 by postal money order to 'Trevor Blake' only.

R.S.V.P. #3/April '92 (Brick Pillow, 1800 Market #249, S.F., CA. 94102) is a bimonthly apa (amateur press association zine) published "for the joy of conversation with my mail-order friends, about things that matter to me: Anarchy, black markets, ecology, freedom, government,...." This issue includes interesting contributions from Wanda S. Duck, Ernie, and the publisher, Brick. Send \$2 for a sample copy.

Imminent Strike #4/undated (504 W. 24th #81, Austin, TX. 78705) is a lively little 8-page newsletter, including information on planned interventions for the upcoming "Republican/Nazi Convention" in Houston, Feral Faun's incisive "Thoughts on transportation vs. wandering," and some anonymous "Thoughts about anarcho-tribalism" in this issue. Send an SASE for a copy.

Free Society #2/Winter '92 (POB 7293, Minneapolis, MN. 55407) is the 16-page "Journal of the Youth Greens (in transition)." This issue includes some critical responses to the self-righteous "Lesbian/Gay Caucus' Statement" that was included in the first issue, and Chuck Morse's thoughts on "Radicals in the greens." Subscriptions are \$5 (or more) for three issues.

The Hyperborean Vol.2,#3/Mar. E.M.392 (Richard Gaska, 2024 N. Manor Dr., Erie, PA. 16505) is a 32-page photocopied zine "Dedicated to Free-thought and Anarchism," consisting largely of reprints from old anarchist & freethought sources. Issue #3 includes the reprint of an interesting lecture by Wendell Phillips on Haiti's Toussaint L'Ouverture. Subscriptions are \$11/year (6 issues).

A Break in the Normal #2/undated (c/o BM GRL, London WC1N 3XX, England) is an amusing & well done 20-page mini-zine—a small-scale version of **Totally Normal** zine (reviewed above). Not yet available.

Action & Defiance unnumbered/-Fall-Winter '91 (POB 581, Mtn. Ranch, CA. 95246) is now a 4-page photocopied publication of the International Music Workers Union. This issue is an update of recent IMWU activities. Send a contribution for a copy.

No Nation Bulletin #11/Spring '92 (People to People Friendship Ass., c/o Sören Groth, Industrigratan 9, 15 300 Järna, Sweden) is a photocopied 16-page exchange of short letters and announcements from people living on different continents. Subscriptions are U.S.\$5/year (4 issues).

A Infos #7/Jan.-Mar.'92 (c/o Int. Secr. LAS, POB 61523, 2506 am Den Haag, Netherlands) is a 6-page photocopied information bulletin covering recent events in the Netherlands. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

The State Adversary #20/April '92 (AAA, POB 78-104, Grey Lynn, Auckland, Aotearoa/New Zealand) is a 12-page newsletter with lots of local & international news shorts, along with commentary & letters. This issue's cover story is "Has the planet a future?" by Antisept. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

Madworld Survival Guide #6/Vernal Equinox '92 (POB 791377, New Orleans, LA. 70179-1377) is a readable 32-page direct-action zine, this time focussing on "Homeless Survival." Send \$1 cash + 52¢ postage for a sample; subscriptions are \$5/4 issues.

The Web #0/Feb.'92 (c/o Acts of Resistance, 537 Jones #1584, S.F., CA. 94102) is a new 12-page San Francisco Bay area organizing newsletter. Send "a few stamps or \$1 cash" for a copy.

L.A. Today: Tomorrow...the World unnumbered/undated (**Profane Existence** Collective, POB 8722, Minneapolis, MN. 55408) is a 4-page tabloid quickie response to the L.A. riot, with headlines like "Burn Hollywood burn!" and "Anarchy, chaos, violence: Bravo!" This publication earns high marks for being a timely anarchic response to this critical event, but its unapologetic applause for the senseless, as well as the sensible, violence of the riot is disquieting. Sample copies are \$1 postpaid.

The Me@nder Quarterly Vol.4,#3/April '92 (c/o Erik Riese, POB 14073, Mpls., MN. 55414-0073) is a 10-page

"Newsletter of evolutionary anarchists" consisting of letters from contributors, this time including one expressing the sentiment "'Desire armed,' be damned." Send a contribution for a sample copy.

News From Poland #A/1992 (FA, c/o An Arché, Uniwersytet Śląski, Bankowa 12, 40-007 Katowice, Poland) is an interesting new 6-page, English-language "World Bulletin of Federacja Anarchistyczna," containing the latest news on struggles involving the Polish anarchist movement. Send a contribution for a copy.

NON-ENGLISH-LANGUAGE PERIODICALS RECEIVED:

Brand #49/Feb.'92 (Box 150 15, S-104 65 Stockholm, Sweden) is an always-lively, 32-page Swedish-language magazine, with the best photography of the anarchist press. Cover price is 15KR.

CNT #135/Mar., #136/Abril & #137/Mayo '92 (CNT-Periódico, Apartado, n.º 282, 48080 Bilbao, Spain) is the 24 to 28-page, Spanish-language newspaper of the anarcho-sindicalist Confederación Nacional del Trabajo (National Confederation of Workers union) in Spain. Issue #135 includes "1892-1992, 100 aniversario de La conquista del pan: Kropotkin y el problema de los fines en tecnología" by Juan Domínguez. Issue #136 features a piece titled "El autodescubrimiento de la identidad étnica y cultural: elemento dinamizador de la emancipación de Nuestra América." Subscriptions are 2,200ptas./year (12 issues).

Le Libertaire; Revue de Synthèse Anarchiste #124/Mar., #125/Avril & #126/Mai '92 (25 rue Dumé d'Aplemont, 76600 Le Havre, France) is a 4-page, monthly, French-language "review of synthetic anarchism" published by the Union des anarchistes. International subscriptions are 80F/year (10 issues).

Solidaridad Obrera #224/Enero & #225/Feb.'92 (Ronda de San Antonio, 13 pral 08001-Barcelona, Spain) is the 16-page, Spanish-language regional newspaper of the anarcho-sindicalist C.N.T. in Catalonia. Sample copies are 75ptas plus 20ptas postage.

CIRA Bulletin #48/Jan.'92 (avenue de Beaumont 24, CH-1012 Lausanne, Switzerland) is now a 36-page French & English-language bulletin of the library of the International Center for Research on Anarchism (C.I.R.A.). This issue includes a listing of "Cinquante femmes pour l'anarchie," their writings and references. Subscriptions are \$25.00/year (including library loan privileges).

Rojo y Negro #30/Enero & #32/-Feb.'92 (Sagunto 15, pal., 28010 Madrid, Spain) is 16-page, Spanish-language newspaper of the reformist anarcho-sindicalist C.G.T. (Confederación General del Trabajo), better known outside of Spain as the "Renovados" (a minority split from the more traditionally anarcho-sindicalist C.N.T. in Spain).

Issue #31 includes a 4-page "Extra" insert covering the Encuentro del Sindicalismo: Alternativo Europeo, held last November and December in Barcelona. Subscriptions are 1,000ptas/year (12 issues).

Umanita' Nova Vol.72,#1/Gen. thru #12/Apr.12,'92 (c/o G.C.A. Pinelli, via Roma 48, 87019 Spezzano Albanese (CS), Italy) is the 8-page, Italian-language weekly newspaper of the Federazione Anarchica Italiana. Issue #7 includes a 12-page insert of the anti-clerical **Peccato** #4. Subscriptions are US \$55.00/year.

Telegraph Vol.3(?),#1-2/30 Jan., #3/März & #4/2 April '92 (Schliemannstr. 22, Berlin O-1058, Germany) is a 52 to 64-page German-language publication from East Berlin. Subscriptions are 34DM/year.

Noticiari #3/Feb.'92 (Apartat de Correus 22.212, 08080 Barcelona, Spain) is an 18-page Spanish-language publication of the Ateneu Enciclopèdic Popular, including pieces on the future of the ateneu, its philosophy and its history. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

Ektos Nomoy #14/σεπτ.'91 & #15/φεβ.'92 (POB 11251, 541 10 Thessaloniki, Greece) is professionally produced 16 to 18-page, Greek-language newspaper. Issue #14 includes an obituary for the long-time anarcho-sindicalist activist Sam Dolgoff. Sample copies are 250 drachmas plus postage.

Schwarzer Faden #41/Jan.'92 (Postfach 1159, 7043 Grafenau-1, Germany) is a well-produced 72-page, German-language magazine, subtitled "Vierteljahresschrift Für Lust und Freiheit." Subscriptions are 50.-DM/8 issues.

Disturb@nce #6/undated (POB 31261, 10035 Athens, Greece) is an 8-page, Greek-language tabloid, this time almost completely comics. Cover price is 100 drachmas.

Exegersi (Riot) #6 & #7/undated (Anarchist Coil, POB 30658, Athens 10033, Greece) is a 12-page, Greek-language newspaper including "articles about the situation in Greece, from the anarchist view." Cover price is 200 Drachmas.

Omutirao #5/Jan.-Fev.'92 (Caixa Postal 15001, Cep 20155, Rio de Janeiro, Brasil) is an 8-page Portuguese-language tabloid. Send a contribution for a copy.

Ovelha Negra #1/Nov.'91 (Caixa Postal 1206, CEP 66000 Belém-Pará, Brasil) is a new 4-page tabloid featuring articles on "Reconstruindo a COB: Confederação Operária Brasileira," and "Origem do Anarquismo." Send a contribution for a copy.

Perspectief #26/Feb.-April '92 (Libertaire Studiegroep, Dracenastraat 21, 9000 Gent, Belgium) is a 52-page Dutch-language journal of libertarian perspectives. Single copies are 80Fr. plus postage.

Continued on page 65...

"Wear a mask!"

San Francisco Anarchist Sentenced

In April 21, in San Francisco, Stefan Wray was sentenced on a misdemeanor vandalism charge stemming from the AB101 riot at the San Francisco State building last September 30. He was given 3 years probation, 60 days of SWAP (Sheriff's Work Alternative Program), \$1200 restitution, and 50 hours of community service.

Last fall, protest erupted when AB101, a California bill designed to 'protect' gays, lesbians, and bisexuals from job and housing discrimination, was vetoed by Governor Pete Wilson. Thousands of people took to the streets in rage, culminating in a direct attack on the State building itself. The building was trashed. Police retreated inside. Dozens of windows were broken. Computers and office equipment were thrown into the street. Finally, several offices within the building were set on fire. Although hundreds participated in this act of retribution, only 12 people were arrested and charged. Almost all of them are activists in San Francisco. The police used TV footage and informants to track people down.

Stefan Wray has been living in the San

Francisco Bay Area since returning from Europe in October, 1990. He was very active last year in the Bay Area's opposition to the Gulf War. Currently, he is a journalism student at San Francisco State University, a Co-editor of *The Web: An Anarchist Newsletter for the Bay Area*, and generally active in the anarchist 'community'. The following is his account of what happened after the AB101 riot.

Last fall I participated in the demonstration and riot at the old state building in San Francisco following Governor Pete Wilson's veto of AB101. The next day, I had already planned to leave California for a week, and so I did. When I returned, I found an atmosphere of hysteria. The headlines in the San Francisco Chronicle said "Anarchist Types Sought." Knowing what I had done, friends suggested that I leave town again.

I hitchhiked to northern California and Oregon, where I stayed with people I knew. I was afraid that I would be one of the people that warrants had been issued for. I was at that point prepared to stay out of California for a long time, if need be. At least these were the thoughts running through my head.

From a phone call, I learned that all those that had been issued warrants had either

turned themselves in or were picked up by the police. I was told that it was safe to return to San Francisco. After a short time back in the Bay Area, I again left for Nevada to go to the Nuclear Test Site for the Veteran's Day Action. On the next to the last day there, I received an urgent message that I should call one of the National Lawyers Guild lawyers. I knew what this meant.

I soon learned that, yes, I too was one of those to have a warrant out for my arrest. While I was in Nevada, an Apartment where I had lived and the Coalition on Homelessness, where I work, were both raided by the State Police. They came early in the morning with search warrants looking for me or anything that belonged to me. From that point, it took me two weeks to turn myself in.

I wanted to know exactly what the charges were before I would willingly go to the police and let them arrest me. It was a terrible ordeal, a nightmare. The first lawyer that was assigned to me by the NLG was very unhelpful. Her immediate assumption upon my first contacting her was that I was ready to turn myself in the next day. Without knowing anything about what I was getting myself in to, I could not do that. Eventually, through the help of a friend, and through carefully placed phonecalls to the DA's

The anarchist scene

Compiled by Jason McQuinn

WHY ANTI-AUTHORITARIAN?, published by Arm The Spirit (POB 57584, Jackson St., Hamilton, Ontario, L8P 4X3, Canada) is the title of a 12-page pamphlet by Larry Giddings (#10917-086, POB 1000, Leavenworth, KS. 66408) covering his political development. No price listed; send a contribution to Arm The Spirit for a copy.

GREAT ATLANTIC RADIO CONSPIRACY (2743 Maryland Ave., Baltimore, MD. 21218) has a new series of radio tape releases, including "The Media and the Gulf War," "Safety Pins for Socialism—The Politics of Punk Music," and "Why did the Anarchist cross the Road?" Send an SASE for the newest listings and order form.

THE INSTITUTE FOR SOCIAL ECOLOGY (POB 89, Plainfield, VT. 05667), in its 18th year, is offering a summer semester of programs on: Design for Sustainable Communities, the Social Ecology and Higher Education symposium, the Ecology and Community program, and Women and Ecology.

THE COALITION TO BOYCOTT '92 (c/o POB 3, Prince St. Station, New York, NY. 10012; telephone [212] 925-7966)—composed of the Love and Rage Network & the Youth Greens—is working "to actively expose the dead-end of national electoral politics."

YEAR MINUS ONE PRESS (POB 71, Hastings, E. Sussex, England) has issued a 6-page reprint of *Wage Slavery—For No Change*, a decent critique of the British left as the "left wing of capital." Send a contribution of cash or stamps for a sample copy.

PERENNIAL BOOKS (POB B14, Montague, MA. 03151) has issued its first 16-page catalog of *Used Titles* for Spring 1992. Send an SASE for a copy.

RENAISSANCE BOOKSERVICE (POB 2451, Riverside, CA. 92516), a right-wing libertarian mailorder book service, has a new January 1992 catalog now out. Send a 52¢ SASE for a copy.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN ANTI-DEFAMATION COUNCIL (215 West Fifth Ave., Denver, CO. 80204) is "dedicated to combatting racism by countering... the negative images of American Indians currently prevailing in film, literature, art, sports, and academia. The council will engage in public education, direct action, selective litigation, and various combinations of these tactics, as is appropriate to given situations. We offer no compromises in defense of Indian rights, not now, not ever. The organization is open to support and active participation by all people of conscience." Annual membership is \$25; larger contributions are also solicited. Russell Means & Ward Churchill are two of the founding members of the Council.

A 6-PAGE MICROFICHE CATALOG is available from the editor of *The Hyperborean*, Richard Gaska (2024 North Manor Drive, Erie, PA. 16505) including miscellaneous anarchist, radical and freethought publications. Send an SASE for a copy.

L.A. FREEDOM '91 is a video of a series of panel discussions that were organized at the end of last summer involving anarchist publishers. Participants include Mike Gunderloy (former publisher of *Fact-sheet Five*), Ryam Nearing (publisher of *Loving More*), Robert Shea (*No Governor*), Robert Anton Wilson, Jay Kinney (*Gnosis*), Susie Bright (formerly of *On Our Backs*), Michael Ziesing (*Instead of a Magazine*), and others. Topics include technology, cops, sex, communes, alternative media, religion and more. For a copy send a check for \$17 made out to TADCO to C.A.L. (POB 1446, Columbia, MO. 65205-1446)

STILL LEARNING TO FLY DESPITE MISSILES is a free anti-war pamphlet from Epicenter Zone (475 Valencia St. 2nd floor, San Francisco, CA. 94103), containing short essays on "Autonomous direct action: The dance of 'uncontrollable elements'," "The media and non-violence," and more. Send an SASE for a copy.

A FEW BACK ISSUES OF **ANARCHY: A Journal of Desire Armed** (C.A.L., POB 1446, Columbia, MO. 65205-1446) are still available in bulk for free distribution at the cost of postage & packaging. We have extras of several issues including #17, #19 & #26, along with a very few extras of other odd issues. For those living in the U.S. we suggest you send about 10¢ to 25¢ each (depending on the size of the issue[s] requested and your distance from Missouri) for 50 to 150 copies. (Unless you live in the Midwest—where postage will be cheaper, send a *minimum* of \$7.50, and make any checks out to "C.A.L." only. Those outside the continental U.S. need to send much more to cover the higher costs of postage.) All copies will be marked "FREE" on the covers. To order bulk copies for resale, see the terms listed in the box on page 2.

SCHIZO-GRAPHIC BE-CUMMINGS, subtitled "a verbal/visual encounter with Karen Elliot" is an interesting 12-page mini-pamphlet from one of the folks who brought you *Smile, Smirk and Smut*. "Submission to discipline is the strength of the State, and is never more powerful as when it can take advantage of self-denial." Send an SASE plus an extra stamp for a sample copy.

TAKE BACK YOUR LIFE is a 16-page pamphlet written by Alicia non Grata. Subtitled "A Wimmin's Guide to Alternative Health Care," it is a compilation of five articles which first appeared in *Profane Existence*. It's available from Profane Existence (POB 8722, Minneapolis, MN. 55408) for \$1.00.

If you have announcements concerning anarchist gatherings, new publications, or other anarchist activities or projects which our readers might find of use, you can send them to: Attn. Anarchist Scene, c/o C.A.L., POB 1446, Columbia, MO. 65205-1446. Please remember, for more information, or for ordering materials listed in this column, you must write to the addresses given above and not to C.A.L.

office, the State Police, the warrant office, the OR (Own Recognizance) Project, and others, I learned that I was being charged with felony vandalism. I was able to arrange being released on OR in advance, so that when I did turn myself in the week before Thanksgiving, almost two months later, I was only held for the afternoon.

As soon as I came out of hiding, I attended the meetings of No Apologies No Regrets, the defense committee for the AB101 defendants that had been established in the beginning of October. By the time I started going to these meetings the number of people involved had already begun to dwindle. Only a few of the defendants were showing up. The leadership of the committee was in the hands of the RWL (Revolutionary Workers League). Few anarchists or any of my friends were helping out. Although we were able to have a successful benefit, at which \$2,000 were raised, the committee meeting I went to was in February.

Throughout November and December, I was continually asking friends and people I knew in San Francisco for a place to stay. To no avail. For a variety of reasons and excuses, I found it impossible to find sanctuary in the home of a friend or supporter within the city, and I stayed in the East Bay. Eventually, I resorted to getting a hotel through the Department of Social Services, a very depressing drab hotel on Valencia St. By January, I did find a place to live, and shortly thereafter, began classes at San Francisco State.

Between January and April, while a full time journalism student at SF State, working at the Coalition on Homelessness, co-editing *The Web*, organizing against budget cuts, and other activities, I had numerous court appearances. Finally, on April 21, I was sentenced for the AB101 riot. As a plea bargain, to reduce the charge from felony vandalism to misdemeanor vandalism, I pleaded no contest (interpreted as a guilty plea). There was no way that I would have won the case. They had me on video tape smashing glass windows with a police barricade. So, I was found guilty on a misdemeanor vandalism charge. The sentence is 3 years probation, \$1,200 restitution, 60 days of SWAP (Sheriff's Work Alternative Project), and 50 hours of community service.

My lawyers tell me that it could have been much worse, that considering my circumstances, I could have received jail time. I am happy that I don't have to go to jail, but am not happy with this deal that was struck. Probation will definitely put a damper on my activities. At this point, I haven't met with a probation officer, and so I don't know the full implications of that yet. The SWAP will be a real nuisance. It will mean having to report to the police headquarters at 7:30 a.m. to be taken by bus with others to perform tasks such as picking up garbage along highways, washing buses or police cars, or sweeping streets for 60 days. Then there is the money thing. Not only will I have to pay restitution, but ridiculous as it may sound, I will have to pay to do the SWAP, as well as other expenses. I will also need money to live this summer while I am doing the SWAP. My summer will not be fun.

In retrospect, I still think that what was done to the State building was completely justified.

Continued on page 65...

Declaration concerning the journal *Mordicus*

On January 27, Florence Tosi and Serge Quadruppani, the former and present "directeurs de publication" of the journal *Mordicus*, were charged with "condoning theft, looting, murder and arson, direct incitement to murder, and complicity in the aforementioned crimes."

[To publish, in France every journal must have a "directeur de publication" who is legally responsible for the journal].

The reason for these legal proceedings is small posters which were put up in Mantes-la-Jolie in June 1991. The posters contained the *Mordicus* logo with a quote from the journal, a rhymed rap concerning the activities of people in revolt in the banlieues (low-cost project housing areas on the periphery of large cities), and the slogan "pas de flics dans le quartier, pas de quartiers pour les flics" ("no cops in the neigh-

borhood, no holds barred against the cops," or "no cops in the quarter, no quarter for the cops"). Whatever we might think of the contents of the poster, we find it completely grotesque that *Mordicus* is being blamed for violence whose causes are much more serious and profound. What is making the youth of the banlieues revolt is the life that is being imposed upon them. At a time when the legal system has its hands full with eminent personages—delinquents cut from a completely different kind of cloth than the banlieue rebels—the authorities' zeal in this affair can only have political motives: silencing one of the rare voices which has not buckled under. In this case the authorities should at least publicly acknowledge that in our democracy one is free to have any opinion...except those outlawed by the government.

Letter from *Mordicus*

Greetings to all,

We would like to begin by thanking you for your numerous letters of support following the laying of charges against the two members of *Mordicus*.

During Florence Tosi's and Serge Quadruppani's initial court appearance on January 27, where it was simply a question of informing them of the charges against them, the judge let it be known that the proceedings would continue "in two months at the earliest." They were also called in for questioning at a police station but did not show up. The proceedings, then, are following their course. For now we have no information as to when the trial will begin.

According to the penal code, the defendants face a 3–5 year prison term and a 3,500–300,000 franc fine. A prison term for a "délit de presse" (publishing seditious material) appears unlikely. It would be the first time since *La Cause du Peuple* in 1970. On the other hand, a fine that would bleed the paper dry is quite plausible.

We have no intention of letting ourselves be gagged by the courts. It is clearly up to the readers of *Mordicus* and the network which the journal relies upon—not the political police—to decide the journal's fate. We welcome all proposals of solidarity: festivities, money (we have started to pay lawyers), support committees, etc. We do not wish to prejudice the best forms of action, which depend on the possibilities of each group and individual, but we would like to avoid limiting ourselves to classic refrains about "the freedom of the press" (although signatures on statements are always useful). We prefer to defend ourselves (and to be defended) with our own weapons—critiques and mockery. It is less a question of supporting *Mordicus*'s "right to exist" than of contributing to its projects—creating lines of communication among those in revolt.

Our friends Wolnitzer in Lyon have already proposed organizing a benefit at a date which has yet to be determined. This would present a good chance to meet and to share ideas. We'll be sending more info.

We'll be in touch soon,

Fraternal greetings,
The *Mordicus* collective
B.P. 11
75622 Paris Cedex 13
France

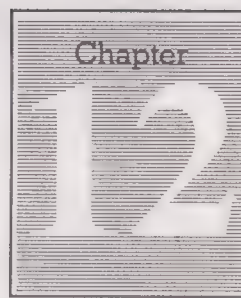
Translator's note: This is not the first time that *Mordicus* has experienced state repression. When they published documents from Os Cangaceiros, a French group which has been conducting a sabotage campaign against high-tech prisons that are presently being built, the state conducted a fishing expedition and pulled in for questioning a number of *Mordicus* members or people close to the journal in an attempt to glean information about the whereabouts of Os Cangaceiros (in English, excerpts from the Os Cangaceiros documents were published in the *Fifth Estate*, *Prison News Service*, and *Bayou La Rose*). Materials for the issue of *Mordicus* that they were working on were seized and later returned.

Homing in on Quadruppani represents a coup for the state, since he has long been a thorn in its side. Quadruppani has been involved with *Prisonniers de la démocratie*, an anti-prison journal, *La Banquise* ("The Iceberg"), a theoretical ultra-left journal, with Jean Barrot and others, and *Le Brise-Glace* ("The Icebreaker"), a journal published by former *La Banquise* members and others. When *Le Brise-Glace* ceased publication, some members went on to participate with others in the *Mordicus* project.

Quadruppani is also the author of an excellent analysis of the French state-initiated and media-supported anti-terrorist campaign entitled "l'Anti-terrorisme en France, ou la terreur intégrée, 1981–89" (Éditions la Découverte). The Spring '92 issue of *Anarchy* contains a revealing translation from *Le Brise-Glace* of a long interview with a now situation-influenced ex-member of the Italian Red Brigades.

An anti-work piece from *Mordicus* appears in the Winter '92 issue of *Anarchy*. In the same issue a *Mordicus* graphic accompanies a Vaneigem text.

The Revolution of Everyday Life



by
Raoul
Vaneigem

W¹here people are not broken—and broken in—by force and fraud, they are seduced. What are Power's methods of seduction? Internalized constraints which ensure a good conscience based on a lie: the masochism of the *honnête homme*. Thus Power castrates but calls castration self-denial; it offers a choice of servitudes but calls this choice liberty. The feeling of having done one's duty is Power's reward for self-immolation with honor.

As I showed in "Banalités de base" (*Internationale Situationiste*, issues 7-8; English version: "The Totality for Kids"), the master-slave dialectic implies that the mythic sacrifice of the master embodies within itself the real sacrifice of the slave: the master makes a spiritual sacrifice of his real power to the general interest, while the slave makes a material sacrifice of his real life to a power which he shares in appearance only. The framework of *generalized appearances* or, if you will, the essential lie required for the development of privative appropriation (*i.e.*, the appropriation of things by means of the appropriation of beings) is an intrinsic aspect of the dialectic of sacrifice, and the root of the infamous separation that this involves. The mistake of the philosophers was that they built an ontology and the notion of an unchanging human nature on the basis of a mere social accident, a purely contingent necessity. History has been seeking to eliminate privative appropriation ever since the conditions which called for it ceased to exist. But the metaphysical maintenance of the philosophers' error continues to work to the advantage of the masters, of the 'eternal' ruling minority.

* * *

The decline and fall of sacrifice parallels the decline and fall of myth. Bourgeois thought exposes the materiality of

The impossibility of realization: Power as sum of seductions

Where constraint breaks people, and mediation makes fools of them, the seduction of power is what makes them love their oppression. Because of it people give up their real riches: (a) for a cause that mutilates them [chapter twelve], (b) for an imaginary unity that fragments them [chapter thirteen], (c) for an appearance that reifies them [chapter fourteen], (d) for roles that wrest them from authentic life [chapter fifteen], (e) for a time whose passage defines and confines them [chapter sixteen].

Sacrifice

There is such a thing as a reformism of sacrifice that is really a sacrifice to reformism. Humanistic self-mortification and fascistic self-destruction both leave us nothing—not even the option of death. All *causes* are equally inhuman. But the will to live raises its voice against this epidemic of masochism, wherever there is the slightest pretext for revolt; for what appear to be merely partial demands actually conceal the process whereby a revolution is being prepared: the nameless revolution, the revolution of everyday life (1). The refusal of sacrifice is the refusal to be bartered: human beings are not exchangeable. Henceforward the appeal to voluntary self-sacrifice is going to have to rely on three strategies only: on art, on "great human values," and on the present (2).

myth, deconsecrating and fragmenting it. It does not abolish it, however, because if it did the bourgeoisie would cease to exploit—and hence to exist. The fragmentary spectacle is simply one phase in the decomposition of myth, a process today being accelerated by the dictates of consumption. Similarly, the old sacrifice-gift ordained by cosmic forces has shrivelled into a sacrifice-exchange minutely metered in terms of social security and social-democratic justice. And sacrifice attracts fewer and fewer devotees, just as fewer and fewer people are seduced by the miserable show put on by ideologies. The fact is that today's tiny masturbations are a feeble replacement indeed for the orgasmic heights offered by eternal salvation. Hoping for promotion is a far cry from hoping—albeit insanely—for life everlasting. Our only gods are heroes of the fatherland, heroes of the shop floor, heroes of the frigidaire, heroes of fragmented thought...How are the mighty fallen!

Nevertheless. The knowledge that an ill's end is in sight is cold comfort when you still have to suffer it in the immedi-

ate. And the praises of sacrifice are still sung on every side. The air is filled with the sermonizing of red priests and ecumenical bureaucrats. Vodka mixed with holy water. Instead of a knife between our teeth we have the drool of Jesus Christ on our lips. Sacrifice yourselves joyfully, brothers and sisters! For the Cause, for the Established Order, for the Party, for Unity, for Meat and Potatoes!

The old socialists used to like saying, "They say we are dying for our country, but really we are dying for Capital." Nowadays their bureaucratic heirs are berated in similar terms: "You think you're fighting for the proletariat, but really you die for your leaders." "We are not building for the future; men and steel are the same thing in the eyes of the five-year-plan." And yet, what do young leftist radicals do after stating these obvious truths? They enter the service of a Cause—the 'best' of all Causes. The time they have for creative activity they squander handing out leaflets, putting up posters, demonstrating or heckling local politicians. They become



To play is to revolt against the society of death.
To play is to destroy the merciless economy of things.
To play is to return to life with open and crazy arms.

(d)anger (POB 203, Portland, OR. 97201).

militants, fetishizing action because others are doing their thinking for them. Sacrifice seems to have an endless series of tricks up its sleeve.

The best cause is one in which the individual can lose himself body and soul. The principle of death is simply the denial of the principle of the will to live. One or other of these principles must win out, however. There is no middle ground, no possibility of compromise between them on the level of consciousness. And you have to fight for one or for the other. Fanatics of established orders—Chouans, Nazis, Carlists—display their unequivocal choice of the party of death with absolute consistency. The fascist slogan *Viva la Muerte!* must at least be given credit for pulling no punches. By contrast, our reformists of death in small doses and socialists of ennui cannot even claim the dubious honor of having an aesthetic of total destruction. All they can do is mitigate the passion for life, stunting it to the point where it turns against itself and changes into a passion for destruction and self-destruction. They oppose concentration camps, but only in the name of moderation—in the name of moderate power and moderate death.

Great despisers of life that they are, the partisans of absolute self-sacrifice to State, Cause or Fuhrer do have one thing in common with those whose passion for life challenges the ethos and techniques of renunciation. Though antagonistic, their respective perceptions of revelry are equally sharp. Life being so Dionysian in its essence, it is as though the partisans of death, their lives twisted by their monstrous asceticism, manage to distill all the joy that has been lost to them into the precise moment of their death. Spartan legions, mercenaries, fanatics, suicide squads—all experience an instant of bliss as they die.

"The decline and fall of sacrifice parallels the decline and fall of myth. Bourgeois thought exposes the materiality of myth, deconsecrating and fragmenting it. It does not abolish it, however, because if it did the bourgeoisie would cease to exploit—and hence to exist."

But this is a *fête macabre*, frozen, aestheticized, caught for eternity in a camera flash. The paratroopers that Bigeard speaks of leave this world through the portal of aesthetics: they are petrified figures, madrepores—conscious, perhaps, of their ultimate hysteria. For aesthetics is carnival paralyzed, as cut off from life as a Jibaro head, the carnival of death. The aesthetic element, the element of *pose*, corresponds to the element of death secreted by everyday life. Every apocalypse is beautiful, but this beauty is a dead one. Remember the song of the Swiss Guard that Céline taught us to love.

The end of the Commune was no apocalypse. The difference between the Nazis dreaming of bringing the world down with them and the Communards setting Paris on fire is the difference between total death brutally affirmed and total life brutally denied. The Nazis merely operated the mechanism of logical annihilation already designed by humanists preaching submission and abnegation. The Communards knew that a life constructed with passion cannot be taken away; that there is more pleasure in destroying such a life than in seeing it mutilated; and that it is better to go up

in flames with a glad heart than to give an inch, when giving an inch is the same as giving up all along the line. "Better die on our feet than live on our knees!" Despite its repulsive source—the lips of the Stalinist Ibarruri—it seems to me that this cry eloquently expresses the legitimacy of a particular form of suicide, a good way of taking leave. And what was valid for the Communards holds good for individuals today.

Let us have no more suicides from weariness, which come like a final sacrifice crowning all those that have gone before. Better one last laugh, *à la* Cravan, or one last song, *à la* Ravachol.

* * *

The moment revolution calls for self-sacrifice it ceases to exist. The individual cannot give himself up for a revolution, only for a fetish. Revolutionary moments are carnivals in which the individual life celebrates its unification with a regenerated society. The call for sacrifice in such a context is a funeral knell. Jules Vallés fell short of his own train of thought when he wrote: "If the submissive do not outlive the rebellious, one might as well rebel in the name of an idea." For a militant can only be a revolutionary *in spite of* the ideas which he agrees to serve. The real Vallés, the Communard Vallés, is first the child, then the student, making up in one long Sunday for all the endless weeks that have gone before. Ideology is the rebel's tombstone, its purpose being to prevent his coming back to life.

When the rebel begins to believe that he is fighting for a higher good, the authoritarian principle gets a fillip. Humanity has never been short of justifications for giving up what is human. In fact some people possess a veritable reflex of submission, an irrational terror of freedom; this masochism is everywhere visible in everyday life. With what agonizing facility we can give up a wish, a passion, stemming from the most essential part of ourselves. With what passivity, what inertia, we can accept living or acting for some *thing*—'thing' being the operative word, a word whose dead weight always seems to carry the day. It is hard to be oneself, so we give up as quickly as possible, seizing whatever pretext offers itself: love of children, of reading, of artichokes, etc., etc. Such is the abstract generality of the ill that our desire for a cure tends to evaporate.

And yet, the reflex of freedom also knows how to exploit a pretext. Thus a strike for higher wages or a rowdy demonstration can awaken the carnival spirit. As I write thousands of workers around the world are downing tools or picking up guns, ostensibly in obedience to directives or principles, but actually, at the profoundest level, in response to their passionate desire to change their lives. The real demand of all insurrectionary movements is the transformation of the world and the reinvention of life. This is not a demand formulated by theorists: rather, it is the basis of poetic creation. Revolution is made everyday despite, and in opposition to, the specialists of revolution. This revolution is nameless, like everything springing from lived experience. Its explosive coherence is being forged constantly in the everyday clandestinity of acts and dreams.

No other problem is as important to me as a difficulty I encounter throughout the long daylight hours: how can I invent a passion, fulfill a wish or construct a dream in the daytime in the way my mind does spontaneously as I sleep? What haunts me are my unfinished actions, not the future of the human race or the state of the world in the year 2000. I could not care less about hypothetical possibilities, and the meandering abstractions of the futurologists leave me cold. If I write, it is not, as they say, "for others." I have no wish to exorcise other people's ghosts. I string words together as a way of getting out of the well of isolation, because I need others to pull me out. I write out of impatience, and with impatience. I want to live without dead time. What other people say interests me only in as much as it concerns me directly. They must use me to save themselves just as I use them to save myself. We have a common project. But it is out of the question that the project of the whole man should entail a reduction in individuality. There are no degrees in castration. The apolitical violence of the young, and its contempt for the interchangeable goods displayed in the supermarkets of culture, art and ideology, are a concrete confirmation of the fact that the individual's self-realization depends on the application of the principle of "every man for himself," though this has to be understood in collective terms—and above all in *radical* terms.

At that stage in a piece of writing

where people used to look for explanations, I would like them from now on to find a settling of scores.

2

The refusal of sacrifice is the refusal to be bartered. There is nothing in the world of things, exchangeable for money or not, which can be treated as equivalent to a human being. The individual is irreducible. He is subject to change but not to exchange. Now, the most superficial examination of movements for social reform shows that they have never demanded anything more than a cleaning-up of exchange and sacrifice, making it a point of honor to humanize inhumanity and make it attractive. And every time slaves try to make their slavery more bearable they are striking a blow for their masters.

The "road to socialism" consists in this: as people become more and more tightly shackled by the sordid relations of reification, the tendency of the humanitarians to mutilate people in an *egalitarian* fashion grows ever more insistent. And with the deepening crisis of the virtues of self-abnegation and of devotion generating a tendency towards radical refusal, the sociologists, those watchdogs of modern society, have been called in to peddle a subtler form of sacrifice: art.

* * *

The great religions succeeded in turning people's wretched earthly existence into a time of voluptuous expectation: at the end of this valley of tears lay life eternal in God. According to the bourgeois conception, art is better equipped than God to bestow eternal glory on people. The art-in-life-and-in-God of unitary social systems (Egyptian statuary, African art, etc.) gave way to an art which complemented life and sought to make up for the absence of God (fourth-century Greece, Horace, Ronsard, Malherbe, the Romantics, etc.). The builders of cathedrals cared as little for posterity as did de Sade. Their salvation was guaranteed by God, as de Sade's was guaranteed by himself: neither sought a place in the museum of history. They worked for a supreme state of being, not for the temporal survival of their work or for the admiration of centuries to come.

History is the earthly paradise of the

bourgeois idea of transcendence. This realm is accessible not through commodities but through apparent gratuity: through the sacrifice called for by the work of art, through activity seemingly undetermined by the immediate need to increase capital. The philanthropist does good works; the patriot produces heroism; the soldier fashions victory; the poet or scholar creates works of literary or scientific value, and so on. But there is an ambiguity in the very idea of "making a work of art," for it embraces both the lived experience of the artist and the sacrifice of this experience to the abstraction of a creative substance, *i.e.*, to the aesthetic form. The artist relinquishes the lived intensity of the creative moment in exchange for the durability of what he creates, so that his name may live on in the funereal glory of the museum. And his desire to produce a durable work is the very thing that prevents him from living imperishable instants of real life.

Actually, if we except academicism, artists never succumb completely to aesthetic assimilation. Though he may abdicate his immediate experience for the sake of appearances, any artist—and anyone who tries to live is an artist—must also follow his desire to increase his share of dreams in the objective world of others. In this sense he entrusts the thing he creates with the mission of completing his personal self-realization within the collectivity. And in this sense creativity is revolutionary in its essence.

The spectacle, in ideology, art and culture, turns the wolves of spontaneity into the sheepdogs of knowledge and beauty. Literary anthologies are replete with insurrectionary writings, the museums with calls to arms. But history does such a good job of pickling them in perpetuity that we can neither see nor hear them. In this area, however, consumer society performs a salutary task of dissolution. For today art can only construct plastic cathedrals. The dictatorship of consumption ensures that

every aesthetic collapses before it can produce any masterpieces. Premature burial is an axiom of consumerism, imperfection a precondition of planned obsolescence. Sensational aesthetic departures occur only because someone briefly finds a way to outdo the specta-

consuming on the spot! The result? Sociodramas and happenings which supposedly provoke spontaneous participation on the part of the spectators. The only thing the spectators participate in, though, is an aesthetic of nothingness. The only thing that can be expressed in

the mode of the spectacle is the emptiness of everyday life. And indeed, what better commodity than an aesthetic of emptiness? The accelerating decomposition of values has itself become the only available form of entertainment. The trick is that the spectators of the cultural and ideological vacuum are here enlisted as its organizers. The spectacle's inanity is made up for by forcing its spectators—passive agents par excellence—to participate in it. The ultimate logic of the happening and its derivatives is to supply the society of masterless slaves, which the cyberneticians have planned for us, with the spectatorless spectacle it will require. For artists in the strict sense of the word, the road to complete assimilation is well posted: they have merely to follow the progressive sociologists and their ilk into the super-cor-

poration of specialists. They may rest assured that Power will reward them well for applying their talents to the job of dressing up the old conditioning to passivity in bright new colors.

From the perspective of Power, everyday life is a latticework of renunciations and mediocrity. A true void. An aesthetic of daily life would make us all into artists responsible for organizing this nothingness. The final ploy of official art will be the attempt to lend therapeutic features to what Freud, in a dubious simplification, referred to as the death instinct—*i.e.*, rapturous submission to authority.

Wherever the will to live fails to spring spontaneously from individual poetry, there falls the shadow of the crucified Toad of Nazareth. The artist in every human being can never be brought out by regression to artistic forms de-

Continued on page 64...



Collage by Johann Humyn Being (San Francisco, CA.).

cle of artistic decomposition in its own terms. And any such originality soon turns up mass-marketed in every five-and-dime. Bernard Buffet, pop art, Andy Warhol, rock music—where are you now? To talk of a modern work of art enduring is sillier than talking of the eternal values of Standard Oil.

As for the progressive sociologists, once they had finished shaking their heads sadly over the discovery that the value of the art object had become nothing but its market price, and that the artists were working according to the norms of profitability, they decided that we should return to the source of art, to everyday life—not in order to change it, of course, for such is not their function, but rather to make it the raw material for a new aesthetic which would defy packaging techniques and so remain independent of buying and selling. As though there were no such thing as

Future Primitive

By John Zerzan

Division of labor, which has had so much to do with bringing us to the present global crisis, works daily to prevent our understanding the origins of this horrendous present. Mary Lecron Foster (1990) surely errs on the side of understatement in allowing that anthropology is today "in danger of serious and damaging fragmentation." Shanks and Tilley (1987b) voice a rare, related challenge: "The point of archaeology is not merely to interpret the past but to change the manner in which the past is interpreted in the service of social reconstruction in the present." Of course, the social sciences themselves work against the breadth and depth of vision necessary to such a reconstruction. In terms of human origins and development, the array of splintered fields and sub-fields—anthropology, archaeology, paleontology, ethnology, paleobotany, ethno-anthropology, etc., etc.—mirrors the narrowing, crippling effect that civilization has embodied from its very beginning.

Nonetheless, the literature can provide highly useful assistance, if approached with an appropriate method and awareness and the desire to proceed past its limitations. In fact, the weakness of more or less orthodox modes of thinking can and does yield to the demands of an increasingly dissatisfied society. Unhappiness with contemporary life becomes distrust with the official lies that are told to legitimate that life, and a truer picture of human development emerges. Renunciation and subjugation in modern life have long been explained as necessary concomitants of "human nature." After all, our pre-civilized existence of deprivation, brutality, and ignorance made authority a benevolent gift that rescued us from savagery. "Cave man" and 'Neanderthal' are still invoked to remind us where we would be without religion, government, and toil.

This ideological view of our past has been radically over-

turned in recent decades, through the work of academics like Richard Lee and Marshall Sahlins. A nearly complete reversal in anthropological orthodoxy has come about, with important implications. Now we can see that life before domestication/agriculture was in fact largely one of leisure, intimacy with nature, sensual wisdom, sexual equality, and health. This was our human nature, for a couple of million years, prior to enslavement by priests, kings, and bosses.

And lately another stunning revelation has appeared, a related one that deepens the first and may be telling us something equally important about who we were and what we might again become. The main line of attack against new descriptions of gatherer-hunter life has been, though often indirect or not explicitly stated, to characterize that life, condescendingly, as the most an evolving species could achieve at an early stage. Thus, the argument allows that there was a long period of apparent grace and pacific existence, but says that humans simply didn't have the mental capacity to leave simple ways behind in favor of complex social and technological achievement.

In another fundamental blow to civilization, we now learn that not only was human life once, and for so long, a state that did not know alienation or domination, but as the investigations since the '80s by archaeologists John Fowlett, Thomas Wynn, and others have shown, those humans possessed an intelligence at least equal to our own. At a stroke, as it were, the 'ignorance' thesis is disposed of, and we contemplate where we came from in a new light.

To put the issue of mental capacity in context, it is useful to review the various (and again, ideologically loaded) interpretations of human origins and development. Robert Ardrey (1961, 1976) served up a bloodthirsty, macho version of prehistory, as

have to slightly lesser degrees, Desmond Morris and Lionel Tiger. Similarly, Freud and Konrad Lorenz wrote of the innate depravity of the species, thereby providing their contributions to hierarchy and power in the present.

Fortunately, a far more plausible outlook has emerged, one that corresponds to the overall version of Paleolithic life in general. Food sharing has for some time been considered an integral part of earliest human society (e.g. Washburn and DeVore, 1961). Jane Goodall (1971) and Richard Leakey (1978), among others, have concluded that it was the key element in establishing our uniquely Homo development at least as early as 2 million years ago. This emphasis, carried forward since the early '70s by Linton, Zihlman, Tanner, and Isaac, has become ascendant. One of the telling arguments in favor of the cooperation thesis, as against that of generalized violence and male domination, involves a diminishing, during early evolution, of the difference in size and strength between males and females. Sexual dimorphism, as it is called, was originally very pronounced, including such features as prominent canines or "fighting teeth" in males and much smaller canines for the female. The disappearance of large male canines strongly suggests that the female of the species exercised a selection for sociable, sharing males. Most apes today have significantly longer and larger canines, male to female, in the absence of this female choice capacity (Zihlman 1981, Tanner 1981).

Division of labor between the sexes is another key area in human beginnings, a condition once simply taken for granted and expressed by the term hunter-gatherer. Now it is widely accepted that gathering of plant foods, once thought to be the exclusive domain of women and of secondary importance to hunting by males, constituted the main food source (Johansen and Shreeve 1989). Since females were not significantly dependent on males for food (Hamilton 1984), it seems likely that rather than division of labor, flexibility and joint activity would have been central (Bender 1989). As Zihlman (1981) points out, an overall behavioral flexibility may have been the primary ingredient in early human existence. Joan Gero (1991) has demonstrated that stone tools were as likely to have been made by women as by men, and indeed Poirier (1987) reminds us that there is "no archaeological evidence supporting the

contention that early humans exhibited a sexual division of labor." It is unlikely that food collecting involved much, if any division of labor (Slocum 1975) and probably that sexual specialization came quite late in human evolution (Zihlman 1981, Crader and Isaac 1981).

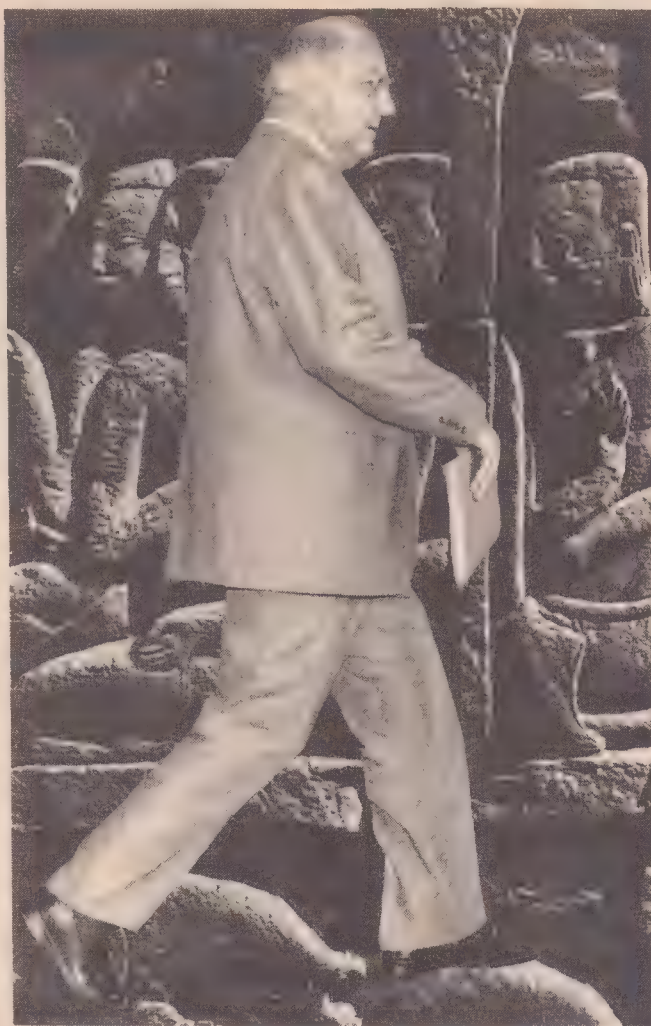
So if the adaptation that began our species centered on gathering, when did hunting come in? Binford (1984) has argued that there is no indication of use of animal products (i.e. evidence of butchery practices) until the appearance, relatively quite recent, of anatomically modern humans. Electron microscope studies of fossil teeth found in East Africa (Walker 1984) suggest a diet composed primarily of fruit, while a similar examination of stone tools from a 1.5 million-year-old site at Koobi Fora in Kenya (Keeley and Toth 1981) shows that they were used on plant materials. The small amount of meat in the early Paleolithic diet was probably scavenged, rather than hunted (Ehrenberg 1989b).

The 'natural' condition of the species was evidently a diet made up largely of vegetables rich in fiber, as opposed to the modern high fat and animal protein diet with its attendant chronic disorders (Mendeloff 1977). Though our early forbears employed their "detailed knowl-

edge of the environment and cognitive mapping" (Zihlman 1981) in the service of a plant-gathering subsistence, the archaeological evidence for hunting appears to slowly increase with time (Hodder 1991).

Much evidence, however, has overturned assumptions as to widespread prehistoric hunting. Collections of bones seen earlier as evidence of large kills of mammals, for example, have turned out to be, upon closer examination, the results of movement by flowing water or caches by animals. Lewis Binford's "Were There Elephant Hunters at Tooralba?" (1989) is a good instance of such a closer look, in which he doubts there was significant hunting until 200,000 years ago or sooner. Adrienne Zihlman (1981) has concluded that "hunting arose relatively late in evolution," and "may not extend beyond the last one hundred thousand years." And there are many (e.g. Straus 1986, Trinkhaus 1986) who do not see evidence for serious hunting of large mammals until even later, viz. the later Upper Paleolithic, just before the emergence of agriculture.

The oldest known surviving artifacts are stone tools from



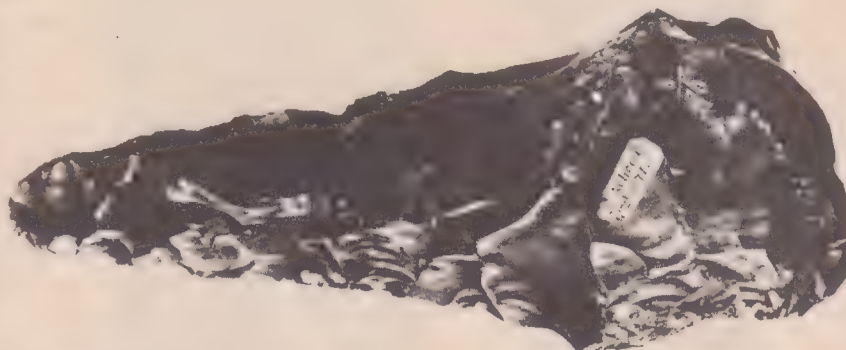
Collage by Johann Humyn Being (San Francisco, CA.).

Hadar in eastern Africa. With more refined dating methods, they may prove to be 3.1 million years old (Klein 1989). Perhaps the main reason these may be classified as representing human effort is that they involve the crafting of one tool by using another, a uniquely human attribute so far as we know. *Homo habilis*, or "handy man," designates what has been thought of as the first known human species, its name reflecting association with the earliest stone tools (Coppens 1989). Basic wooden and bone implements, though more perishable and thus scantily represented in the archaeological record, were also used by *Homo habilis* as part

of a "remarkably simple and effective" adaptation in Africa and Asia (Fagan 1990). Our ancestors at this stage had smaller brains and bodies than we do, but Poirier (1987) notes that "their post-cranial anatomy was rather like modern humans," and Holloway (1972, 1974) allows that his studies of cranial endocasts from this period indicate a basically modern brain organization. Similarly, tools older than 2 million years have been found to exhibit a consistent right-handed orientation in the ways stone has been flaked off in their formation. Right-handedness as a tendency is correlated in moderns with such distinctly human features as pronounced lateralization of the brain and marked functional separation of the cerebral hemispheres (Holloway 1981a). Klein (1989) concludes that "basic human cognitive and communicational abilities are almost certainly implied."

Homo erectus is the other main predecessor to *Homo sapiens*, according to longstanding usage, appearing about 1.75 million years ago as humans moved out of forests into drier, more open African grasslands. Although brain size alone does not necessarily correlate with mental capacity, the cranial capacity of *Homo erectus* overlaps with that of moderns such that this species "must have been capable of many of the same behaviors" (Ciochon, Olsen and Tames 1990). As Johanson and Edey (1981) put it, "If the largest-brained *erectus* were to be rated against the smallest-brained

sapiens—all their other characteristics ignored—their species names would have to be reversed." *Homo Neanderthalus*, which immediately preceded us, possessed brains somewhat larger than our own (Delson 1985, Holloway 1985, Donald 1991). Though of course the much-



Acheulian handaxe.

maligned Neanderthal has been pictured as a primitive, brutish creature—in keeping with the prevailing Hobbesian ideology—despite manifest intelligence as well as enormous physical strength (Shreeve 1991).

Recently, however, the whole species framework has become a doubtful proposition (Day 1987, Rightmire 1990). Attention has been drawn to the fact that fossil specimens from various *Homo* species "all show intermediate morphological traits," leading to suspicion of an arbitrary division of humanity into separate taxa (Gingerich 1979, Tobias 1982). Fagan (1989), for example, tells us that "it is very hard to draw a clear taxonomic boundary between *Homo erectus* and archaic *Homo sapiens* on the one hand, and between archaic and anatomically modern *Homo sapiens* on the other." Likewise, Foley (1989): "the anatomical distinctions between *Homo erectus* and *Homo sapiens* are not great." Jelinek (1978) flatly declares that "there is no good reason, anatomical or cultural" for separating *erectus* and *sapiens* into two species, and has concluded (1980a) that people from at least the Middle Paleolithic onward "may be viewed as *Homo sapiens*" (as does Hublin 1986). The tremendous upward revision of early intelligence, discussed below, must be seen as connected to the present confusion over species, as the once-prevailing overall evolutionary model gives way.

But the controversy over species cate-

gorization is only interesting in the context of how our earliest forbears lived. Despite the minimal nature of what could be expected to survive so many millennia, we can glimpse some of the texture of that life, with its often elegant, pre-division of labor approaches.

The "tool kit" from the Olduvai Gorge area made famous by the Leakeys contains "at least six clearly recognizable tool types" dating from about 1.7 million years ago (M. Leakey, 1978). There soon appeared the Acheulian handaxe, with its symmetrical beauty, in use for about a million years. Teardrop-shaped, and possessed of a remarkable bal-

ance, it exudes grace and utility from an era much prior to symbolization. Isaac (1986) noted that "the basic needs for sharp edges that humans have can be met from the varied range of forms generated from 'Oldowan' patterns of stone flaking," wondering how it came to be thought that "more complex equals better adapted." In this distant early time, according to cut-marks found on surviving bones, humans were using scavenged animal sinews and skins for such things as cord, bags, and rugs (Gowlett 1984). Further evidence suggests furs for cave wall coverings and seats, and seaweed beds for sleeping (Butzer 1970).

The use of fire goes back almost 2 million years (Kempe 1988) and might have appeared even earlier but for the tropical conditions of humanity's original African homeland, as Poirier (1987) implies. Perfected fire-making included the firing of caves to eliminate insects and heated pebble floors (Perles 1975, Lumley 1976), amenities that show up very early in the Paleolithic.

As John Gowlett (1986) notes, there are still some archaeologists who consider anything earlier than *Homo sapiens*, a mere 30,000 years ago, as greatly more primitive than we "fully human" types. But along with the documentation, referred to above, of fundamentally 'modern' brain anatomy even in early humans, this minority must now contend with recent work depicting complete human intelligence as present virtually

with the birth of the Homo species. Thomas Wynn (1985) judged manufacture of the Acheulian handaxe to have required "a stage of intelligence that is typical of fully modern adults." Gowlett, like Wynn, examines the required "operational thinking" involved in the right hammer, the right force and the right striking angle, in an ordered sequence and with flexibility needed for modifying the procedure. He contends that manipulation, concentration, visualization of form in three dimensions, and planning were needed, and that these requirements "were the common property of early human beings as much as two million years ago, and this," he adds, "is hard knowledge, not speculation."

During the vast time-span of the Paleolithic, there were remarkably few changes in technology (Rolland 1990). Innovation, "over 2 1/2 million years measured in stone tool development was practically nil," according to Gerhard Kraus (1990). Seen in the light of what we now know of prehistoric intelligence, such 'stagnation' is especially vexing to many social scientists. "It is difficult to comprehend such slow development," in the judgment of Wymer (1989). It strikes me as very plausible that intelligence, informed by the success and satisfaction of a gatherer-hunter existence, is the very reason for the pronounced absence of 'progress'. Division of labor, domestication, symbolic culture—these were evidently refused until very recently.

Contemporary thought, in its post-modern incarnation, would like to rule out the reality of a divide between nature and culture; given the abilities present among people before civilization, however, it may be more accurate to say that basically, they long chose nature over culture. It is also popular to see almost every human act or object as symbolic (e.g. Botscharow 1989), a position which is, generally speaking, part of the denial of a nature versus culture distinction. But it is culture as the manipulation of basic symbolic forms that is involved here. It also seems clear that reified time, language (written, certainly, and probably spoken language for all or most of this period), number, and art had no place, despite an intelligence fully capable of them.

I would like to interject, in passing, my agreement with Goldschmidt (1990) that "the hidden dimension in the con-

struction of the symbolic world is time." And as Norman O. Brown put it, "life not repressed is not in historical time," which I take as a reminder that time as a materiality is not inherent in reality, but a cultural imposition, perhaps the first cultural imposition, on it. As this elemental dimension of symbolic culture progresses, so does, by equal steps, alienation from the natural.

Cohen (1974) has discussed symbols as "essential for the development and maintenance of social order." Which implies—as does, more forcefully, a great deal of positive evidence—that before the emergence of symbols there was no condition of dis-order requiring them. In a similar vein, Lévi-Strauss (1953) pointed out that "mythical thought always progresses from the awareness of oppositions toward their resolution." So whence the absence of order, the conflicts or 'oppositions'? The literature on the Paleolithic contains almost nothing that deals with this essential question, among thousands of monographs on specific features. A reasonable hypothesis, in my opinion, is that division of labor, unnoticed because of its glacially slow pace, and not sufficiently understood because of its newness, began to cause small fissures in the human community and unhealthy practices vis-à-vis nature. In the later Upper Paleolithic, "15,000 years ago, we begin to observe specialized collection of plants in the Middle East, and specialized hunting," observed Gowlett (1984). The sudden appearance of symbolic activities (e.g. ritual and art) in the Upper Paleolithic has definitely seemed to archaeologists one of prehistory's "big surprises" (Binford 1972b), given the absence of such behaviors in the Middle Paleolithic (Foster 1990, Kozłowski 1990). But signs of division of labor and specialization were making their presence felt as a breakdown of wholeness and natural order, a lack that needed redressing. What is surprising is that this transition to civilization can still be seen as benign. Foster (1990) seems to celebrate it by concluding that the "symbolic mode...has proved extraordinarily adaptive, else why has Homo sapiens become material master of the world?" He is certainly correct, as he is to recognize "the manipulation of symbols [to be] the very stuff of culture," but he appears oblivious to the fact that this successful adaptation has brought alienation and de-

struction of nature along to their present horrifying prominence.

It is reasonable to assume that the symbolic world originated in the formulation of language, which somehow appeared from a "matrix of extensive nonverbal communication" (Tanner and Zihlman 1976) and face-to-face contact. There is no agreement as to when language began, but no evidence exists of speech before the cultural 'explosion' of the later Upper Paleolithic (Dibble 1984, 1989). It seems to have acted as an "inhibiting agent," a way of bringing life under "greater control" (Mumford 1972), stemming the flood of images and sensations to which the pre-modern individual was open. In this sense it would have likely marked an early turning away from a life of openness and communion with nature, toward one more oriented to the overlordship and domestication that followed symbolic culture's inauguration. It is probably a mistake, by the way, to assume that thought is advanced (if there were such a thing as 'neutral' thought, whose advance could be universally appreciated) because we actually think in language; there is no conclusive evidence that we must do so (Allport 1983). There are many cases (Lecours and Joannette 1980, Levine et al. 1982), involving stroke and like impairments, of patients who have lost speech, including the ability to talk silently to themselves, who were fully capable of coherent thought of all kinds. These data strongly suggest that "human intellectual skill is uniquely powerful, even in the absence of language" (Donald 1991).

In terms of symbolization in action, Goldschmidt (1990) seems correct in judging that "the Upper Paleolithic invention of ritual may well have been the keystone in the structure of culture that gave it its great impetus for expansion." Ritual has played a number of pivotal roles in what Hodder (1990) termed "the relentless unfolding of symbolic and social structures" accompanying the arrival of cultural mediation. It was as a means of achieving and consolidating social cohesion that ritual was essential (Johnson 1982, Conkey 1985); totemic rituals, for example, reinforce clan unity.

The start of an appreciation of domestication, or taming of nature, is seen in a cultural ordering of the wild, through ritual. Evidently, the female as a cultural

category, viz. seen as wild or dangerous, dates from this period. The ritual 'Venus' figurines appear as of 25,000 years ago, and seem to be an example of earliest symbolic likeness of women for the purpose of representation and control (Hodder 1990). Even more concretely, subjugation of the wild occurs at this time in the first systematic hunting of large mammals; ritual was an integral part of this activity (Hammond 1974, Frison 1986).

Ritual, as shamanic practice, may also be considered as a regression from that state in which all shared a consciousness we would now classify as extrasensory (Leonard 1972). When specialists alone claim access to such perceptual heights as may have once been communal, further backward moves in division of labor are facilitated or enhanced. The way back to bliss through ritual is a virtually universal mythic theme, promising the dissolution of measurable time, among other joys. This theme of ritual points to an absence that it falsely claims to fill, as does symbolic culture in general.

Ritual as a means of organizing emotions, a method of cultural direction and restraint, introduces art, a facet of ritual expressiveness (Bender 1989). "There can be little doubt," to Gans (1985), "that the various forms of secular art derive originally from ritual." We can detect the beginning of an unease, a feeling that an earlier, direct authenticity is departing. La Barre (1972), I believe, is correct in judging that "art and religion alike arise from unsatisfied desire." At first, more abstractly as language, then more purposively as ritual and art, culture steps in to deal artificially with spiritual and social anxiety.

Ritual and magic must have dominated early (Upper Paleolithic) art and were probably essential, along with an increasing division of labor, for the coordination and direction of community (Wymer 1981). Similarly, Pfeiffer (1982) has depicted the famous Upper Paleolithic European cave paintings as the original form of initiating youth into now complex social systems; as necessary for order and discipline (see also Gamble 1982, Jochim 1983). And art may have contributed to the control of nature, as part of development of the earliest territorialism, for example (Straus 1990).

The emergence of symbolic culture, with its inherent will to manipulate and

control, soon opened the door to domestication of nature. After two million years of human life within the bounds of nature, in balance with other wild species, agriculture changed our lifestyle, our way of adapting, in an unprecedented way. Never before has such a radical change occurred in a species so utterly and so swiftly (Pfeiffer 1977). Self-domestication through language, ritual, and art inspired the taming of plants and animals that followed. Appearing only 10,000 years ago, farming quickly triumphed; for control, by its very nature, invites intensification. Once the will to production broke through, it became more productive the more efficiently it was exercised, and hence more ascendant and adaptive.

Agriculture enables greatly increased division of labor, establishes the material foundations of social hierarchy, and initiates environmental destruction. Priests, kings, drudgery, sexual inequality, warfare are a few of its fairly immediate specific consequences (Ehrenberg 1986b, Wymer 1981, Festinger 1983). Whereas Paleolithic peoples enjoyed a highly varied diet, using several thousand species of plants for food, with farming these sources were vastly reduced (White 1959, Gouldie 1986).

Given the intelligence and the very great practical knowledge of Stone Age humanity, the question has often been asked, "Why didn't agriculture begin, at say, 1,000,000 B.C. rather than about 8,000 B.C.?" I have provided a brief answer in terms of slowly accelerating alienation in the form of division of labor and symbolization, but given how negative the results were, it is still a bewildering phenomenon. Thus, as Binford (1968) put it, "The question to be asked is not why agriculture...was not developed everywhere, but why it was developed at all." The end of gatherer-hunter life brought a decline in size, stature, and skeletal robusticity (Cohen and Armelagos 1981, Harris and Ross 1981), and introduced tooth decay, nutritional deficiencies, and most infectious diseases (Larsen 1982, Buikstra 1976a, Cohen 1981). "Taken as a whole...an overall decline in the quality—and probably the length—of human life," concluded Cohen and Armelagos (1981).

Another outcome was the invention of number, unnecessary before the ownership of crops, animals, and land that is one of agriculture's hallmarks. The

development of number further impelled the urge to treat nature as something to be dominated. Writing was also required by domestication, for the earliest business transactions and political administration (Larsen 1988). Lévi-Strauss has argued persuasively that the primary function of written communication was to facilitate exploitation and subjugation (1955); cities and empires, for example, would be impossible without it. Here we see clearly the joining of the logic of symbolization and the growth of capital.

Conformity, repetition, and regularity were the keys to civilization upon its triumph, replacing the spontaneity, enchantment, and discovery of the pre-agricultural human state that survived so very long. Clark (1979) cites a gatherer-hunter "amplitude of leisure," deciding "it was this and the pleasurable way of life that went with it, rather than penury and a day-long grind, that explains why social life remained so static." One of the most enduring and widespread myths is that there was once a Golden Age, characterized by peace and innocence, and that something happened to destroy this idyll and consign us to misery and suffering. Eden, or whatever name it goes by, was the home of our primeval forager ancestors, and expresses the yearning of disillusioned tillers of the soil for a lost life of freedom and relative ease.

The once rich environs people inhabited prior to domestication and agriculture are now virtually nonexistent. For the few remaining foragers there exist only the most marginal lands, those isolated places as yet unwanted by agriculture. And surviving gatherer-hunters, who have somehow managed to evade civilization's tremendous pressures to turn them into slaves (*i.e.* farmers, political subjects, wage laborers), have all been influenced by contact with outside peoples (Lee 1976, Mithen 1990).

Duffy (1984) points out that the present day gatherer-hunters he studied, the Mbuti Pygmies of central Africa, have been acculturated by surrounding village-agriculturalists for hundreds of years, and to some extent, by generations of contact with government authorities and missionaries. And yet it seems that an impulse toward authentic life can survive down through the ages: "Try to imagine," he counsels, "a way of life where land, shelter, and food are free,

and where there are no leaders, bosses, politics, organized crime, taxes, or laws. Add to this the benefits of being part of a society where everything is shared, where there are no rich people and no poor people, and where happiness does not mean the accumulation of material possessions." The Mbuti have never domesticated animals or planted crops.

Among the members of non-agriculturalist bands resides a highly sane combination of little work and material abundance. Bodley (1976) discovered that the San (aka Bushmen) of the harsh Kalahari Desert of southern Africa work fewer hours, and fewer of their number work, than do the neighboring cultivators. In times of drought, moreover, it has been the San to whom the farmers have turned for their survival (Lee 1968). They spend "strikingly little time laboring and much time at rest and leisure," according to Tanaka (1980), while others (e.g. Marshall 1976, Guenther 1976) have commented on San vitality and freedom compared with sedentary farmers, their relatively secure and easygoing life.

Flood (1983) noted that to Australian aborigines "the labour involved in tilling and planting outweighed the possible advantages." Speaking more generally, Tanaka (1976) has pointed to the abundant and stable plant foods in the society of early humanity, just as "they exist in every modern gatherer society." Likewise, Festinger (1983) referred to Paleolithic access to "considerable food without a great deal of effort," adding that "contemporary groups that still live on hunting and gathering do very well, even

though they have been pushed into very marginal habitats."

As Hole and Flannery (1963) summarized: "No group on earth has more leisure time than hunters and gatherers, who spend it primarily on games, conversation and relaxing." They have much more free time, adds Binford (1968), "than do modern industrial or farm workers, or even professors of archaeology."

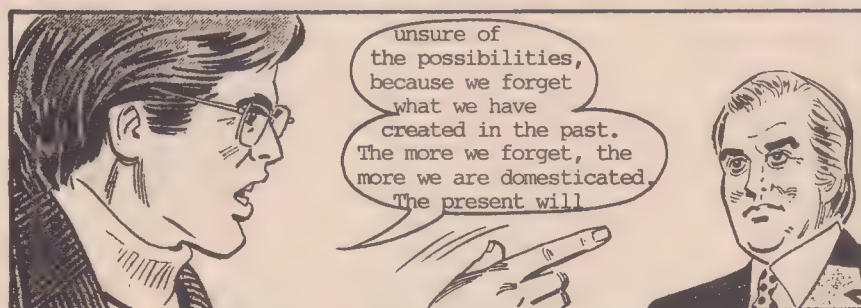
The non-domesticated know that, as Vaneigem (1975) put it, only the present can be total. This by itself means that they live life with incomparably greater immediacy, density and passion than we

do. It has been said that some revolutionary days are worth centuries; until then "We look before and after," as Shelley wrote, "And sigh for what is not...."

The Mbuti believe (Turnbull 1976) that "by a correct fulfillment of the present, the past and the future will take care of themselves." Primitive peoples do not live through memories, and generally have no interest in birthdays or measuring their ages (Cipriani 1966). As for the future, they have little desire to control what does not yet exist, just as they have little desire to control nature. Their moment-by-moment joining with the flux and flow of the natural world does not preclude an awareness of the seasons, but this does not constitute an alienated time consciousness that robs them of the present.

Though contemporary gatherer-hunters eat more meat than their prehistoric forbears, vegetable foods still constitute the mainstay of their diet in tropical and subtropical regions (Lee 1968a, Yellen and Lee 1976).

Both the Kalahari San and the Hazda of East Africa, where game is more abundant than in the Kalahari, rely on gathering for 80 percent of their sustenance (Tanaka 1980). The !Kung branch of the San search for more than a hundred different kinds of plants (Thomas 1968) and exhibit no nutritional deficiency (Truswell and Hansen 1976). This is similar to the healthful, varied diet of Australian foragers (Fisher 1982, Flood 1983). The overall diet of gatherers is better than that of cultivators, starvation is very rare, and their health status generally superior, with much less chronic disease (Lee and Devore 1968a, Ackerman



(d)anger (POB 203, Portland, OR. 97201).

1990).

Lauren van der Post (1958) expressed wonder at the exuberant San laugh, which rises "sheer from the stomach, a laugh you never hear among civilized people." He found this emblematic of a great vigor and clarity of senses that yet manages to withstand and elude the onslaught of civilization. Truswell and Hansen (1976) may have encountered it in the person of a San who had survived an unarmed fight with a leopard; although injured, he had killed the animal with his bare hands.

The Andaman Islanders, west of Thailand, have no leaders, no idea of symbolic representation, and no domesticated animals. There is also an absence of aggression, violence, and disease; wounds heal surprisingly quickly, and their sight and hearing are particularly acute. They are said to have declined since European intrusion in the mid-19th century, but exhibit other such remarkable physical traits as a natural immunity to malaria, skin with sufficient elasticity to rule out post-childbirth stretch marks and the wrinkling we associate with ageing, and an 'unbelievable' strength of teeth: Cipriani (1966) reported seeing children of 10 to 15 years crush nails with them. He also testified to the Andamese practice of collecting honey with no protective clothing at all; "yet they are never stung, and watching them one felt in the presence of some age-old mystery, lost by the civilized world."

DeVries (1952) has cited a wide range of contrasts by which the superior health of gatherer-hunters can be established, including an absence of degenerative diseases and mental disabilities, and childbirth without difficulty or pain. He also points out that this begins to erode from the moment of contact with civilization.

Relatedly, there is a great deal of evidence not only for physical and emotional vigor among primitives but also concerning their heightened sensory abilities. Darwin described people at the southernmost tip of South America who went about almost naked in frigid conditions, while Peasley (1983) observed Aborigines who were renowned for their ability to live through bitterly cold desert nights "without any form of clothing." Lévi-Strauss (1979) was astounded to learn of a particular [South American] tribe which was able to "see the planet

Venus in full daylight," a feat comparable to that of the North African Dogon who consider Sirius B the most important star; somehow aware, without instruments, of a star that can only be found with the most powerful of telescopes (Temple 1976). In this vein, Boyden (1970) recounted the Bushman ability to see four of the moons of Jupiter with the naked eye.

In *The Harmless People* (1959), Marshall told how one Bushman walked unerringly to a spot in a vast plain, "with no bush or tree to mark place," and pointed out a blade of grass with an almost invisible filament of vine around it. He had encountered it months before in the rainy season when it was green. Now, in parched weather, he dug there to expose a succulent root and quenched his thirst. Also in the Kalahari Desert, van der Post (1958) meditated upon San/Bushman communion with nature, a level of experience that "could almost be called mystical. For instance, they seemed to know what it actually felt like to be an elephant, a lion, an antelope, a steenbuck, a lizard, a striped mouse, mantis, baobab tree, yellow-crested cobra or starry-eyed amaryllis, to mention only a few of the brilliant multitudes through which they moved." It seems almost pedestrian to add that gatherer-hunters have often been remarked to possess tracking skills that virtually defy rational explanation (e.g. Lee 1979).

Rohrlich-Leavitt (1976) noted, "The data show that gatherer-hunters are generally nonterritorial and bilocal; reject group aggression and competition; share their resources freely; value egalitarianism and personal autonomy in the context of group cooperation; and are indulgent and loving with children." Dozens of studies stress communal sharing and egalitarianism as perhaps the defining traits of such groups (e.g. Marshall 1961 and 1976, Sahlins 1968, Pilbeam 1972, Damas 1972, Diamond 1974, Lafitau 1974, Tanaka 1976 and 1980, Wiessner 1977, Morris 1982, Riches 1982, Smith 1988, Mithen 1990). Lee (1982) referred to the "universality among foragers" of sharing, while Marshall's classic 1961 work spoke of the "ethic of generosity and humility" informing a "strongly egalitarian" gatherer-hunter orientation. Tanaka provides a typical example: "The most admired character trait is generosity, and the

most despised and disliked are stinginess and selfishness."

Baer (1986) listed "egalitarianism, democracy, personalism, individuation, nurturance" as key virtues of the non-civilized, and Lee (1988) cited "an absolute aversion to rank distinctions" among "simple foraging peoples around the world." Leacock and Lee (1982) specified that "any assumption of authority" within the group "leads to ridicule or anger among the !Kung, as has been recorded for the Mbuti (Turnbull 1962), the Hazda (Woodburn 1980) and the Montagnais-Naskapi (Thwaites 1906), among others."

"Not even the father of an extended family can tell his sons and daughters what to do. Most people appear to operate on their own internal schedules," reported Lee (1972) of the !Kung of Botswana. Ingold (1987) judged that "in most hunting and gathering societies, a supreme value is placed upon the principle of individual autonomy," similar to Wilson's finding (1988) of "an ethic of independence" that is "common to the focused open societies." The esteemed field anthropologist Radin (1953) went so far as to say: "Free scope is allowed for every conceivable kind of personality outlet or expression in primitive society. No moral judgment is passed on any aspect of human personality as such."

Turnbull (1976) looked on the structure of Mbuti social life as "an apparent vacuum, a lack of internal system that is almost anarchical." According to Duffy (1984), "the Mbuti are naturally acephalous—they do not have leaders or rulers, and decisions concerning the band are made by consensus." There is an enormous qualitative difference between foragers and farmers in this regard, as in so many others. For instance, agricultural Bantu tribes (e.g. the Saga) surround the San, and are organized by kingship, hierarchy and work; the San exhibit egalitarianism, autonomy, and sharing. Domestication is the principle which accounts for this drastic distinction.

Domination within a society is not unrelated to domination of nature. In gatherer-hunter societies, on the other hand, no strict hierarchy exists between the human and the non-human species (Noske 1989), and relations among foragers are likewise non-hierarchical. The non-domesticated typically view the animals they hunt as equals; this essen-

tially egalitarian relationship is ended by the advent of domestication.

When progressive estrangement from nature became outright social control (agriculture), more than just social attitudes changed. Descriptions by sailors and explorers who arrived in "newly discovered" regions tell how wild mammals and birds originally showed no fear at all of the human invaders (Brock 1981). A few contemporary gatherers practiced no hunting before outside contact, e.g. the Tasaday of the Philippines (Nance 1975), but while the majority certainly do hunt, "it is not normally an aggressive act" (Rohrlich-Leavitt 1976). Turnbull (1965) observed Mbuti hunting as quite without any aggressive spirit, even carried out with a sort of regret. Hewitt (1986) reported a sympathy bond between hunter and hunted among the Xan Bushmen he encountered in the 19th century.

As regards violence among gatherer-hunters, Lee (1988) found that "the !Kung hate fighting, and think anybody who fought would be stupid." The Mbuti, by Duffy's account (1984), "look on any form of violence between one person and another with great abhorrence and distaste, and never represent it in their dancing or playacting." Homicide and suicide, concluded Bodley (1976), are both "decidedly uncommon" among undisturbed gatherer-hunters. The 'warlike' nature of Native American peoples was often fabricated to add legitimacy to European aims of conquest (Kroeber 1961); the foraging Comanche maintained their non-violent ways for centuries before the European invasion, becoming violent only upon contact with marauding civilization (Fried 1973).

The development of symbolic culture, which rapidly led to agriculture, is linked through ritual to alienated social life among extant foraging groups. Bloch (1977) found a correlation between levels of ritual and hierarchy. Put negatively, Woodburn (1968) could see the connection between an absence of ritual and the absence of specialized roles and hierarchy among the Hazda of Tanzania. Turner's study of the west African Ndembu (1957) revealed a profusion of ritual structures and ceremonies intended to redress the conflicts arising from the breakdown of an earlier, more seamless society. These ceremonies and structures function in a politically integrative way. Ritual is a repetitive activity

for which outcomes and responses are essentially assured by social contract; it conveys the message that symbolic practice, via group membership and social rules, provides control (Cohen 1985). Ritual fosters the concept of control or domination, and has been seen to tend toward leadership roles (Hitchcock 1982) and centralized political structures (Lourandos 1985). A monopoly of ceremonial institutions clearly extends the concept of authority (Bender 1978), and may itself be the original formal authority.

Among agricultural tribes of New Guinea, leadership and the inequality it implies are based upon participation in hierarchies of ritual initiation or upon shamanistic spirit-mediumship (Kelly 1977, Modjeska 1982). In the role of shamans we see a concrete practice of ritual as it contributes to domination in human society.

Radin (1937) discussed "the same marked tendency" among Asian and North American tribal peoples for shamans or medicine men "to organize and develop the theory that they alone are in communication with the supernatural." This exclusive access seems to empower them at the expense of the rest; Lommel (1967) saw "an increase in the shaman's psychic potency...counterbalanced by a weakening of potency in other members of the group." This practice has fairly obvious implications for power relationships in other areas of life, and contrasts with earlier periods devoid of religious leadership.

The Batuque of Brazil are host to shamans who each claim control over certain spirits and attempt to sell supernatural services to clients, rather like priests of competing sects (S. Leacock 1988). Specialists of this type in "magically controlling nature...would naturally come to control men, too," in the opinion of Muller (1961). In fact, the shaman is often the most powerful individual in pre-agricultural societies (e.g. Sheehan 1985); he is in a position to institute change. Johannessen (1987) offers the thesis that resistance to the innovation of planting was overcome by the influence of shamans, among the Indians of the American Southwest, for instance. Similarly, Marquardt (1985) has suggested that ritual authority structures have played an important role in the initiation and organization of production in North America. Another student of American

groups (Ingold 1987) saw an important connection between shamans' role in mastering wildness in nature and an emerging subordination of women.

Berndt (1974a) has discussed the importance among Aborigines of ritual sexual division of labor in the development of negative sex roles, while Randolph (1988) comes straight to the point: "Ritual activity is needed to create 'proper' men and women." There is "no reason in nature" for gender divisions, argues Bender (1989). "They have to be created by proscription and taboo, they have to be 'naturalized' through ideology and ritual."

But gatherer-hunter societies, by their very nature, deny ritual its potential to domesticate women. The structure (non-structure?) of egalitarian bands, even those most oriented toward hunting, includes a guarantee of autonomy to both sexes. This guarantee is the fact that the materials of subsistence are equally available to women and men and that, further, the success of the band is dependent on cooperation based on that autonomy (Leacock 1978, Friedl 1975). The spheres of the sexes are often somewhat separate, but inasmuch as the contribution of women is generally at least equal to that of men, social equality of the sexes is "a key feature of forager societies" (Ehrenberg 1989b). Many anthropologists, in fact, have found the status of women in forager groups to be higher than in any other type of society (e.g. Fluer-Lobban 1979, Rohrlich-Leavitt, Sykes and Weatherford 1975, Leacock 1978).

In all major decisions, observed Turnbull (1970) of the Mbuti, "men and women have equal say, hunting and gathering being equally important." He made it clear (1981) that there is sexual differentiation—probably a good deal more than was the case with their distant forbears—"but without any sense of superordination or subordination." Men actually work more hours than women among the !Kung, according to Post and Taylor (1984).

It should be added, in terms of the division of labor common among contemporary gatherer-hunters, that this differentiation of roles is by no means universal. Nor was it when the Roman historian Tacitus wrote, of the Fenni of the Baltic region, that "the women support themselves by hunting, exactly like the men...and count their lot happier

than that of others who groan over field labor." Or when Procopius found, in the 6th century A.D., that the Serithifinni of what is now Finland "neither till the land themselves, nor do their women work it for them, but the women regularly join the men in hunting."

The Tiwi women of Melville Island regularly hunt (Martin and Voorhies 1975) as do the Agta women in the Philippines (Estioko-Griffen and Griffen 1981). In Mbuti society, "there is little specialization according to sex. Even the hunt is a joint effort," reports Turnbull (1962), and Cotlow (1971) testifies that "among the traditional Eskimos it is (or was) a cooperative enterprise for the whole family group."

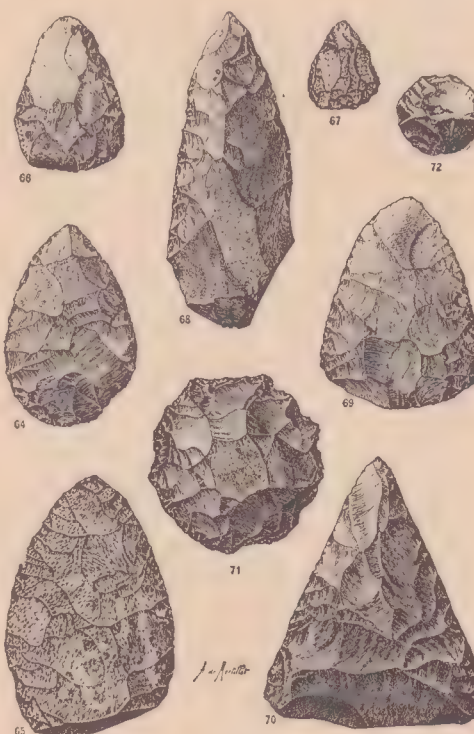
Darwin (1871) found another aspect of sexual equality: "...in utterly barbarous tribes the women have more power in choosing, rejecting, and tempting their lovers, or of afterwards changing their husbands, than might have been expected." The !Kung Bushmen and Mbuti exemplify this female autonomy, as reported by Marshall (1959) and Thomas (1965); "Women apparently leave a man whenever they are unhappy with their marriage," concluded Begler (1978). Marshall (1970) also found that rape was extremely rare or absent among the !Kung.

An intriguing phenomenon concerning gatherer-hunter women is their ability to prevent pregnancy in the absence of any contraception (Silberbauer 1981). Many hypotheses have been put forth and debunked, e.g. conception somehow related to levels of body fat (Frisch 1974, Leibowitz 1986). What seems a very plausible explanation is based on the fact that undomesticated people are very much more in tune with their physical selves. Foraging women's senses and processes are not alienated from themselves or dulled; control over childbearing is probably less than mysterious to those whose bodies are not foreign objects to be acted upon.

The Pygmies of Zaire celebrate the first menstrual period of every girl with a great festival of gratitude and rejoicing (Turnbull 1962). The young woman feels pride and pleasure, and the entire band expresses its happiness. Among agricultural villagers, however, a menstruating woman is regarded as unclean and dangerous, to be quarantined by taboo

(Duffy 1984). The relaxed, egalitarian relationship between San men and women, with its flexibility of roles and mutual respect impressed Draper (1971, 1972, 1975); a relationship, she made clear, that endures as long as they remain gatherer-hunters and no longer.

Duffy (1984) found that each child in an Mbuti camp calls every man father and every woman mother. Forager children receive far more care, time, and attention than do those in civilization's isolated nuclear families. Post and Tay-



lor (1984) described the "almost permanent contact" with their mothers and other adults that Bushman children enjoy. !Kung infants studied by Ainsworth (1967) showed marked precocity of early cognitive and motor skills development. This was attributed both to the exercise and stimulation produced by unrestricted freedom of movement, and to the high degree of physical warmth and closeness between !Kung parents and children (see also Konner 1976).

Draper (1976) could see that "competitiveness in games is almost entirely lacking among the !Kung," as Shostack (1976) observed "!Kung boys and girls playing together and sharing most games." She also found that children are not prevented from experimental sex play, consonant with the freedom of

older Mbuti youth to "indulge in premarital sex with enthusiasm and delight" (Turnbull 1981). The Zuni "have no sense of sin," Ruth Benedict (1946) wrote in a related vein. "Chastity as a way of life is regarded with great disfavor...Pleasant relations between the sexes are merely one aspect of pleasant relations with human beings...Sex is an incident in a happy life."

Coontz and Henderson (1986) point to a growing body of evidence in support of the proposition that relations between the sexes are most egalitarian in the simplest foraging societies. Women play an essential role in traditional agriculture, but receive no corresponding status for their contribution, unlike the case of gatherer-hunter society (Chevallard and Leconte 1986, Whyte 1978). As with plants and animals, so are women subject to domestication with the coming of agriculture. Culture, securing its foundations with the new order, requires the firm subjugation of instinct, freedom, and sexuality. All dis-order must be banished, the elemental and spontaneous taken firmly in hand. Women's creativity and their very being as sexual persons are pressured to give way to the role, expressed in all peasant religions, of Great Mother, that is, fecund breeder of men and food.

The men of the South American Munduruc, a farming tribe, refer to plants and sex in the same phrase about subduing women: "We tame them with the banana" (Murphy and Murphy 1985). Simone de Beauvoir (1949) recognized in the equation of the plow and the phallus a symbol of male authority over women. Among the Amazonian Jivaro, another agricultural group, women are beasts of burden and the personal property of men (Harner 1972); the "abduction of adult women is a prominent part of much warfare" by these lowland South American tribes (Ferguson 1988). Brutalization and isolation of women seem to be functions of agricultural societies (Gregor 1988), and the female continues to perform most or even all of the work in such groups (Morgan 1985).

Head-hunting is practiced by the above-mentioned groups, as part of endemic warfare over coveted agricultural land (Lathrap 1970); head-hunting and near-constant warring is also wit-

nessed among the farming tribes of Highlands New Guinea (Watson 1970). Lenski and Lenski's 1974 researches concluded that warfare is rare among foragers but becomes extremely common with agrarian societies. As Wilson (1988) put it succinctly, "Revenge, feuds, rioting, warfare and battle seem to emerge among, and to be typical of, domesticated peoples."

Tribal conflicts, Godelier (1977) argues, are "explainable primarily by reference to colonial domination" and should not be seen as having an origin "in the functioning of pre-colonial structures." Certainly contact with civilization can have an unsettling, degenerative effect, but Godelier's marxism (*viz.* unwillingness to question domestication/production), is, one suspects, relevant to such a judgment. Thus it could be said that the Copper Eskimos, who have a significant incidence of homicide within their group (Damas 1972), owe this violence to the impact of outside influences, but their reliance on domesticated dogs should also be noted.

Arens (1979) has asserted, paralleling Godelier to some extent, that cannibalism as a cultural phenomenon is a fiction, invented and promoted by agencies of outside conquest. But there is documentation of this practice (*e.g.* Poole 1983, Tuzin 1976) among, once again, peoples involved in domestication. The studies by Hogg (1966), for example, reveal its presence among certain African tribes, steeped in ritual and grounded in agriculture. Cannibalism is generally a form of cultural control of chaos, in which the victim represents animality, or all that should be tamed (Sanday 1986). Significantly, one of the important myths of Fiji Islanders, "How the Fijians first became cannibals," is literally a tale of planting (Sahlins 1983). Similarly, the highly domesticated and time-conscious Aztecs practiced human sacrifice as a gesture to tame unruly forces and uphold the social equilibrium of a very alienated society. As Norbeck (1961) pointed out, non-domesticated, "culturally impoverished" societies are devoid of cannibalism and human sacrifice.

As for one of the basic underpinnings of violence in more complex societies, Barnes (1970) found that "reports in the ethnographic literature of territorial struggles" between gatherer-hunters are "extremely rare." !Kung boundaries are vague and undefended (Lee 1979); Pan-

daram territories overlap, and individuals go where they please (Morris 1982); Hazda move freely from region to region (Woodburn 1968); boundaries and trespass have little or no meaning to the Mbuti (Turnbull 1966); and Australian Aborigines reject territorial or social demarcations (Gumpert 1981, Hamilton 1982). An ethic of generosity and hospitality take the place of exclusivity (Steward 1968, Hiatt 1968).

Gatherer-hunter peoples have developed "no conception of private property," in the estimation of Kitwood (1984). As noted above in reference to sharing, and with Sansom's (1980) characterization of Aborigines as "people without property," foragers do not share civilization's obsession with externals.

"Mine and thine, the seeds of all mischief, have no place with them," wrote Pietro (1511) of the native North Americans encountered on the second voyage of Columbus. The Bushmen have "no sense of possession," according to Post (1958), and Lee (1972) saw them making "no sharp dichotomy between the resources of the natural environment and the social wealth." There is a line between nature and culture, again, and the non-civilized choose the former.

There are many gatherer-hunters who could carry all that they make use of in one hand, who die with pretty much what they had as they came into the world. Once humans shared everything; with agriculture, ownership becomes paramount and a species presumes to own the world. A deformation the imagination could scarcely equal.

Sahlins (1972) spoke of this eloquently: "The world's most primitive people have few possessions, but they are not poor. Poverty is not a certain small amount of goods, nor is it just a relation between means and ends; above all, it is a relation between people. Poverty is a social status. As such it is the invention of civilization."

The "common tendency" of gatherer-hunters "to reject farming until it was absolutely thrust upon them" (Bodley 1976) bespeaks a nature/culture divide also present in the Mbuti recognition that if one of them becomes a villager he is no longer an Mbuti (Turnbull 1976). They know that forager band and agriculturalist village are opposed societies with opposed values.

At times, however, the crucial factor of domestication can be lost sight of.

"The historic foraging populations of the Western Coast of North America have long been considered anomalous among foragers," declared Cohen (1981); as Kelly (1991) also put it, "tribes of the Northwest Coast break all the stereotypes of hunter-gatherers." These foragers, whose main sustenance is fishing, have exhibited such alienated features as chiefs, hierarchy, warfare and slavery. But almost always overlooked are their domesticated tobacco and domesticated dogs. Even this celebrated 'anomaly' contains features of domestication. Its practice, from ritual to production, with various accompanying forms of domination, seems to anchor and promote the facets of decline from an earlier state of grace.

Thomas (1981) provides another North American example, that of the Great Basin Shoshones and three of their component societies, the Kawich Mountain Shoshones, Reese River Shoshones, and Owens Valley Paiutes. The three groups showed distinctly different levels of agriculture, with increasing territoriality or ownership and hierarchy closely corresponding to higher degrees of domestication.

To 'define' a disalienated world would be impossible and even undesirable, but I think we can and should try to reveal the unworld of today and how it got this way. We have taken a monstrously wrong turn with symbolic culture and division of labor, from a place of enchantment, understanding and wholeness to the absence we find at the heart of the doctrine of progress. Empty and emptying, the logic of domestication with its demand to control everything now shows us the ruin of the civilization that ruins the rest. Assuming the inferiority of nature enables the domination of cultural systems that soon will make the very earth uninhabitable.

Postmodernism says to us that a society without power relations can only be an abstraction (Foucault, 1982). This is a lie unless we accept the death of nature and renounce what once was and what we can find again. Turnbull spoke of the intimacy between Mbuti people and the forest, dancing almost as if making love to the forest. In the bosom of a life of equals that is no abstraction, that struggles to endure, they were "dancing with the forest, dancing with the moon."

Against His-story, Against Leviathan!

By Fredy Perlman

Against His-story, Against Leviathan! is Fredy Perlman's monumentally imaginative recounting of the origins and development of civilization, conceived as the systematic self-enslavement and self-alienation of human communities. This excerpt from his story tells of the European invasion of North America from the perspective of its uncivilized and unenslaved inhabitants. Some of the metaphorical terms used by Perlman for this story (such as his term for the Sumerian "strong man" or ruler, 'Lugal') are derived from his account of the rise of civilization in Sumeria and elsewhere earlier in his book.



otawatomi storytellers of the Great Lakes told of a certain Wiske, an ancient trickster who, long ago, almost became Archon over Neshnabe, over free people.

This Wiske was not altogether villainous to the Potawatomi. In ceremonies enacting his deeds, he wore the long-eared mask of the Hare totem. It was said that he helped the destitute, the trapped and the lost. His nephews said he gave the people webbed shoes so they could traverse the snow, canoes so they could float on water, as well as spears and arrows so they could feed themselves.

Wiske's nephews thought much of their uncle's gifts, and they expressed their gratitude by returning gifts of similar magnitude. They pulled Wiske over the snow, paddled him over the water, and fed him all he could eat.

Wiske was on the verge of becoming a Potawatomi Lugal. But the land around Kichigami, the lush woodlands, prairies and forest openings surrounding the Great Lakes, was not "the Fertile Crescent."

Potawatomi women and men gathered in a Council and pondered on the gifts given and received by Wiske.

The Council concluded with an unprecedented resolve. Banishment was unheard of. It was doubtful if the Council of gathered Neshnabe had the authority to banish a member of the community; each person was free to follow her own dream wherever it led. Yet the Council banished Wiske.

The free people of the lush woodlands of Kichigami were happy without an Archon. They were happy because they were free. The good uncle was told to take his gift-giving disposition to a northern land of ice or to a southern land of fire, to a place where, it was thought, he might find people who were

destitute, trapped and lost.

Armored Europeans will be interested in learning if this Wiske actually existed, and when he existed.

This was not what interested the Potawatomi. Wiske existed in the present. The story was reenacted in songs and dances, at ceremonies and festivals. Wiske was always a member of the community and he was always exiled.

The paradox will be problematic to people trapped in linear, Leviathanic time. The Potawatomi knew linear time as well as rhythmic time, and they also knew that what mattered, what was humanly important, did not take place in linear time.

Wiske's gift-giving, his elevation and his banishment were rhythmic events, like the heart's beat, like the sun's rising, like vegetation's rebirth. Rhythmic events were the subjects of songs, of dances, of the frequent ceremonies and festivals.

To know that Wiske "actually existed" was both impossible and trivial. Such events will be considered 'facts' and "raw data" by the Leviathanized because the linear progression of such events constitutes Leviathanic time, namely His-story. The Leviathanized will remember only fragments of the sole events they consider worth remembering because the memory of such events will not be lodged in living human beings but on stone tablets, on paper, and eventually in machines.

The Potawatomi were not data-processing machines nor computers for the storage of trivial information. They needed "raw data" about as much as they needed Wiske. They made Wiske the butt of many of their jokes. Among the Potawatomi, the almighty Archon got no further than to be the subject of funny stories.

Part-human, part-beast, and possessing the Leviathanic virtue of existing forever, Wiske the gift-giver reappeared in the jokes as the long-eared, long-membered and long-tailed Trickster, forever setting traps for animals and people and forever trapping himself.

Jokes were for laughs. Linear events, namely unexpected disruptions of life's rhythms, were usually funny. Sometimes they were tragic.

If the tragedy was repeated, then the event was not linear but rhythmic, and it was already known. Rhythms were grasped with symbols and expressed with music. Musical knowledge was knowledge of the important, the deep, the living. The music of myth expressed the symphony of rhythms that constituted the Cosmos.

The Archon, the Civilizer, namely Leviathan's personification, was a familiar character to free human beings in very close touch with nature's rhythms. And the Civilizer was ejected by the free human beings. Both of these statements will be jarring to many, perhaps most, of my contemporaries.

How could the Potawatomi have known so much about Leviathan when even most of us will think we're free individuals encased by nothing but air? And why would they eject the bringer of so many amenities, of institutionalized social life, of law, of order? The answers are as related as the questions, but being a product of linear upbringing and therefore inept in expressing kindred thoughts with symbols, I will have to take up the questions separately. I will deal with the 'why' first.

Even during the coldest winter days, when the branches of evergreens sagged from their weight of snow, the human child was born into a very warm context. The warmth did not come from the walls of the bark lodge, which failed to block all draughts, nor from the fire on the floor, but from the radiant people welcoming the newcomer.

The child was expected; she was already an important personage; her arrival completed the community. Soon after her birth, she was ceremonially named, not arbitrarily but very carefully. The Totem, namely the community of the newcomer's kin, possessed a number of names, as the sky possesses a number of stars, and the community was not quite whole, was in fact uneasy, if the names were not carried by living individuals. Everyone attended the naming ceremony because all were enhanced by the newly-named. The names did not run out. The Potawatomi were not committed to what we will know as Population Growth, and it is said that they did not experience the phenomenon.

The newcomer provided a missing rhythm. The name expressed the community's embrace of the missing rhythm and also some expectations about the music that might be heard.

But the specific rhythm of the newly-named could be foretold no more than the final shape of a tree can be foretold from a seedling. The child was placed in no school to stunt her growth to the expected size and shape. On the contrary, the girl-child as well as her newborn brother were left free to emulate, or ignore, uncles and aunts, cousins among the animals, everyone and everything under the Sun, not excluding the Sun.

The grownups watched, not to close doors, but to open doors, to let the children wander where they would unharmed.

By the time the Potawatomi children were old enough to have expectations of their own, they were prepared to be their own guides. Dream lodges were set up in the forest, one for the girl, another for her brother. The youngsters fasted until a Totem spirit visited them. The spirit usually appeared in the form of an animal, and was usually not the same spirit whose name the child wore. The spirit promised to guide the child along a specific path, namely to give the child an individual rhythm, and the spirit offered the child certain powers with which to achieve the rhythm, powers with which to light the path.

Henceforth the children were on their own, bound neither by laws nor by the community's expectations. Their own dream spirit helped them decide wheth-

er or not to live up to the ancestor whose name they carried. If they decided not to, they would be renamed after the first act that revealed the children were determined to follow distinct paths.

The boy, carrying his guide's offerings in a beautifully adorned bag, and knowing that he could call on his guide simply by fasting, set out on his own to face a cosmos whose grandeur and mystery will be inaccessible to our imaginations. We will know something of his feats as a hunter or a warrior, as a long-distance walker, as a lover. We will know less of the depth of his friendships with kinsmen or strangers, and almost nothing of his friendships with wolves and bears whose tracks he followed, whose signals he tried to grasp, whose universe he tried to understand. And we will know nothing at all of his



fasts on mountain tops or alongside green mirror-like tree-surrounded lakes, of the journeys he undertook with his guide across and through the water to the place of life's origin, of his flights on the guide's wings to the sunset land where his ancestors gathered.

We will know that he eventually returned to his Totem with meat and with numerous stories, and that he married his beloved's sister because his beloved had in the meantime married a youth who had not stayed away for so long. We will know that he spoke of his exploits and his voyages to his children and also to his sister's children, the nephew and niece whose dream lodges he built in the forest.

We will think that his strength left him when he gave up warring as well as hunting, when he became a peacemaker, storyteller and lone wanderer.

We will not know that he revisited a mountain top he had known in his youth, fasted until his guide came for him, flew to the land beyond the sunset, joined his beloved, he as youthful as on his first trip, she as beautiful as on the day he first saw her, and traveled with her alongside him across and through water to the place of Life's beginnings.

If we knew all this, we wouldn't ask why the man resisted encasing himself in our linear, visionless Order. Isn't it *our* longing that expresses itself in a story about a European called Faust who turns his back on respectability, on the esteem of his colleagues, on law as well as religion, so as to have access to a personal guide and personal powers available to every Potawatomi?

The man's older sister, in the meantime, created a music that will sound less 'romantic' to our ears. She too followed her own dream, but she found it possible to fulfill her own guide's expectations as well as the community's. She lived up to the Totem ancestor whose name she proudly continued to carry. She threw herself into the Totem's activities, perhaps reacting against her lonesome brother; perhaps she, too, thought him excessively 'romantic'.

Like her name-ancestor, she turned bark of birch trees into canoes and winter lodges and tree-sugar baskets; she turned the skins of animals into cloaks, skirts, moccasins and medicine bags. Her own spirit inspired the colorful quilled symbolism with which she finished everything she made.

Like her ancestor, she was one of the preparers of the ceremonial welcoming of spring's new shoots, and after her marriage she was also a preparer of the ceremonial expulsion of Wiske, but the words she sang and the steps she danced were inspired by her own spirit.

Like her ancestor, she gathered herbs and became familiar with their general uses, but when her son was attacked by something he ate, she had to learn from her own spirit how to combine and administer the herbs while singing him back to health.

Her son as well as her daughter later took after her lonesome younger brother, but she was neither disappointed nor surprised; she knew that the children were following their own dreams, as she herself had.

Her dream had guided her to the center of the festivals and ceremonies, to the village council and the medicine lodge. Nothing her kin did or knew was alien to her.


Yet some of us will pretend to be honest when we ask why she was so vigorous in expelling Wiske from the ceremonial circle, why she would have been repelled by the prospect of becoming a housewife in a Civilized household, even the Archon's.

Can we not recognize that in the fullness of development of universal human capacities she exposes the immiseration of the shamefully stunted products of Civilization? Can we not see that this Potawatomi matron who excels as Architect, Shoemaker, Shipbuilder, Furrier, Dramatist, Painter, Composer, Dancer, Druggist and Doctor already surpasses the many-sided Genius, the notoriously flexible Renaissance Man?

Shouldn't the question be inverted? Shouldn't we ask why we are fascinated by a Da Vinci, instead of asking why she is repelled? Is it because Da Vinci dangles from Leviathan's neck like a cowbell, whereas she stands on ordinary dirt?

Why does a Da Vinci gleam for us among the beast's innumerable cowbells? Is it because, after all the stunting and spirit-breaking that makes us Civilized, we still want to be what she was, but can no longer become even what he was, can only applaud what Leviathan becomes instead of us?

* * *

o some of us it will be crystal clear why the Potawatomi woman as well as her younger brother were repelled by the prospects held out to them by the generous Wiske. But we will ask how people who were never encased in a Leviathan's entrails could know enough of such a condition to be repelled by it. This question has been given numerous answers, all of them speculative, all songs or stories. The quality of the songs has been declining ever since written words began replacing living voices, ever since Leviathanic records began replacing human memories. The story I've been telling is not from the heyday but from the decline, yet I'll go on singing it because at least some of its cadences disrupt and even wreak havoc on the stupefying, passively-accepted official tunes.

I've been telling a story about human resistance to a beast that originated in Ur, a beast whose artificial progeny would eventually swallow all human communities and, by our time, begin to eat the Biosphere.

I've come to some of the last human communities swallowed by Leviathan, and I find them resisting the beast already before it reaches them. How do these people already know what they are up against? Is it possible that the beast is not one but many, that Ur is not in Sumer but wherever people gather, that Leviathan is as natural to human beings as hives to bees? Anything is possible, but the admission of such a possibility is cynically misanthropic and it precludes envisioning any exit from the trap. Such a possibility cannot be admitted into a song of freedom, because its admission is a prognostication of Earth's doom.

I cannot deny that human beings on all the world's great islands are able to encase themselves in Leviathan's entrails, since they've all demonstrated this ability. I can deny that such a condition is as natural to them as hives to bees, and the rest of my story will affirm that it is not.

How could the Potawatomi have had any wind of the

Leviathanic currents stirring in other parts of the world? The Great Lakes were as far removed from such currents as any refuge on the globe. Stories have been told about Leviathanic currents that blew from continents called Atlantis and Mu, but the stories of sunken continents raise more questions than they answer, and most of their tellers place Leviathan, not living beings, at the Origin.

The breeze's need not be sought on sunken continents; they could have blown to the Great Lakes from every one of the four directions. I know as little about these four winds as about Mu, but my story can soar more easily on the winds than on sunken continents.

The north wind carried news of people who wandered over the land of ice. Linguistic cousins of the Potawatomi, called Lenni Lenape, preserved a scroll which vaguely referred to their own one-time journey over the land of ice. Other linguistic cousins, called Cree, inhabited the northern river valleys and forests that separated the Potawatomi from Aleut, Athabascan and other peoples of the north. Some of the northerners are said to have come from Eurasia more recently than others, some after Lugalzaggizi launched the first Leviathan on the first imperialist venture. We've seen that people attached to their homelands tried to resist the Leviathan by confronting it head on, whereas others resisted the beast's embrace by fleeing beyond its reach. If we knew something about the waves of migration set in motion by the outward thrusts of Eurasia's Leviathans, we might know that some of the more recent migrations across the northern Strait were the fringes of an anti-Leviathanic resistance movement.

The west wind carried news of great mountains and of seafaring people beyond the mountains, people with large sturdy oceancraft who braved the currents and stormy waves to hunt ocean monsters and gigantic fish. Many of the seafarers, people called Nootka and Kwakiutl, Tillamook and Bella Coola, were distant linguistic cousins of the Potawatomi, and many other linguistic cousins, people called Kutenai, Spokane, Okinagan, Atsina, Arapaho, Ojibwa and Menomini, inhabited the mountains, plateaus and plains separating the Potawatomi from the western seafarers. The westerners are said to have maintained sporadic contacts with Chinese and Japanese carriers of Eurasia's Leviathanic ways, but we know as little about these contacts as we do about Mu. We don't even know enough to speculate if any of the Trickster lore shared by the Potawatomi with their linguistic cousins, the lore about Hare, Coyote and Raven, expressed responses to carriers of Leviathanic ways.

The east wind carried news of close cousins of the Potawatomi, people of the sunrise who would be remembered as Abenaki, Penobscot, Massachuset, Wampanoag, Pequot,

Narraganset, Mohigan, Lenni Lenape. Removed from Eurasia by an Ocean they had no reason to cross, these people, or at least some of their ancestors, are said to have had brief views of human beings who hailed from the other side. Ancient Phoenicians, Libyans and Celt-Iberians are said to have ventured across the stormy Ocean. Vikings actually left a saga describing their trip across. Biscayan, Basque and other European fishermen did not ask Ferdinand and Isabela's

permission to fish for cod near shores inhabited by cousins of the Potawatomi. The easterners' contacts with Eurasians were apparently no rarities, but our knowledge of them is as poor as our knowledge of Mu.

The south wind carried more substantial news, and our knowledge of it is not so sparse. Across a narrow strait from the Potawatomi villages there were large villages of Iroquoian speaking people who lived in long

rectangular lodges, people later known as Wendats or Wyandots. These longhouse people, as well as their linguistic cousins further to the east, remembered having migrated northward from a far-away land. They had fled from stone giants, flying heads and man eaters. These dreaded beings are of course mythological subjects, airy creatures of the imagination, not solid historical entities like Nero, Caligula and Constantine. The Wendats who told of these beings were not interested in His-story, but in their own cosmic context.

The cosmos of the Wendats, who were peaceful corn and bean cultivators in northern woodlands, included monsters that did not exist in the north. With poetic accuracy and succinctness, Wendat myths gave an outsider's view of beings uncannily similar to stone pyramids taller than jungle trees, to feathered serpents, to masked priests who sacrificed human beings. The Wendat cosmos included a Leviathan, most plausibly the Leviathan that stirred in Yucatan already before Frankish tribesmen stormed the walls of the Roman Leviathan in Eurasia.

It is likely that news of the southern Leviathan reached the Potawatomi already before the Wendats' ancestors fled from the stone giants of southern jungles. The Beautiful Valley just south of the lakeshores of the Potawatomi was once dotted by earthen mounds, large and small, many of them in complexes enclosed by token walls demarcating a sacred space. The tales of the earliest mound-builders have not survived, but later mound-builders remembered southern origins, and their temple-topped earthen pyramids bore affinities with the stone giants of Yucatan and Central Mexico.

The practice of raising mountains over the bones of the dead was not kept up in the northern woodlands, but one element of that practice survived among the people of the Great Lakes. This element was the Feast of the Dead. The bones of



deceased kinsmen were carefully preserved. Once a year, villagers from every corner journeyed to a gatheringplace and buried all the bones in a common grave. There the bones of strangers mingled with each other, and the living descendants of those in the grave ceased to be strangers, for their ancestors were eternally bound to one another.

In the northern forests, the great burial ceremonies were not occasions for the introduction of Leviathanic relations, but occasions for enlarging the world of kinship. Continually pulled apart from one another by their own dreams, the free villagers were continually drawn together by ceremonies that embraced all who could reach the festival grounds. The genuine solidarity of human beings whose ancestors shared common graves would not have been enhanced by the artificial unity imposed by the force of Hobbesian Leviathanic peacekeeping institutions.

The Potawatomi who ejected Wiske from their midst probably felt Leviathanic breezes from every direction, and surely from the south, long before French Jesuits and Voyageurs reached the Great Lakes.

* * *

If we think of Eurasia as a model and of His-story as Fate, we can easily convince ourselves that the Potawatomi would eventually have fallen into the entrails of a Leviathan, notably the southern one, even if Europeans had not crossed the Ocean. But if we think of Eurasia as a freak and of His-story as an aberration, we can just as easily convince ourselves that the community of freedoms we call Nature or Paradise would never have vanished if the Europeans had not brought Leviathanic holocausts across the water.

In Eurasia, the artificial monsters expanded with seeming inevitability. I've shown that the inevitability is an illusion created by scribes who overlook the numerous vanished Mohenjo Daros and Hittites, scribes who are trained not to see the decomposition that accompanies every functioning Leviathan.

The inevitability is an illusion, but the spread of the artifices over the length and breadth of the continent is not. All of Eurasia ends up in Leviathan's entrails.

But there is no reason to project such a fate across the water. There are, in fact, indications that the stone giants did not fare as well in the world across the water as they fared in Eurasia, indications that the Potawatomi ejection of Leviathan was more prevalent in this world than the Leviathanic encasement of free communities.

We've seen that the Eurasian monster spread very quickly. At first there was only Ur, the Beginning of something unprecedented. Soon there was Lugalzaggizi, then Sargon and a

world-empire.

No comparable speed can be found across the water, where the first artificial beasts appear to have been sluggish, even moribund from the start. The monstrosities remembered by the Wendats were admittedly younger than Ur, but not young enough to explain their sluggishness.

Olmec heads and Ziggurat-like stone giants were apparently contemporaries of the first Ocean-faring Phoenicians. By coincidence, architectural marvels appeared in Yucatan and Central Mexico at the time when Phoenicians set out on the great Ocean. Earlier in this narrative I suggested that this may have been no coincidence. But even if it was a coincidence, even if the ancestors of Toltecs and Mayas reinvented Tyre and Byblos in Central Mexico and Yucatan, the Levia-



thans on this side of the great water failed to swallow the double continent's human communities and failed to confront the Biosphere as overpowering opponents.

These failures cannot be explained by the newness of this world's artificial beasts, since the beasts existed for a long time. The failures cannot be explained by quirks or weaknesses in the beasts themselves. The cruelty of Aztecs was comparable to that of Assyrians or Spaniards; the architecture of Mayas to that of Greeks; the administration of Incas to that of Chinese or Persians.

Nor can the failures be explained by the absence of so-called material conditions. Those who cling to this pseudoexplanation must first explain why the most powerful of Leviathans will subsequently flourish in the very same material conditions. The so-called material conditions are Leviathan's garments, not the ground it stands on.

In my view, the failure of this world's Leviathans can be explained by the human resistance to their spread. The Potawatomi expulsion of Wiske is only one instance of that resistance. Wendats of the north's woodlands had a low opinion of stone giants. Guarani people of the southern continent spoke with fear and loathing of The One. Hopi people of the north's canyonlands told of gods destroying human beings who turned from the ways of living beings. Winnebago people of the Great Lakes made fun of the great gift-bringer, the Trickster.

In fact, even this world's priests and militarists, namely Leviathan's own agents, spoke of Civilization as something alien. On the northern as on the southern continent, the bringer of Leviathanic powers and amenities was remembered as someone who had come from abroad, had left again, and would return from abroad to reclaim his gifts.

The first Kukulcan-Quetzalcóatl may have been a tentacle of a Phoenician or a Libyan octopus. The feathered serpent may have been the Phoenician adventurer's headdress, or it

may have been the deity on the ship's prow. The man from afar would not have spoken a language foreign to the villagers who greeted him, but a language familiar to them. He would not have spoken of terms of trade, but of the cycle of vegetation and the cycles of life, death and regeneration, of sacrificial giving, of Baal. The hospitable villagers would have outdone themselves in giving all they had to the god-like foreigner who emerged from the sea.

Like the Pótawatomí, the villagers who initially showered the feathered Wiske with gifts would grow tired of the burden, but being hospitable, they could not exile the foreigner. Consequently, so they told, Quetzalcóatl exiled himself, promising to return. And the villagers returned to their own communities, their own ceremonies, their own visions, their own ways.

But the arrival of the serpentine god was remembered. The event was important, and important events were not what they would be for us: single, isolated, linear, unrepeatable. An important event was a cosmic event, and like other cosmic events, like the rising of the sun or the eclipse of the moon or the journey of a comet, it was rhythmic, cyclical, infinitely repeatable.

The visitor left scars in the form of fawning priests and ambitious admirers. Periodically—the Mayas actually measured the exact duration of the period—the scars reopened and Quetzalcóatl reemerged from the sea.

The subsequent man-gods were undoubtedly local priests and admirers who clothed themselves in the foreigner's fame, but they continued to insist on their foreign origin. The gift-giving resumed. Vast ceremonial centers sprang up in the jungle, stone cities with temples and palaces of incomparable beauty. And once again the beast was abandoned, the Leviathanic man was self-exiled. The stone cities reverted to jungle.

The ruins of abandoned architectural wonders will be found in our day by so-called Archeologists, who will be dazzled by the grandeur of what they find, and even more by the abandonment of places so ideally suited to being university campuses. The Arche- and Anthropologists will fill libraries explaining the abandonment in terms of every cause except human resistance. The prospect of their own academic centers reverting to what they call weeds will fog the Anthropologists' imaginations.

* * *

In Eurasia, Leviathan destroyed communities and encased human beings in its entrails. Linear His-story replaced the rhythmic cycles of life. Music gave way to the March of Time.

But across the great water, living communities were not destroyed. On the contrary, the few Leviathans that emerged here seem to have been swallowed by the communities. Leviathanic time was submerged in cyclical time. The coming and going of the beast became part of the rhythm of life. The Leviathanic excrescence, like other excrescences, remained no more than manure. Music did not give way to the March of Time. Life did not give way to His-story.

Why?

If we continue probing through seas of facts for meanings, this too can be answered. Arnold Toynbee once spoke of two

types of stimuli. One stimulus overpowered and incapacitated, the other revived and strengthened the subject.

The communities of Gutí who tried to resist the Sumerian Leviathan militarily were overpowered already before they set out to respond. The moment the Gutí constituted themselves into a permanent military organization they ceased to be what they wanted to remain and became what they opposed. As communities they were incapacitated before they took up arms against Leviathan. They gave themselves the illusion of resisting the beast even as they leapt into its entrails.

On the other side of the Ocean, the communities who hosted the first Quetzalcóatl were not crippled by the initial stimulus, and they were able to respond in their own ways and on their own terms. They did not only curtail Leviathanic time, reducing it to rhythmic irruptions in the symphony of cyclic time. They also forced Leviathan's own agents, whether priests or administrators, to confine themselves to the enactment of community rituals, to perform fertility ceremonies, to give unsparingly to rain deities and corn deities, to celebrate the cycle of vegetation, to enhance Earth and Life.

The communities who thus reduced Leviathan to their plaything did not always emerge unscathed. Leviathan was a lethal toy. Here as there it grew fat by eating human victims. But whenever it started to get obese, its period ended and the villagers let the jungle's plants grow over it.

Communities as distant from Quetzalcóatl's landingplace as the Potawatomi became familiar enough with Leviathan to want to expel him from their midst.

And the myriad communities between the northern woodlands and the southern jungles, each as different from another as elk from quetzals, played with the monster or avoided all contact with it as suited their sensibilities.

My brief account is deliberately idyllic. The idyl is what the Europeans came to destroy. The so-called dirty realities, the cynical compromises, the vicious betrayals were nothing new to Europeans, who allied themselves with these against the other, against the pure, the beautiful, the new.

* * *

The idyl is gone now. Nothing is left but the dirty realities. Leviathan is all there is.

These very words, written words, are inventions of the Lugal's scribes. They cannot convey dream time.

Every meaning has been inverted.

"Central Africa," "Australia," "America" are not the names of places where free human beings ever lived. They are names of unprecedented holocausts, of gigantic colonies, of monstrous Leviathanic trophies. They are Leviathan's "empty continents."

From the vantage point of Death, all Life is an aberration. The languages of the two protagonists are mutually unintelligible. The very vocabularies are untranslatable. Leviathan's world is a Wilderness to free living beings. The freedom of living beings is a Wilderness to Leviathan.

Free human beings were able to encompass Leviathan in their horizon and still remain free.

The Leviathanized cannot encompass free beings in their horizon and still remain Leviathanized. Once they grasp freedom they become Renegades. And the stiff-necked

spokesmen of Leviathan know it. The questions: Who would abandon the amenities of Civilization? and Who would go back to the digging stick? are rhetorical questions practiced in front of a looking glass.

The Renegades from Civilization are notorious. They shed masks. They shed whole armors. They separate from previously indispensable amenities and experience a shedding of an insupportable burden. Mere contact with a community of free human beings gives them insights no Leviathanic education can provide. Nurturing contact stimulates dreams and ultimately even visions. The Renegade is possessed, transformed, humanized. Psyche-manipulators, aware of Civilization's discontents will try to induce such transformations within Leviathan's entrails, but their most vaunted successes will be miserable failures. Civilization does not nurture humanity.

Communities were able to possess the Leviathanized.

But Leviathan cannot possess communities, it cannot possess living subjects. Leviathan can only possess things, dead things, objects.

Communities could remove masks and armors. Leviathan removes the scalp, the skin and the flesh.

Communities could help the repressed recover their humanity. Leviathan dis-covers unrepressed humanity and consumes it. Dis-covery, the removal of Earth's cover, the liquidation of free beings, is in fact Leviathan's central project, and communities that nurture free beings are its greatest enemy.

* * *

The entity that crosses the great water in the ships of Cristo-fo-ro, in English "Christ-bearer," is more than the Western Spirit. What crosses the water in three ships is a body, octopus-like as well as worm-like but lifeless and artificial, the body Hobbes calls Leviathan. The body is described by the Dis-coverer's last name, Colonizer, Colón in Spanish.

This Colón, thought by some to be a Converso, namely a Christian more Catholic than the Pope, thinks himself a second Moses leading Israelites out of Egypt. As heavily armored as the first, the second Moses carries the wilderness encased in his armor, and wherever he leads his Israelites is wilderness. Were he to lower his mask, loosen his armor, be it only for an instant, he might see communities of human beings with relationships, emotions and insights far more complex than his own. But he cannot loosen the armor.

If communities nurture the freedom of their members, Leviathans nurture the repression of theirs. The Leviathanized police each other. Only the isolated can get away. Crew and captain stick together, slave sticks to master. Each forces the other to deny his own vision, to see what he expects the other to see. Thus after accomplishing the feat of traversing the impassable chasm, after crossing the unsailable Ocean, these blinded men find in the New World what is most familiar to them in the Old.

Analytical-minded precursors of Natural Scientists, Economists and Anthropologists, Christ-bearer and his accomplices find things, objects, which they automatically categorize as obstacles or as potential instruments.

Heirs of the savagery of Albigenian Crusades, Taborite

Crusades, Inquisitions and Witch-hunts, they see communities of Arawaks but name them Savages.

Carriers and agents of Leviathan, synonym for Maneater, they see communities of Caribs but name them Cannibals, Maneaters.

The names are not only projections. They are also definitions. Once defined, the objects can be manipulated. Savages are potential instruments; they can be put to work. Cannibals are obstacles; they have to be liquidated.

Thus the Blessed Isles are converted into a Leviathanic wilderness or, in the other language, the Wilderness is converted into a part of Christian Civilization.

One participant in this atrocity with few if any precedents, Bartolomé de Las Casas, thought by some to be another Converso, sickens during the implementation of this grizzly enterprise, shedding mask as well as armor. This supposed heir of the persecuted suddenly identifies with the persecuted, thus performing a feat as rare in his own as in any other age. Unable, with the Inquisition at his back, to express his view of the hounding of Spain's Jews, Las Casas rails loudly and clearly against the hounding and extermination of Arawaks. The more he sees of his fellow-Christians' deeds, the more victims of Christianity he embraces, until his lone voice pleads for the defense of humanity from the claws of the Leviathanic beast. What is this Conversion to Christianity if not enslavement and bestialization? he asks. What are these Christians who turn an Eden into an infernal labor camp—are they gods or demons? What is the god that calls for such bloodletting, such monstrous sacrifices? Let the victims resist, he shouts, if need be by sacrificing the sacrificers. If maneating be wrong in the eyes of some superior being, let that being condemn the greater wrongdoer.

But Las Casas no longer has faith in a superior being. He addresses his pleas to the King of Spain, to the monster's very head.

And the beastly head gives the protestor a hearing because it, too, is disturbed by the Dis-coverer's feats, but for different reasons. Leviathan is able to slaughter the New World's inhabitants, but it cannot make them work, it cannot enlarge itself by encasing them in its entrails. Soon after they are herded into the forced labor camps called Encomiendas, they perish, whole populations of them.

The King does not cry for the loss of the human beings but for the loss of what will later be called Capital and Technology.

Capital and Technology are not mere objects but relations of people to objects, not levers and drills but former human beings reduced to appendages of levers and drills. Without the human operators, the levers and drills are inert; they revert to Wilderness. And the point of the entire Leviathanic enterprise is to extirpate the Wilderness, to reduce lush tropical islands to the uniformity of plantations, to burrow through beautiful and precious places for stones, or in the beast's own language, to make the desert bloom, to turn the savage and the wild into profitable gardens.

The legendary Midas cried because everything he touched turned to gold, even his food. The King of Spain cries for the same reason. Every living being he touches shrivels up and

dies, not only the obstacles but the potential instruments as well. After all his borrowing from Genoese bankers, driving his realm into fiscal ruin, he wins only half an empire. The fields strewn with corpses no longer contain obstacles, but neither do they contain instruments.

The King's ships have not only carried Conquistadores over the Ocean; they have also carried rats, viruses and bacilli. The Discoverers are not only carriers of Leviathan but also carriers of the Plague.

Disease, in fact, is the invader's main weapon, but it is double-edged. It gives easy victory but it mangles the fruit of the victory. That's why the King listens to Las Casas, pretends to become humane, revises the Encomienda laws. But it is all to no avail. The Blessed Isles become ever more depopulated, the labor camps remain inert, the gardens yield no profits, the empire of potential zeks is lost. To make up for the loss, the grizzly conquerors break up communities on an altogether different continent and import human beings immune to the Europeans' diseases to people the labor camps with zeks and to bury the New World's dead.

The New World is progressively emptied of its living beings. The double continent across the Ocean is on its way toward becoming the Europeans' long-sought America.

Unlike the objects that turned to gold when Midas touched them, America is an object that glistens like gold but vanishes when Europeans touch it.

The Spaniards who outdo each other in greedy grabbing cannot even hold on to the metallic gold which, melted down into ingots, finds its way into underground vaults of foreign lenders.

And the real gold, the one Hesiod named an age after—the sacred places, the myths, the cultures—vanishes from the very Biosphere, irretrievably.

At this point I can pose a rhetorical question of my own. If the implements that supersede the digging stick, if the notorious amenities of Civilization are so attractive, so irresistible, why do the prospective beneficiaries of all those wonders have to be decimated?

Despite beautification campaigns that outdo the very Church in sustained prevarication, the story of the Rise of Civilization in America will remain ugly beyond description. No amount of talk about Empty Continents that were filled with teeming life will be able to erase the memory of the teeming life that was turned into empty continents.

There will be talk of horses, of gunpowder and of rum. There will be talk of a superior technology and of a superior culture. There will be talk of everything but Death. Yet Death

is the Conquistador, whether mounted on the horses or streaming from the guns. Death is the unspoken name of the superior technology. Death is the only superior culture of the community-less invader. And Death is no culture at all; it is the anti-culture, the eater of culture, Leviathan.

The cultured villagers gawk at the horses, but not for long. Horses they can understand. Horses are living beings, friends, cousins. Free human beings soon outdo the armored Europeans in horsemanship, they are soon equals of the mounted Turks of Eurasia's steppes.

The gunpowder and the rum are stranger than the horses. The one serves only to kill, the other to stupefy. But even these are not strange for long to people already familiar with poisoned arrows and poisonous herbs.

What is strange beyond comprehension is the bearded entity inside the armor, an entity that looks and behaves like a human being but is clearly something else, for it takes without giving, is kin to none, exists in no community. What is strange and remains strange is the manlike limb of a dead thing, the spring and wheel of Leviathan.

The invaded are already familiar with Leviathan, but not so familiar as to have been evacuated by it. They've kept their communities intact, relegated Leviathan to the fringes, or expelled the beast from their communities' very fringes.

The communities resist every incursion, every enslavement,

every rape. The story of the invasion is also the story of that interminable resistance. It is interminable because it has no term, because it is not a cycle, because it is not part of the rhythm of life.

The resistance is not primarily a clash of arms, even if the spectacular battles of proto-Leviathanic Aztecs give the impression that the resistance is in the spears. The resistance is in the drums, not in the spears; it is in the music, in the rhythms lived by communities whose myths and ways continue to nurture and sustain them.

Nor is the invasion primarily a military venture,

even if the successors to knightly Crusaders look like nothing but lethallimbed armors. The invasion is a silencing of music, a flattening of rhythm; it is a linearization of time, a destruction of the myths and ways that will later be called Culture, a war against communities that nurture freedom, vision and life.

The invaders are not ignorant of what they destroy. They are not only successors to Crusaders against Unbelievers but also to wandering Beghards and liberated Adamites. They are distant successors to communities that once resisted with music and myth. Themselves grandchildren of victims, they've



been turned, like many before them, into passionate victimizers. They destroy with passion precisely because they know what they destroy. Themselves repressed, or in their own language Fallen, deprived of Eden, confined to a life of Sin, they are impassioned to repress the free, to universalize the Fall, to destroy Eden as irreversibly as Romans destroyed Carthage, to make Sin catholic or all-embracing.

* * *

The immediate successors to Christ-bearer Colón think of America as the Garden of Eden. Their intent, like that of their later Puritan, Liberal, Bolshevik and Nazi successors, is to turn the Garden into a forced-labor camp. To achieve this end, they must break human beings the way they break horses or dogs, they must eliminate the matrix that nurtures humanity, they must destroy community.

So-called Economists will later claim that the irresistible attractiveness of Civilization's material amenities is the force that destroys the ancient communities. The wise men will economize on words by calling this force Demand. They will also economize on the truth. European clothes are worn by people who have lost their own; no free human beings are attracted to shackles.

His-torians will of course focus on military might as the force that destroys the communities, and they will paint pictures of youthful Alexander-like heroes storming the walls of cannibalistic monsters.

But His-torians will shy away from any mention of communities, and they will become knownothings or experts of other fields rather than admit that their heroes perpetrate unprecedented chemical and biological warfare against untold living beings.

The celebrated European armies finish off victims who are already dying. The so-called amenities give an empty compensation to immiserated survivors. The force that destroys the communities is an initially unsuspected but later welcome ally, the Plague.

Ever since Europeans physically adapted themselves to viruses, bacilli and bubonic rats, they have been carriers of lethal epidemics. A book titled *Plagues and Peoples* will vividly describe what Conquistadorial feats Smallpox and Bubonic

Plague can achieve against communities not previously exposed to them. The book's author, William McNeill, will expose the great public secret behind the celebrated Conquests.

Hernán Cortéz and his band of gold-sick marauders could not have exterminated the Aztecs, could not have destroyed their military machine, without an ally far more potent than Tlascala and other disaffected Aztec tributaries. Could not and did not. One of the Spanish marauders, Bernal Díaz by name, will leave an account of the famous Conquest of Mexico. He will nonchalantly mention that the Smallpox broke out in Tenochtitlan on the eve of the conquest, and he will mention the mounds of corpses and the crowds of afflicted, but he will

concentrate on the Alexandrian features of his band-leader, for such concentration makes Diaz himself no worse than an ancient Greek.

The inhuman nonchalance with which Diaz mentions the Smallpox will be called Scientific Detachment by later His-torians. The much later McNeill, our contemporary, will broadcast news when he reveals that among human beings previously unaffected by Smallpox, three or four out of forty survive the disease. The 'small' in this plague's name refers to the size of the skin irruptions, not to the power of the disease.

Armed with such a weapon, the mass murderers who depict themselves as Conquistadores and Pioneers have no forerunners. The feat is unprecedented. All of humanity's moral codes melt in the face of

these deeds. Nothing comparable was achieved by Assyrians, Chinese, Greeks, Romans or Mongols. Shang Yang did not even dream of including the Plague among the weapons with which to liquidate human communities.

A moral vacuum as unprecedented as the Conquista itself will enable later apologists to blandly overlook the lever that emptied the continent and launched the reign of laws of supply and demand.

The bland overlooking of the European's great ally will begin already at the time of the second Conquista, the famous Pizarro's. This madman's cronies will concentrate so single-mindedly on the gold, they will not even mention the Midas whose touch empties Andean highlands and shorelands and turns them into lifeless gold.



After several generations, descendants of survivors will be as immune to the plagues as the Europeans themselves; only their children will be afflicted. They will then be able to repopulate their world. But by then it will be too late. By then the laws of supply and demand will have replaced the rhythms of the communities. By then the marauders will have appropriated the lodges as well as the fields; they will have burrowed into the sacred places, slaughtered the forests' inhabitants and downed the trees. By then the myths and the music will be forgotten. By then Leviathan will have supplanted the spirits, razed the fields and launched His-story.

One of the invaders of the Andean Altiplano and the jungles beyond it, a man named Lope de Aguirre, knows that the killers from Europe are not mere men. The armored Aguirre knows himself to be a higher being, a scourge of god, a deity, for life recedes in the face of his advance. Aguirre knows that the Plague is a minor deity, a scout that opens the paths and empties the fields. He knows that Leviathan is the greater deity, for Leviathan finishes off what the Plague initiated, and Leviathan omnipotently disposes of the remains.

Aguirre also knows, as Shang Yang, Nero and Caligula already knew, that he who kills without limit or scruple, who holds kinless men with bonds of fear, who stimulates greed in potential instruments and terror in threatening obstacles, is beyond good and evil, above humanity. Aguirre concludes that such a god cannot be the underling of Scottish Mary's Spanish husband, the distant emperor Philip Habsburg.

Aguirre declares war on the Emperor. This marauder's defiant letter to Spain's second Philip is the first American Declaration of Independence. It declares that the armored plague-carrier Aguirre, not the Emperor, initiated the killings, and therefore Aguirre, not the Emperor, will finish off the survivors and dispose of the remains. Viva la libertad! Viva Aguirre!

But the defiant declaration is too explicit even for Aguirre's confederates, good Christians all, and will be relegated to His-story's unlit dungeon instead of its showcase. Aguirre fails to become "the Great" because he neglects to express the terror, the fear and the greed with terms like Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.

Aguirre's spiritual heirs, greater masters of language than their unpracticed forerunner, will realize Aguirre's project, not on the southern continent but on the northern, in lands once inhabited by people who had not launched any proto-Leviathanic ventures, people who had exiled the Lethal Trickster from their midst.

Communities of Potawatomi and communities of their cousins will be touched by English-speaking Aguirres who are not subjects of Philip but of his Scottish queen, Aguirres who will first of all declare themselves independent of Queen and Pope so as to appropriate the lands and wealth of the Church and the Irish.

English marauders rally behind anti-Catholic Elizabeth in order to take full advantage of the achievements of Spain's Conquistadores, for their Protestantism is initially nothing but a license to loot Spanish ships returning home with the New World's gold. The first English outposts in the New World are pirates' dens which hug the coasts.

Before venturing inland, the pirates, all respectable merchants, stuff their outposts with refugees who are either excessively or insufficiently Protestant for England's official Reformers.

* * *

The Potawatomi of the Great Lakes will not hear the English language until the future Aguirres proclaim their own declaration of independence.

The Potawatomi as well as their near and distant cousins are nevertheless aware of the existence of the English on the world's eastern shores, just as the ancestors of Franks were aware of the existence of armored Romans in Gaul. Long before seeing any of them, the Potawatomi are aware not only of the English but also of the French on the river that carries the water of the Lakes to the Ocean, and also of the Spaniards west of the Long River, the Mississippi.

Hunters and messengers bring news from all three directions, news of great deaths, inconceivable deaths, deaths not only of individuals but of entire communities. The deaths are brought by the bearded foreigners who emerged from the Ocean, even though most of the victims have had no more contact with the strangers than the Potawatomi themselves.

Long-distance killing is no mystery to the Potawatomi, who immediately recognize the feat as Wiske's, the Trickster's. The Potawatomi do not know that the plague-infected rats who disembark from the invader's ships do not confine themselves to the invader's settlements, nor do they know that other rodents as well as elk and deer carry the invader's infections. They do know that Wiske once raped several village women from a spot on the opposite side of a pond by sending his member into the pond and across it along its bottom. They are not surprised by what they hear, and they will not be surprised when they finally see the bearded men's fire-spitting rifles.

The Potawatomi know the news is important because they recognize it. Long-eared, long-membered Wiske is back again, more mischievous than ever, and far less generous to human beings than he was said to be. And of course they know what to do about the long-membered one: expel him from their communities, exile him to lands where life is nasty, brutish and short, push him away from the lush and teeming woodlands and lakes.

Kin from several villages gather at a place that will continue to be known as The Strait. They prepare a vast expulsion ceremony to purge themselves of the Leviathanic monster as they've done since the first days.

But halfway through the ceremony, the beats of the drum become arhythmic and singing voices drown in cries of pain. The Potawatomi of The Strait are attacked by the long-distance killer. Smallpox or Bubonic Plague reach the Great Lakes long before the carriers do.

The villages of the Potawatomi become burial grounds. Survivors flee toward the bay of the Winnebagos, far to the north. When French Jesuits first reach The Strait a generation later, they will find earthen mounds, forest openings for corn fields, as well as painted rocks, but no human beings.

The survivors are few in number. Preserved memories of the events will speak of one out of twenty. McNeill will confirm

that such would be the death toll of a first outbreak of Smallpox. Subsequent attacks of Smallpox—and they recur every few years—take a smaller toll, but they alternate with outbreaks of Bubonic Plague and with other maladies long known in Eurasia as children's diseases.

Apologists who will speak of the European Plague-carriers as 'We' will of course deny the event. They will demand Positive Evidence. They will pretend to want to see and count the corpses. But they will actually not want to even hear that Potawatomi communities ever existed on The Strait. Writers of edifying textbooks for children, they will portray killers who emptied lush and teeming woodlands as builders who made deserts bloom. They will say 'We' transformed lands where no one and nothing ever lived into thriving industrial parks, 'We' turned empty lots into Disneylands.

The survivors are not able to challenge the apologists' tall tales. The recurrent outbreaks of plague do more than kill numerous members of the communities. The plagues destroy the communities.

Of four hundred, twenty survive. Of forty, two survive. Two may remember the names of the vanished Totem, but they cannot regenerate the music. If one of the survivors is a storyteller, the other is not a youth to whom the teller can transmit his tales, and the tales die untold. If one is an herbal healer, the other is not necessarily inclined to absorb the herbal lore. One may remember the songs or the preparations for some of the great enactments, but two or even four or six are not enough to dance the dances or to feast or celebrate.

Some go off on their own, embittered because they sense that something, perhaps even their own guiding spirit, has betrayed them.

Others flee toward the sunset, toward the endless Plains beyond the Mississippi, even toward the great mountains.

Many join villages of equally displaced and disoriented survivors, gatherings of fragments of communities.

The united fragments do not constitute a whole. The gatherings are refugee camps, melting pots, not communities. The beat of the drum is arrhythmic. The music is discordant. Continuities preserved since the Beginning are broken off, and the few remembered myths no longer speak of any shared beginning because the gathered fragments are not a Totem

and share no common Beginning.

The myths of displaced persons are mere stories and the great enactments are mere ceremonies. Ways of living become ways to spend time. Time that can be spent without being lived is Plague time, Leviathanic time, His-story time. The His-story of the Potawatomi and of all their cousins and neighbors begins with the plague, and this story is its story.

The countless ages that preceded the Plague are henceforth inaccessible to memory. The communities who remembered their entire trajectory since the Beginning are irretrievably gone. Their time is henceforth Dream time, unreal time, imaginary time.

Even the words we will use to describe what was lost, words like music, myth, ceremony and community, will be as empty as the continent becomes, because they will refer to no lived experiences accessible to any human being trapped in His-story. What is lost is of much greater human import than the things Economists will include on their ledgers.

The gatherings of survivors might recover some of the meanings, they might harmonize some of the music, they might reconstitute some of the vanished communities. But this could take generations, perhaps even countless generations. One of the few things we will know about Cultures will be that they were very old. And the survivors are henceforth not alone. Before they've even recovered from the Plague itself, they are already beset by invaders rushing to finish off what the Plague began.

The invaders do not break off their alliance with the Plague. On the contrary, bubonic rats continue to accompany the invaders in canoes as well as pirogues. The invaders go on dispensing the Smallpox as freely as they dispense the poisonous alcohol that demented its takers, as freely as they dispense the guns that turn disoriented Plague-victims into trigger-quick killers.

The potency of the epidemic diseases gradually diminishes, and the invaders resort to other weapons from their Leviathanic armory to finish off their victims, to liquidate the obstacles and civilize the potential instruments, to transform America into a labor camp.

Henceforth, namely after the initial landing of the invaders and their rats and bacilli, the invaders confront only Plague-survivors, fragments of communities, displaced persons.

Yet the fragments go on resisting, the Plague-survivors go on ejecting Leviathan from their midst, the displaced persons refuse to patch their wounds by covering themselves with the masks and armors of the Civilized.

The resistance persists from generation to generation, in the face of plagues, poisons and explosives. The story of that resistance has been repeatedly and powerfully told. It is a story that does not show Leviathan to be as natural to human beings as hives are to bees. It is a story that shows Leviathan to be an aberration which cannot be imposed, by wile or by force, on human beings who retain the slightest link with community, even a link as tenuous as the remembrance of a Dream Time.

Against His-story, Against Leviathan is available from the publisher, Black & Red (POB 02374, Detroit, MI. 48202), as well as from anarchist distributors like Left Bank Distribution (4142 Brooklyn NE, Seattle, WA. 98105) and A Distribution (339 Lafayette St. #202, New York, NY. 10012). The illustrations for this essay are by William Blake.

Anarchy Fund Raising Drive!

To this point in the evolution of this magazine we've rarely made it a special point to press for contributions. Instead, we've operated on the premise that this publication should be able to fund itself without the need for frequent appeals or other high-pressure tactics. We don't intend to change this, but we have decided to begin a fund raising appeal in order to more quickly obtain a needed piece of equipment, a computer laser printer. For those who have a special interest in seeing this publication thrive (rather than just survive), we ask that you contribute now to this fund in order that we can obtain a laser printer & necessary fonts. Our goal was \$2,000 in contributions by June 1, 1992. However, as of May 15th we've only reached about one-half of our goal, so by necessity we're extending the drive through the summer. Would you like to help? Each contributor of \$50 or more will receive a certificate suitable for framing in thanks for her/his contribution to the downfall of civilization! Send cash, check or money order made out to C.A.L. (POB 1446, Columbia, MO. 65205-1446). Help out **Anarchy** now!

Deconstructing the Columbus Myth

Was the "Great Discoverer" Italian or Spanish, Nazi or Jew?

By Ward Churchill

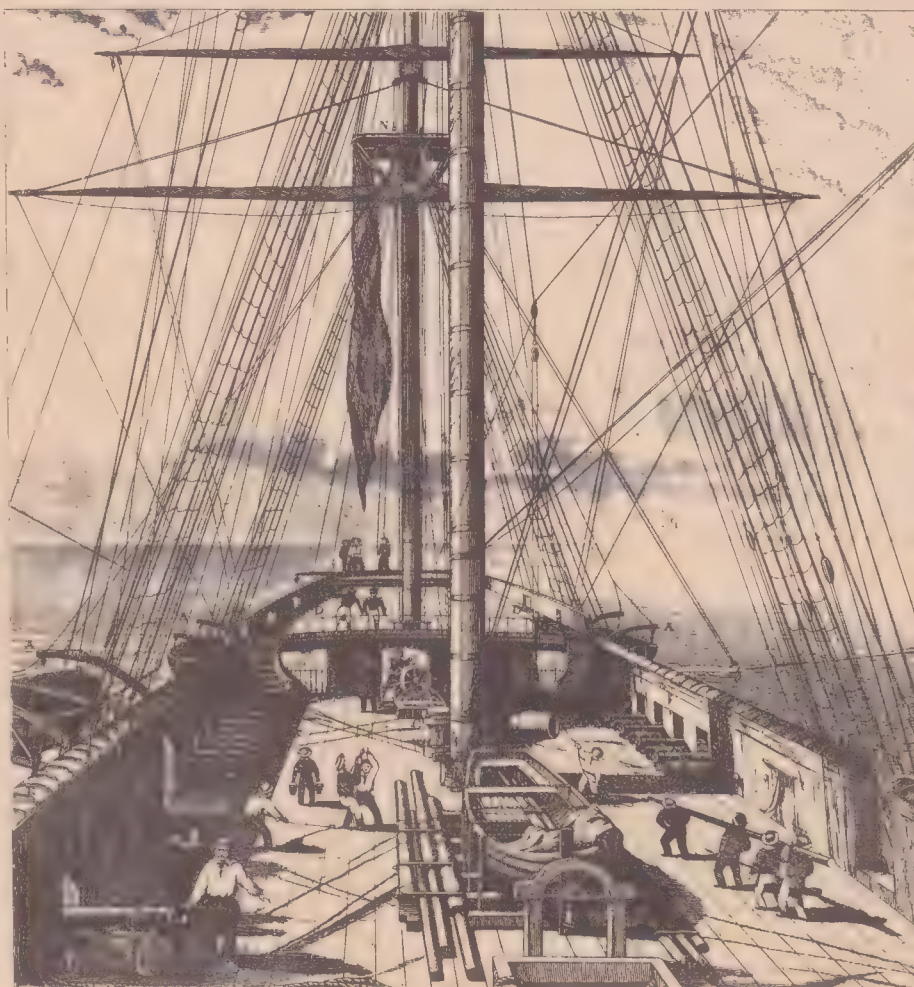
It is perhaps fair to say that our story opens at Alfred University, where, during the fall of 1990, I served as distinguished scholar of American Indian Studies for a program funded by the National Endowment for the Humanities. Insofar as I was something of a curiosity in that primarily Euroamerican staffed and attended institution, situated as it is within an area populated primarily by white folk, it followed naturally that I quickly became a magnet for local journalists seeking to inject a bit of color into their otherwise uniformly blanched columns and commentaries. Given our temporal proximity to the much-heralded quincennial celebration of Christopher Columbus' late 15th century 'discovery' of a "New World" and its inhabitants, and that I am construed as being in some part a direct descendant of those inhabitants, they were wont to query me as to my sentiments concerning the accomplishments of the Admiral of the Ocean Sea.

My response, at least in its short version, was (and remains) that celebration of Columbus and the European conquest of the Western Hemisphere he set off is generally analogous to celebration of the glories of nazism and Heinrich Himmler. Publication of this remark in local newspapers around Rochester, New

York, caused me to receive, among other things, a deluge of lengthy and vociferously framed letters of protest, two of which I found worthy of remark.

The first of these was sent by a colleague at the university, an exchange faculty member from Germany, who informed me that while the human costs begat by Columbus' navigational experiment were "tragic and quite regrettable," comparisons between him and the Reichsführer SS were nonetheless unfounded. The distinction between Himmler and Columbus, his argument went, resided not only in differences in "the magnitude of the genocidal events in which each was involved," but the ways in which they were involved. Himmler, he said,

was enmeshed as "a high-ranking and responsible official in the liquidation of entire human groups" as "a matter of formal state policy" guided by an explicitly 'racialist' ideology. Furthermore, he said, the enterprise Himmler created as the instrument of his genocidal ambitions incorporated, deliberately and intentionally, considerable economic benefit to the state in which service he acted. None of this pertained to Columbus, the good professor concluded, because the "Great Discoverer" was ultimately "little more than a gifted seaman," an individual who unwittingly set in motion pro-



cesses over which he had little or no control, in which he played no direct part, and which might well have been beyond his imagination. My juxtaposition of the two men, he contended, therefore tended to "diminish understanding of the unique degree of evil" which should be associated with Himmler and ultimately precluded "proper historical understandings of the Nazi phenomenon."

The second letter came from a member of the Jewish Defense League in Rochester. His argument ran that, unlike Columbus (whom he described as "little more than a bit player, without genuine authority or even much of a role, in the actual process of European civilization in the New World which his discovery made possible"), Himmler was a "responsible official in a formal state policy of exterminating an entire human group for both racial and economic reasons," and on a scale "unparalleled in all history." My analogy between the two, he said, served to "diminish public respect for the singular nature of the Jewish experience at the hands of the Nazis," as well as popular understanding of "the unique historical significance of the Holocaust." Finally, he added, undoubtedly as a crushing capstone to his position, "It is a measure of your anti-semitism that you compare Himmler to Columbus" because "Columbus was, of course, himself a Jew."

I must confess the last assertion struck me first, and only partly because I'd never before heard claims that Christopher Columbus was of Jewish ethnicity. "What possible difference could this make?" I asked in my letter of reply. "If Himmler himself were shown to have been of Jewish extraction, would it then suddenly become anti-semitic to condemn him for the genocide he perpetrated against Jews, Gypsies, Slavs and others? Would his historical crimes then suddenly be unmentionable or even 'okay'?" To put it another way, I continued, "Simply because Meyer Lansky, Dutch Schultz, Bugsy Siegel and Lepke were all Jewish 'by blood,' is it a gesture of anti-semitism to refer to them as gangsters? Is it your contention that an individual's Jewish ethnicity somehow confers exemption from negative classification or criticism of his/her conduct? What *are* you saying?" The question of Columbus' possible Jewishness nonetheless remained intriguing, not because I held it to be especially important in its own right, but because I was (and am still) mystified as to why any ethnic group, especially one which has suffered genocide, might be averse to lay claim either to the man or to his legacy. I promised myself to investigate the matter further.

A Mythic Symbiosis

Meanwhile, I was captivated by certain commonalities of argument inherent to the positions advanced by my correspondents. Both men exhibited a near-total ignorance of the actualities of Columbus' career. Nor did they demonstrate any particular desire to correct the situation. Indeed, in their mutual need to separate their preoccupation from rational scrutiny, they appeared to have conceptually joined hands in a function composed more of faith than fact. The whole notion of the "uniqueness of the Holocaust" serves both psychic and political purposes for Jew and German alike, or so it seems. The two groups are bound to one another in a truly symbiotic

relationship foundationed in the mythic exclusivity of their experience: one half of the equation simply completes the other in a perverse sort of collaboration, with the result that each enjoys a tangible benefit.

For Jews, at least those who have adopted the Zionist perspective, a "unique historical suffering" under Nazism translates into fulfillment of a biblical prophecy that they are "the chosen," entitled by virtue of the destiny of a special persecution to assume a rarified status among—and to consequently enjoy preferential treatment from—the remainder of humanity. In essence, this translates into a demand that the Jewish segment of the Holocaust's victims must now be allowed to participate equally in the very system which once victimized them, and to receive an equitable share of the spoils accruing therefrom. To this end, Zionist scholars such as Louis Irving Horowitz and Elie Weisel have labored long and mightily, defining genocide in terms exclusively related to the forms it assumed under Nazism. In their version of 'truth', one must literally see smoke pouring from the chimneys of Auschwitz in order to apprehend that a genocide, *per se*, is occurring.¹ Conversely, they have coined terms such as 'ethnocide' to encompass the fates inflicted upon other peoples throughout history.² Such semantics have served, not as tools of understanding, but as an expedient means of arbitrarily differentiating the experience of their people—both qualitatively and quantitatively—from that of any other. To approach things in any other fashion would, it must be admitted, tend to undercut ideas like the "moral right" of the Israeli settler state to impose itself directly atop the Palestinian Arab homeland.

For Germans to embrace a corresponding "unique historical guilt" because of what was done to the Jews during the 1940s, is to permanently absolve themselves of guilt concerning what they may be doing *now*. No matter how ugly things may become in contemporary German society, or so the reasoning goes, it can *always* (and is) argued that there has been a marked improvement over the "singular evil which was Nazism." Anything other than outright nazification is, by definition, 'different', 'better' and therefore 'acceptable' ("Bad as they are, things could always be worse."). Business as usual—which is to say assertions of racial supremacy, domination and exploitation of 'inferior' groups, and most of the rest of the Nazi agenda—is thereby freed to continue in a manner essentially unhampered by serious stirring of guilt among the German public *so long as it does not adopt the literal trappings of Nazism*. Participating for profit and with gusto in the deliberate starvation of much of the Third World is no particular problem if one is careful not to goose step while one does it.

By extension, insofar as Germany is often seen (and usually sees itself) as exemplifying the crowning achievements of "Western Civilization," the same principle covers all European and Euro-derived societies. No matter what they do, it is never 'really' what it seems unless it was done in precisely the same fashion the Nazis did it. Consequently, the Nazi master plan of displacing or reducing by extermination the population of the western USSR and replacing it with settlers of "biologically superior German breeding stock" is roundly (and rightly) condemned as ghastly and inhuman. Meanwhile, people

holding this view of nazi ambitions tend overwhelmingly to see consolidation and maintenance of Euro-dominated settler states in places like Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Argentina, the United States and Canada as "basically okay," or even as 'progress'. The 'distinction' allowing this psychological phenomenon is that each of these states went about the intentional displacement and extermination of native populations, and their replacement, in a manner slightly different in its particulars from that employed by nazis attempting to accomplish exactly the same thing. Such technical differentiation is then magnified and used as a sort of all purpose veil, behind which almost anything can be hidden, so long as it is not openly adorned with a swastika.

Given the psychological, sociocultural and political imperatives involved, neither correspondent, whether German or Jew, felt constrained to examine the factual basis of my analogy between Himmler and Columbus before denying the plausibility or appropriateness of the comparison. To the contrary, since the paradigm of their mutual understanding embodies the *a priori* presumption that there *must be no such analogy*, factual investigation is precluded from their posturing. It follows that any dissent on the 'methods' involved in their arriving at their conclusions, never mind introduction of countervailing evidence, must be denied out of hand with accusations of 'overstatement', "shoddy scholarship," 'stridency' and/or 'anti-semitism'. To this litany have lately been added such new variations as "white bashing," "ethnic McCarthyism," "purveyor of political correctness" and any other epithet deemed helpful in keeping a "canon of knowledge" fraught with distortion, deception and outright fraud from being 'diluted'.³

Columbus as Proto-Nazi

It is time to delve into the substance of my remark that Columbus and Himmler, nazi *lebensraumpolitik* and the "settlement of the New World" bear more than casual resemblance to one another. It is not, as my two correspondents wished to believe, because of his 'discovery'. This does not mean that if this were 'all' he had done he would somehow be

innocent of what resulted from his find, no more than the scientist who makes a career of accepting military funding to develop weapons in any way 'blameless' when they are subsequently used against human targets. Columbus did not sail forth upon the Atlantic for reasons of "neutral science" or altruism. He went, as his own diaries, reports, and letters make clear, fully expecting to encounter wealth belonging to others. It was his stated purpose to seize this wealth, by whatever means necessary and available, in order to enrich both his sponsors and himself.⁴ Plainly, he prefigured, both in design and by intent, what came next. To this extent, he not only symbolizes the process of conquest and genocide which eventually consumed the indigenous peoples of America, but bears the personal responsibility of having participated in it. Still, if this were all there was to it, I might be inclined to dismiss him as a mere thug rather than branding him a counterpart to Himmler.

The 1492 "voyage of discovery" is, however, hardly all that is at issue. In 1493 Columbus returned with an invasion force of seventeen ships, appointed at his own request by the Spanish Crown to install himself as "viceroys and governor of [the Caribbean islands] and the mainland" of America, a position he held until 1500.⁵ Setting up shop on the large island he called Española

(today Haiti and the Dominican Republic), he promptly instituted policies of slavery (*encomiendo*) and systematic extermination against the native Taino population.⁶ Columbus' programs reduced Taino numbers from as many as 8 million at the outset of his regime to about 3 million in 1496.⁷ Perhaps 100,00 were left by the time of the governor's departure. His policies, however, remained, with the result that by 1514 the Spanish census of the island showed barely 22,000 Indians remaining alive. In 1542, only two hundred were recorded.⁸ Thereafter, they were considered extinct, as were Indians throughout the Caribbean Basin, an aggregate population which totalled more than 15 million at the point of first contact with the Admiral of the Ocean Sea, as Columbus was known.⁹

This, to be sure, constitutes an attrition of population in *real numbers* every bit as great as the toll of twelve to fifteen



Collage by Johann Humyn Being (San Francisco, CA.).

million—about half of them Jewish—most commonly attributed to Himmler's slaughter mills. Moreover, the population of indigenous Caribbean population destroyed by the Spanish in a single generation is, no matter how the figures are twisted, far greater than the seventy-five percent of European Jews said to have been exterminated by the nazis.¹⁰ Worst of all, these data apply *only* to the Caribbean basin; the process of genocide in the Americas was only just beginning at the point such statistics became operant, not ending, as they did upon the fall of the Third Reich. All told, it is probable that more than one hundred million native people were 'eliminated' in the course of Europe's ongoing 'civilization' of the Western Hemisphere.¹¹

It has long been asserted by "responsible scholars" that this decimation of American Indians which accompanied the European invasion resulted primarily from disease rather than direct killing or conscious policy.¹² There is a certain truth to this, although starvation may have proven just as lethal in the end. It must be born in mind when considering such facts that a considerable portion of those who perished in the nazi death camps died, not as victims of bullets and gas, but from starvation, as well as epidemics of typhus, dysentery and the like. Their keepers, who could not be said to have killed these people directly, were nonetheless found to have been culpable in their deaths by way of deliberately imposing the conditions which led to the proliferation of starvation and disease among them.¹³ Certainly, the same can be said of Columbus' regime, under which the original residents were, as a first order of business, permanently dispossessed of their abundant cultivated fields while being converted into chattel, ultimately to be worked to death for the wealth and 'glory' of Spain.¹⁴

Nor should more direct means of extermination be relegated to incidental status. As the matter is framed by Kirkpatrick Sale in his book, *The Conquest of Paradise*:

"The tribute system, instituted by the Governor sometime in 1495, was a simple and brutal way of fulfilling the Spanish lust for gold while acknowledging the Spanish distaste for labor. Every Taino over the age of fourteen had to supply the rulers with a hawk's bell of gold every three months (or, in gold-deficient areas, twenty-five pounds of spun cotton); those who did were given a token to wear around their necks as proof they had made their payment; those who did not were, as [Columbus' brother, Fernando] says discreetly, 'punished'—by having their hands cut off, as [the priest, Bartolomé de] Las Casas says less discreetly, and left to bleed to death."¹⁵

It is entirely likely that upwards of 10,000 Indians were killed in this fashion alone, on Española alone, as a matter of policy, during Columbus' tenure as governor. Las Casas' *Brevísima relación*, among other contemporaneous sources, is also replete with accounts of Spanish colonists (*hidalgos*) hanging Tainos *en masse*, roasting them on spits or burning them at the stake (often a dozen or more at a time), hacking their children into pieces to be used as dog feed and so forth, all of it to instill in the natives a "proper attitude of respect" toward their Spanish 'superiors.'

"[The Spaniards] made bets as to who would slit a man in two, or cut off his head at one blow; or they opened up his

bowels. They tore babes from their mother's breast by their feet and dashed their heads against the rocks...They spitted the bodies of other babes, together with their mothers and all who were before them, on their swords."¹⁶

No SS trooper could be expected to comport himself with a more unrelenting viciousness. And there is more. All of this was coupled to wholesale and persistent massacres:

"A Spaniard...suddenly drew his sword. Then the whole hundred drew theirs and began to rip open the bellies, to cut and kill [a group of Tainos assembled for this purpose]—men, women, children and old folk, all of whom were seated, off guard and frightened...And within two credos, not a man of them there remains alive. The Spaniards enter the large house nearby, for this was happening at its door, and in the same way, with cuts and stabs, began to kill as many as were found there, so that a stream of blood was running, as if a great number of cows had perished."¹⁷

Elsewhere, Las Casas went on to recount how:

"In this time, the greatest outrages and slaughters of people were perpetrated, whole villages being depopulated...The Indians saw that without any offense on their part they were despoiled of their kingdoms, their lands and liberties and of their lives, their wives, and homes. As they saw themselves each day perishing by the cruel and inhuman treatment of the Spaniards, crushed to earth by the horses, cut in pieces by swords, eaten and torn by dogs, many buried alive and suffering all kinds of exquisite tortures...[many surrendered to their fate, while the survivors] fled to the mountains [to starve]."¹⁸

The butchery continued until there were no Tainos left to butcher. One might well ask how a group of human beings, even those like the Spaniards of Columbus' day, maddened in a collective lust for wealth and prestige, might come to treat another with such unrestrained ferocity over a sustained period. The answer, or some substantial portion of it, must lie in the fact that the Indians were considered by the Spanish to be *untermenschen*, subhumans. That this was the conventional view is borne out beyond all question in the recorded debates between Las Casas and the nobleman, Francisco de Sepulveda, who argued for the majority of Spaniards that American Indians, like African blacks and other "lower animals," lacked 'souls'. The Spaniards, consequently, bore in Sepulveda's estimation a holy obligation to enslave and destroy them wherever they might be encountered.¹⁹ The eugenics theories of nazi 'philosopher' Alfred Rosenberg, to which Heinrich Himmler more-or-less subscribed, elaborated the mission of the SS in very much the same terms.²⁰ It was upon such profoundly racist ideas that Christopher Columbus grounded his policies as initial governor of the new Spanish empire in America.²¹

In the end, all practical distinctions between Columbus and Himmler—at least those not accounted for by differences in available technology and extent of socio-military organization—evaporate upon close inspection. They are cut of the same cloth, fulfilling the same function and for exactly the same reasons, each in his own time and place. If there is one differentiation which may be valid, it is that while the specific enterprise Himmler represented ultimately failed and is now

universally condemned, that represented by Columbus did not and is not. Instead, as Sale has observed, the model for colonialism and concomitant genocide Columbus pioneered during his reign as governor of Española was "to prove his "most enduring legacy," carried as it was "by the conquistadors on their invasions in Mexico, Peru, and La Florida."²² The Columbian process is ongoing, as is witnessed by the fact that, today, his legacy is celebrated far and wide.

The Emblematic European

This leaves open the question as to whom, exactly, the horror which was Columbus rightly 'belongs'. There are, as it turns out, no shortage of contenders for the mantle of the man and his 'accomplishments'. It would be well to examine the nature of at least the major claims in order to appreciate the extent of the mad scramble which has been undertaken by various peoples to associate themselves with what was delineated in the preceding section. One cannot avoid the suspicion that the spectacle bespeaks much of the Eurocentric character.

Was Columbus Italian?

The popular wisdom has always maintained the Christopher Columbus was born in Genoa, a city state which is incorporated into what is now called Italy. Were this simply an historical truth, it might be accepted as just one more uncomfortable fact of life for the Italian people, who are—or should be—still trying to live down what their country did to the Libyans and Ethiopians during the prelude to World War II. There is much evidence, however, militating against Columbus' supposed Genoese origin. For instance, although such records were kept at the time, there is no record of his birth in that locale. Nor is there reference to his having been born or raised there in any of his own written work, including his personal correspondence. For that matter, there is no indication that he either wrote or spoke any dialect which might be associated with Genoa, nor even the Tuscan language which forms the basis for modern Italian. His own writings—not excluding letters penned to Genoese friends and the Banco di San Grigorio, one of his financiers in that city—were uniformly articulated in Castilian, with a bit of Portuguese and Latin mixed in.²³ Moreover, while several variations of his name were properly applied to him during his lifetime, none of them was drawn from a dialect which might be considered Italian. He himself, in the only known instance in which he rendered his own full name, utilized the Greek *Xpōual de Colón*.²⁴ Still, Genoa, Italy, and those of Italian descent elsewhere in the world (Italo-Americans, most loudly of all) have mounted an unceasing clamor during the 20th century, insisting he *must* be theirs. Genoa itself invested considerable resources into 'resolving' the question during the 1920s, ultimately printing a 288 page book assembling an array of depositions and other documents—all of them authenticated—attesting that Columbus was indeed Genoese. Published in 1931, the volume, entitled *Christopher Columbus: Documents and Proofs of His Genoese Origin*, presents what is still the best circumstantial case as to Columbus' ethnic identity.²⁵

Spanish?

Counterclaims concerning Columbus' supposed Iberian origin are also long-standing and have at times been pressed rather vociferously. These center primarily in the established facts that he spent the bulk of his adult life in service to Spain, was fluent in both written and spoken Castilian, and that his mistress, Beatriz Enríquez de Arna, was Spanish.²⁶ During the 1920s, these elements of the case were bolstered by an assortment of "archival documents" allegedly proving conclusively that Columbus was a Spaniard from cradle to grave. In 1928, however, the Spanish Academy determined that these documents had been forged by parties overly eager to establish Spain's exclusive claim to the Columbian legacy. Since then, Spanish chauvinists have had to content themselves with arguments that The Discoverer is theirs by virtue of employment and nationality, if not by birth. An excellent summary of the various Spanish contentions may be found in Enrique de Gandia's *Historia de Cristóbal Colón: análisis crítico*, first published in 1942.²⁷

Portuguese?

Portuguese participation in the fray has been less pronounced, but follows basically the same course—*sans* forged documents—as that of the Spanish. Columbus, the argument goes, was plainly conversant in the language and his wife, Felipa Moniz Perestrello, is known to have been Portuguese. Further, the first point at which his whereabouts can be accurately determined, was in service to Portugal, plying that country's slave trade along Africa's west coast for a period of four years. Reputedly, he was also co-proprietor of a book and map shop in Lisbon and/or Madiera for a time, and once sailed to Iceland on a voyage commissioned by the Portuguese Crown. Portugal's desire to extend a serious claim to Spain's Admiral of the Ocean Sea seems to be gathering at least some momentum, as is witnessed in Manuel Luciano de Silva's 1989 book, *Columbus Was 100% Portuguese*.²⁸

Jewish?

The idea that Columbus might have been a Spanish Jew is perhaps best known for having appeared in Simon Weisenthal's *Sails of Hope* in 1973.²⁹ Therein, it is contended that the future governor of Española hid his ethnicity because of the mass expulsion of Jews from Spain ordered by King Ferdinand of Aragon on March 30, 1492 (the decree was executed on August 2 of the same year). Because of this rampant anti-semitism, the Great Navigator's true identity has remained shrouded in mystery, lost to the historical record. Interestingly, given the tenacity with which at least some sectors of the Jewish community have latched on to it, this notion is not at all Jewish in origin. Rather, it was initially developed as a speculation in a 1913 article, "Columbus a Spaniard and a Jew?", published by Henry Vignaud in the *American History Review*.³⁰ It was then advanced by Salvador de Madariaga in his unsympathetic 1939 biography, *Christopher Columbus*. Madariaga's most persuasive argument, at least to himself, seems to have been that Columbus' "great love of gold" proved

his 'Jewishness'.³¹ This theme was resuscitated in Brother Nectario Maria's *Juan Colón Was A Spanish Jew* in 1971.³² Next, we will probably be told that *The Merchant of Venice* was an accurate depiction of medieval Jewish life, after all. And, from there, that the International Jewish Banking Conspiracy really exists, and has since the Illuminati takeover of the Masonic Orders. One hopes the JDL doesn't rally to defense of these 'interpretations' of history as readily as it jumped aboard the "Columbus as Jew" bandwagon.³³

Other Contenders

By conservative count, there are presently 253 books and articles devoted specifically to the question of Columbus' origin and national/ethnic identity. Another 300-odd essays or full volumes address the same question to some extent while pursuing other matters.³⁴ Claims to his character, and some imagined luster therefrom, have been extended not only by the four peoples already discussed, but by Corsica, Greece, Chios, Majorca, Aragon, Galicia, France and Poland.³⁵ One can only wait with bated breath to see whether or not the English might not weigh in with a quincentennial assertion that he was actually a Briton born and bred, sent to spy on behalf of Their Royal British Majesties. Perhaps the Swedes, Danes and Norwegians will advance the case that he was a descendant of a refugee Viking king, or the Irish that he was a pure Gaelic adherent to the teachings of Saint Brendan. And then there are, of course, the Germans....

In the final analysis, it is patently clear that we really have no idea who Columbus was, where he came from, or where he spent his formative years. It may be thought that he was indeed born in Genoa, perhaps of some "degree of Jewish blood," brought up in Portugal, and ultimately nationalized as a citizen of Spain, Province of Aragon. Perhaps he also spent portions of his childhood being educated in Greek and Latin while residing in Corsica, Majorca, Chios, or all three. Maybe he had grandparents who had immigrated from what is now Poland and France. It is possible that each of the parties now vying for a "piece of the action" in this regard are to some extent correct in their claims. And, to the same extent, it is true that he was actually of none of them in the sense that they mean it. He stands, by this definition, not as an Italian, Spaniard, Portuguese or Jew, but as the penultimate European of his age, the emblematic personality of all that Europe was, had been, and would become in the course of its subsequent expansion across the face of the earth.

As a symbol, then, Christopher Columbus vastly transcends himself. He stands before the bar of history and humanity, culpable not only for his literal deeds on Española, but, in spirit at least, for the carnage and cultural obliteration which attended the conquests of Mexico and Peru during the 1500s. He stands as exemplar of the massacre of Pequots at Mystic in 1637, and of Lord Jeffrey Amherst's calculated distribution of smallpox-laden blankets to the members of Pontiac's confederacy a century and a half later. His spirit informed the policies of John Evans and John Chivington as they set out to exterminate the Cheyennes in Colorado during 1864, and it rode with the 7th U.S. Cavalry to Wounded Knee in Decem-

ber of 1890. It guided Alfredo Stroessner's machete wielding butchers as they strove to eradicate the Aché people of Paraguay during the 1970s, and applauds the policies of Brazil toward the Jivaro, Yanomami and other Amazon Basin peoples at the present moment.

Too, the ghost of Columbus stood with the British in their wars against the Zulus and various Arab nations, with the U.S. against the 'Moros' of the Philippines, the French against the peoples of Algeria and Indochina, the Belgians in the Congo, the Dutch in Indonesia. He was there for the Opium Wars and the 'secret' bombing of Cambodia, for the systematic slaughter of the indigenous peoples of California during the 19th century and of the Mayans in Guatemala during the 1980s. And, yes, he was very much present in the corridors of Nazi power, present among the guards and commandants at Sobibor and Treblinka, and within the ranks of the *einsatzgruppen* on the Eastern Front. The Third Reich was, after all, never so much a deviation from as it was a crystallization of the dominant themes—racial supremacism, conquest and genocide—of the European culture Columbus so ably exemplifies. Nazism was never unique: it was instead only one of an endless succession of "New World Orders" set in motion by "The Discovery." It was neither more nor less detestable than the order imposed by Christopher Columbus upon Española; 1493 or 1943, they are part of the same irreducible whole.

The Specter of Hannibal Lecter

At this juncture, the entire planet is locked, figuratively, in a room with the socio-cultural equivalent of Hannibal Lecter. An individual of consummate taste and refinement, imbued with indelible grace and charm, he distracts his victims with the brilliance of his intellect, even while honing his blade. He is thus able to dine alone upon their livers, his feast invariably candlelit, accompanied by lofty music and a fine wine. Over and over the ritual is repeated, always hidden, always denied in order that it may be continued. So perfect is Lecter's pathology that, from the depths of his scorn for the inferiors upon which he feeds, he advances himself as their sage and therapist, he who is incomparably endowed with the ability to explain their innermost meanings, he professes to be their savior. His success depends upon being embraced and exalted by those upon whom he preys. Ultimately, so long as Lecter is able to retain his mask of omnipotent gentility, he can never be stopped. The sociocultural equivalent of Hannibal Lecter is the core of an expansionist European 'civilization' which has reached out to engulf the planet.

In coming to grips with Lecter, it is of no useful purpose to engage in sympathetic biography, to chronicle the nuances of his childhood and catalogue his many and varied achievements, whether real or imagined. The recounting of such information is at best diversionary, allowing him to remain at large just that much longer. More often, it inadvertently serves to perfect his mask, enabling him not only to maintain his enterprise, but to pursue it with ever more arrogance and efficiency. At worst, the biographer is aware of the intrinsic evil lurking beneath the subject's veneer of civility, but—because of morbid fascina-

tion and a desire to participate vicariously—deliberately obfuscates the truth in order that his homicidal activities may continue unchecked. The biographer thus reveals not only a willing complicity in the subject's crimes, but a virulent pathology of his or her own. Such is and has always been the relationship of "responsible scholarship" to expansionist Europe and its derivative societies.

The sole legitimate function of information compiled about Lecter is that which will serve to unmask him and thereby lead to his apprehension. The purpose of apprehension is not to visit retribution upon the psychopath—he is, after all, by definition mentally ill and consequently not in control of his more lethal impulses—but to put an end to his activities. It is even theoretically possible that, once he is disempowered, he can be cured. The point, however, is to understand what he is and what he does well enough to stop him from doing it. This is the role which must be assumed by scholarship *vis-à-vis* Eurosupremacy, if scholarship itself is to have any positive and constructive meaning. Scholarship is never 'neutral' or 'objective'; it *always* works either for the psychopath or against him, to mystify sociocultural reality or to decode it, to make corrective action possible or to prevent it.

It may well be that there are better points of departure for intellectual endeavors to capture the real form and meaning of Eurocentrism than the life, times and legacy of Christopher Columbus. Still, since Eurocentrists the world over have so evidently clasped hands in utilizing him as a (perhaps *the*) preeminent signifier of their collective heritage, and are doing so with such apparent sense of collective jubilation, the point has been rendered effectively moot. Those who seek to devote their scholarship to apprehending the psychopath who sits in our room thus have no alternative but to use him as primary vehicle of articulation. In order to do so, we must approach him through deployment of the analytical tools which allow him to be utilized as a medium of explanation, a lens by which to shed light upon phenomena such as the mass psychologies of racism, a means by which to shear Eurocentrism of its camouflage, exposing its true contours, revealing the enduring coherence of the dynamics which forged its evolution.

Perhaps through such efforts we can begin to genuinely comprehend the seemingly incomprehensible fact that so many groups are presently queuing up to associate themselves with a man from whose very memory wafts the cloying stench of tyranny and genocide. From there, it may be possible to at least crack the real codes of meaning underlying the sentiments of the Nuremberg rallies, those spectacles on the plazas of Rome during which fealty was pledged to Mussolini, and

that amazing red-white-and-blue, tie-a-yellow ribbon frenzy gripping the U.S. public much more lately. If we force ourselves to see things more clearly, we can understand. If we can understand, we can apprehend. If we can apprehend, perhaps we can stop the psychopath before he kills again. We are obligated to try, from a sense of sheer self-preservation, if nothing else. Who knows, we may even succeed. But first we must stop lying to ourselves, or allowing others to do the lying for us, about who it is with whom we now share our room.

Notes

1. See, for example, Horowitz, Irving Louis, *Genocide: State Power and Mass Murder* (Transaction Books, New Brunswick, NJ, 1976) and Weisel, Elie, *Legends of Our Time* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston Publishers, New York, 1968.) The theme is crystallized in Manvell, Roger, and Heinrich Fraenkel, *Incomparable Crime; Mass Extermination in the 20th Century: The Legacy of Guilt*, Hine-mann Publishers, London, 1967.

2. See, as examples, Falk, Richard, "Ethnocide, Genocide, and the Nuremberg Tradition of Moral Responsibility" (in Virginia Held, Sidney Morganbesser and Thomas Nagel [eds.], *Philosophy, Morality, and International Affairs*, Oxford university Press, New York, 1974, pp.123-37), Beardsley, Monroe C., "Reflections on Genocide and Ethnocide" (in Richard Arens [ed.], *Genocide in Paraguay*, Temple University Press, Philadelphia, 1976, pp.85-101), and Jaulin, Robert, *L'Ethnocide à travers Les Amériques* (Gallimard Publishers, Paris, 1972) and *La décivilisation, politique et pratique de l'ethnocide*

(Presses Universitaires de France, Brussels, 1974).

3. Assaults upon thinking deviating from Eurocentric mythology have been published with increasing frequency in U.S. mass circulation publications such as *Time*, *Newsweek*, *U.S. News and World Report*, *Forbes*, *Commentary*, *Scientific American* and the *Wall Street Journal* throughout 1990-91. A perfect illustration for our purposes is Hart, Jeffrey, "Discovering Columbus," *National Review*, October 15, 1990, pp.56-7.

4. See Morison, Samuel Eliot (ed. and trans.), *Journals and Other Documents on the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, Heritage Publishers, New York, 1963.

5. The letter of appointment to these positions, signed by Ferdinand and Isabella, and dated May 28, 1493, is quoted in full in Keen, Benjamin (trans.), *The Life of the Admiral Christopher Columbus by His Son Ferdinand*, Rutgers University Press, 1959, pp.105-6.

6. The best sources on Columbus' policies are Floyd, Troy, *The Columbus Dynasty in the Caribbean, 1492-1526* (University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1973) and Schwartz, Stuart B., *The Iberian Mediterranean and Atlantic Traditions in the Formation of Columbus as a Colonizer* (University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis, 1986).

7. Regarding the 8 million figure, see Cook, Sherburn F., and Woodrow Borah, *Essays in Population History*, Vol. I, University of California Press, Berkeley, 1971, esp. Chap. VI. The 3 million figure pertaining to the year 1496 derives from a survey conducted by Bartolomé de Las Casas in that year, covered in Thatcher, J.B., *Christopher Columbus*, Vol. 2, Putnam's Sons Publishers, New York, 1903-1904, p.348ff.

8. For summaries of the Spanish census records, see Hanke, Lewis, *The Spanish Struggle for Justice in the Conquest of America*, University of Pennsylvania Press, Philadelphia, 1947, p.200ff. Also see Madariaga, Salvador de, *The Rise of the Spanish American Empire*, Hollis and Carter Publishers, London, 1947.

9. For aggregate estimates of the precontact indigenous population of the Caribbean Basin, see Denevan, William (ed.), *The Native Population of the Americas in 1492* (University of Wisconsin Press, Madison, 1976), Dobyns,

Continued on page 64...



©1992 by Mr.Fish (4510 Ritchie Street, Philadelphia, PA. 19127).

TRANSFORM AND REBEL:

The Calico Indians and the Anti-rent War

By Thom Metzger

T

he remains: a costume and mask stored behind glass like a saint's garments in a reliquary. A scarlet linen vest, a gown of printed broadcloth, and a mask made of sheep skin. Fabric flowers ornament the mask, along with faded blue ribbons, leather fringe, mesh over the eye holes, a goatee, sideburns and eye brows made from fur.

In a photograph, sixteen men pose in similar costumes. Most brandish knives, all wear grotesque masks and gowns or jackets of brightly colored calico. Horns of leather, drooping mustaches, long false beards, wolf-like snouts, stag antlers, plumes of horse hair, tassels hanging from pointed ears, and hard fierce animal-like mouths.

They were farmers, many of them teen-aged boys, all of them little better than serfs. And for a few years in the early eighteen forties, while similar anti-authoritarian movements brewed in Europe, these self-styled Calico Indians roved the countryside of eastern New York State, flouting law, order and social norms.

After the American War of Independence, a semi-feudal system remained firmly in place along the Hudson River Valley, reaching from New York City to Albany, through the Catskills and to the Massachusetts border. Three hundred thousand farmers, working almost two million acres, lived like serfs with little hope of ever escaping their bondage to the land's owners. This patroon system had its origins in the Dutch colonial efforts of the 1600s, when huge blocks of land were "purchased" from the indigenous inhabitants, and tenants were

brought in to secure Holland's hold.

In 1664, the Dutch colony was seized by the British, but the feudal system remained largely unchanged, farmers paying a yearly rent (in food stuffs or its equivalent in cash) yet never having the opportunity to actually own the land. In 1695, the governor granted a patent which transformed the patroonship of Rensselaerwyck into a manor and the patroon into its lord. At the same time, the British further entrenched the system by granting patents to millions of acres of new land. The last colonial governor of New York expressed the thinking of the time when he wrote that giving these huge tracts of land to the aristocracy would "counterpoise in some measure the general levelling spirit that so prevails," making reference to the antinomian and proto-anarchist Ranters, Diggers, and Levelers of Great Britain.

After the Revolutionary War, some land was taken from the Tories, but the most valuable tracts were given to Federalists as payment for their war claims, and other sections were sold to speculators. The most powerful landowning families—Van Rensselaer, Livingston, Schuyler, and Hamilton—continued to tighten their hold on the area through intermarriage and further purchases. In 1839, Stephen Van Rensselaer, known as the Good Patroon, died. Realizing that the patroon system was fragile and that only so much pressure could be put on it before it collapsed, he often had allowed tenants' rents to lapse during times of bad harvest or other ill fortune. At his death, it was found that he'd accumulated large debts. Owing him nearly a half million dollars in back rents, his tenants were seen by the Van Rensselaer heirs as a likely way out of their financial predicament. In the Helderbergs, on the west side of the Hudson, where farming was particularly difficult, resentment against the heirs' new demand for total payment rose quickly, developing within the year into what is now known as the Anti-rent War.

©1992 by Thom Metzger

Dear Reader,

*Think of this article as a preview of coming attractions excerpted from the upcoming Autonomedia anthology, *Gone to Croatan*; an excursion deep beyond the liminal vagaboundaries which mark the seriocomic unfolding of that theatre of survival/resistance/disappearance known as North American history. At a bookstore near you by the Winter of '92.*

*Ron Sakolsky,
co-editor, *Gone to Croatan**

The first anti-rent meetings were called in Berne, the highest place in the Helderbergs. In a Declaration of Independence dated July 4th, which the newly-formed anti-rent association sent to Stephen Van Rensselaer IV, they compared his oppressive rent measures to the Stamp Act of 1765 and themselves to the self-named Sons of Liberty, who fought against British economic oppression by tarring and feathering the King's functionaries, ransacking their homes and hanging them in effigy.

Quickly, the anti-rent associations had thousands of dues-paying members and their influence was felt throughout all the leasehold lands. The governor of New York sent in armed militia to put down the rebellion and the Anti-rent War began in earnest. Disguising themselves in costumes of brilliant calico, covered with fur, feathers, and tin ornaments, wearing sheepskin masks or with their faces painted red and black, parties of self-proclaimed Indians struck back against the patroons/underlings.

When sheriffs would approach a farmer's land, intending to sell off some of his livestock in order to pay back rents, the Calico Indians would surround the lawmen—usually on horseback—or ambush, disarm and drive them away. And on the few occasions when the auctions did occur, the Indians deployed snipers to kill all the cattle and sheep that had been sold. The Indians' tactics were a mixture of guerrilla warfare and adolescent playfulness. They

kidnapped sheriffs and held them prisoner in taverns until they agreed to jump up and down three times and shout "Down with the rent!" They stole and destroyed legal papers, threatened farmers who paid their rents, and harassed sheriffs whenever they appeared.

Adopting pseudo-savage names (Red Jacket, Black Hawk, Yellow Jacket, Blue Beard, Little Thunder, White Chief) the Calico Indians bound themselves by an oath. "I do of my own free will and accord come forward to join this body of men and will reveal no secrets of the society made known to me necessary to be kept." Farm-wives and daughters were enlisted to make gowns and masks, the more outlandish the better. At their peak, the Indians numbered over ten thousand, yet no two costumes were

alike. The chiefs' garments were the most flamboyant, however, because the anti-rent associations provided money to buy calico (as well as ornaments and pistols) anyone was able to deck himself out as outrageously as he pleased. When a prominent Rensselaer county Indian died, an escort of his fellows—ninety-six men strong, mounted and in full battle dress—formed the vanguard of his funeral procession. In 1844, when Governor William Bouck held a conference to meet with local residents, over a hundred Indians stood at the edges of the crowd, shouting and jeering.

Armed with muskets, pistols, scythes, axes, clubs, hatchets and knives, the Indians were able to mobilize quickly whenever sheriffs approached to serve writs or seize property. As a primitive

communication network, the Indians convinced (sometimes by the use of force) farmers to use their tin dinner horns only as a warning signal that the law was near. The message could be quickly relayed over many miles, the blaring of the horns (normally used to call workers in for their meals) reaching across the hills and valleys of the Catskills. The organization of the Indian bands followed the cell structure which one of the most important anti-rent leaders, Thomas Devyr, had used while a Chartist agitator in Scotland. The Indians divided into ten-to-fifteen man units, the identity of individuals known only to the chief of the cell, who was in turn known only by his mock-Indian name.

Devyr, born in



Collage by James Koehnline (POB 85777, Seattle, WA. 98145-1777).

Donegal, Ireland in 1805, published a pamphlet called "Our Natural Rights," in which he stated: "I saw that the earth if vigorously tilled would yield plenty of the comforts of life. Willing labor and fertile soil would produce plenty to eat, drink and wear." After publishing the pamphlet, he fled from Ireland, and went to work in London, working for the liberal papers in which he attacked Irish Landlordism. Working class rebels in Newcastle-upon-Tyne asked him to join them. He left London, calling it "that great social wen," and quickly rose to prominence among the Scots fighting for social and political reform. In 1840, he fled Scotland to avoid arrest and landed in New York. Within months, he was at the forefront of the anti-rent struggles in the Hudson Valley.

Another prominent anti-rent leader was Dr. Smith Boughton, who came to be known by his Indian name, Big Thunder. A brilliant public speaker and organizer, he traveled up and down the Catskills, addressing meetings, exhorting farmers to join or support financially the Indians' efforts. Targeted by the lords of Livingston manor, he was eventually arrested for robbery (after a sheriff was relieved of his warrants and writs by a band of Indians) and sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor.

In 1844, the hostilities had increased to such a high pitch that Governor Silas Wright issued a proclamation declaring Delaware County (the epicenter of Indian activities) to be in a state of insurrection and ordered in the military to "preserve order." Then, in early 1845, he requested that the legislature pass a law making it illegal for any individual to appear with "his face painted, discolored, covered or concealed," or to refuse help to a law enforcement officer in the

pursuit of "seizing, arresting, confining ...every person with his face so painted." Though anti-rent forces were building strength in the legislature, the measure passed easily. The Calico Indians, however, continued their guerilla war. As in most insurgency movements, the rebels remained hidden and highly mobile, striking only when they had sufficient force to overcome their enemy, then evaporating as quickly as they'd gathered.

The Anti-rent War continued until August of 1845, when Sheriff Green More and Osman Steele (his jailor and undersheriff) rode to the farm of Moses Earle near Andes, to sell off some of Earle's livestock in order to satisfy a warrant for two years' back rent. The Indians gathered in force, blaring their horns, and surrounded the two sheriffs. Steele resisted and shots were fired. Three bullets hit him and he died late that day. The Indians scattered. As soon as the news got out, public opinion turned against the rebels. The cells disbanded, thousands of masks were burned and buried, and the calico gowns were converted overnight into curtains and quilts. Mass arrests followed the death of Steele and eventually eighty-four men were convicted: two sentenced to the gallows and thirteen to prison terms.

Yet, though the Indians' violence was condemned by the general population, their goals were still popular and the anti-rent forces continued to work their way into state government. In 1846, John Young was elected governor of New York on an anti-rent platform and a few weeks after taking office, had pardoned all the Calico Indian prisoners still in jail. In 1848, the legislature abolished the tenure rent system.

In retrospect, it is clear that in order to throw off the two hundred year old feudal system, the Catskill and Hudson River Valley farmers needed to transform themselves, physically as well as emotionally. Like the "Indians" who took part in the Boston Tea Party, the Catskill rebels disguised themselves for practical purposes, to prevent being identified and punished. However, they also chose to transform themselves into creatures who could do what no law-abiding citizen would dream of doing. By putting on ridiculous costumes, taking false names, and swearing melodramatic oaths, they escaped centuries of social constraint.

The view of Indians that the farmers

exhibited is clearly quite skewed. Boyish enthusiasm, romantic notions of the noble savage, and simple ignorance shaped the Calico Indians' idea of themselves. The costume itself points to a gross misunderstanding of what "Indian" meant. Looking more like animals dressed in women's clothing than the original inhabitants of the land they worked, the Calico Indians embraced freedom by embracing otherness. Decked out in gowns, flowers, wigs, ribbons and tassels, they allowed themselves, most likely without knowing it, to play at being women. Wearing masks made from animal parts (sheepskin, horse hair, stag horns, pig ears and feathers) they were more beasts than men. And a few of the most brave even played at being demons: wearing horns, fangs and scarlet talons. Half-drunk, converting their farm implements into weapons, they had strength where before they had only servitude and the prospect of endless toil.

For them the word "Indian" meant something far larger than Native American. It was a label that denoted wildness, lack of restraint, the ability to follow one's desires. Some took names that were overtly Arabic (The Prophet), or Mexican (Santa Anna). With their secret oaths, midnight forays, bizarre costumes, their violence mixed with grandiose heroics; they clearly believed that to be an Indian was not merely to be non-white, but also something bigger than life. Crossing racial, gender, even species lines, all expectations were overturned. Anecdotes were told of parents talking for hours with their sons, and of girls being overwhelmed by the kisses and caresses of their own brothers, without anyone suspecting their true identity. Drunken farm boys could be, for a few hours, powerful chieftains; warriors rather than serfs. Armed sheriffs could be mocked, humiliated and treated as buffoons. Even family ties meant nothing. Social, as well as political law was overthrown.

At the killing of undersheriff Osman Steele, the Indians shouted, "Down with the laws, we are here to break them." For a few years, they lived out the fantasy of the disenfranchised. By mixing their playfulness with criminality and righteous defiance, they were able to claim their land and a small, but significant, measure of dignity.

Thom Metzger's newest book This Is Your Final Warning has just been published by Autonomedia (Box 568, Brooklyn, NY. 11211).

Anarchy subscribers Don't lose us!

If you don't let us know well ahead of time when you move, your subscription copies won't reach you. If you are receiving a 3rd Class bulk mail subscription (and most of you are), the Post Office won't forward your copy to a new address. Please let us know at least 4 weeks before you move so that you don't miss an issue. Due to our marginal financial position we simply can't afford to send out extra copies at the First Class rate when subscribers miss copies because they didn't notify us of changes of address! Please let us know when you move!

CAL, POB 1446,
Columbia, MO. 65205-1446

"Grandpap, do I have any uncles?"

"Not on your mother's side."

"What about the other side?"

"I'm not sure. It's not at all unlikely, but I really don't know. Why do you ask?"

"Pete was telling me about his family tree."

"He was, eh?"

"Yeah. I know so little about mine, he said it was more like a family stump."

"You didn't get mad at that?"

"I was already mad by then."

"What about?"

"He said his dad thinks everyone has squirrels in the family tree."

"I think it's likely."

"But Pete says I have monkeys in mine."

"What made him say that?"

"My brown skin, maybe."

Grandpap stared hard at me. He sniffed hard and waited a little before he said anything. "You don't have to take that from him, or anybody."

"I know. We wrestled and I won this time, 'cause I was so mad. I made him take it back."

"Why are you talking about family trees?"

"He says his great-great-great-great-great uncle was the original Uncle Sam. He wasn't sure how many greats—six or seven, maybe."

"Uncle Sam Who?"

"The Uncle Sam that stands for the U.S. government. You know, those posters of an old man with chin whiskers pointing at you and saying, 'Uncle Sam Wants you!'"

"That's just a cartoon. A figure of speech."

"Pete says there really was such a guy. Back during the

Not My Uncle

By Harry Willson

©1992 by Harry Willson

War of 1812, in upper New York State. When we were invading Canada."

"We?"

"The United States invaded Canada during the War of 1812."

"Pete told you all this?"

"Yeah. It's part of his family tree, so he says. An old bachelor, Sam Willson, was a meat inspector for the government. His brother John had thirteen kids, and all of them had lots of kids. Everybody there called him 'Uncle Sam,' 'cause he *was* Uncle Sam to most of 'em. The farmers around sold beef to the army that was gonna invade Canada—and they stamped U.S. on it, and said, 'This goes to Uncle Sam,' 'cause Uncle Sam had to inspect it. That way U.S. came to mean, 'Uncle Sam.' That's what Pete says. Do you believe it, Grandpap?"

"I never heard the story, but I guess it's not impossible. I thought the Uncle Sam business was started by a cartoonist, about a hundred years ago."

"This is before that. Pete says he's a direct descendant of John Willson, making him Uncle Sam's great, great, how-ever-many-greats-it-is, great nephew."

"Hmm."

"You don't seem impressed much."

Grandpap sighed. I could tell he was thinking something like, "Do we really have to go into all this?" But I waited, watching his face. "So Pete's pretty proud of that, then?"

"Yeah. He sure has more in his family tree than I do."

"Maybe. Maybe not. What's he make of it?"

"Whaddaya mean?"

"Ask him *why* that's such a big deal. See what he says."

"O.K. I will."

"But try and stay out of a fight."

"Sure."

"Pete had to talk to his dad, before he could tell me much, Grandpap."

"About what?"

"About what's so great about Uncle Sam."

Grandpap has a way of staring you right in the eye, without saying anything. He's giving you full attention, and wants you to tell him more.

"He says he's proud to be related to the symbol of a country that has liberty and justice for all."

"He thinks we do have that?"

"He started making all these comparisons with the British. Back to the War of 1812. Indentured servants. Kidnapping of American sailors. Royalty and nobility and rank and all that stuff. A poor kid in Scotland could be sold for poaching a rabbit. We don't have that here."

"I see. We have equality, instead."

"So Pete says. And Uncle Sam is the



Drawing from *Hotcha!* (Urban Gwerder, CH-7243, Switzerland).

symbol of that."

"Equality—" Grandpap reached out and took hold of my arm, where I had my elbows on the kitchen table. He squeezed a little, looking at the color changes that the pressure of his fingers made on the shades of brown. "What about the monkeys?" he asked.

"Monkeys?"

"In the family tree."

"I think you should tell me about 'em, Grandpap."

He let go of me and sucked in a deep breath. "Yeah. Mebbe so."

"What do you know about my father?" I asked. He looked away, and didn't say anything. I just waited.

"I thought maybe your mother would be the one to tell you this. But she's gone away—to Singapore, and left you here with me—"

"Am I in the way, Grandpap? 'Cause if I am—"

"Oh, no!" He grabbed my arm again, and then let go right away. "It's just that I don't know as much as she does. I didn't know him at all, like she did."

"You never met him."

"No. Your mother told me some things, after your grandmother died. And I've been reading things since, so I think I understand—a little. About where he came from, I mean."

I stared into his face with my whole attention and waited without saying anything, like he does.

"Your father was aware of his family tree, too, and proud of it. His people were maroons, in the swamps of Georgia and North Carolina. Two hundred years ago. Africans, kidnapped, sold like cattle into slavery, shipped across the ocean, sold over and over. Whipped. Mutilated. Branded. Worked to death. They didn't like slavery, in spite of all the stories and songs about how the darkies sang and worked. They fought it, hated it. These maroons escaped. Lived wild in the swamps where other people couldn't get at 'em. Joined with

the Cherokees, finally, and moved with them to Indian Territory, when they were forced out. Mixed with 'em. That accounts for your beautiful color."

He rubbed my arm with his thumb. "Runaway slaves. Guts, determination. Refusing to adapt to slavery. Wild savages, they became. Runaways who adapted instead to wild living, and being *hunted* in season and out of season—you can be proud of the men and women in your family tree. You *better* be—"

I waited. My questioning would only slow him down.

"The trail of broken treaties forced 'em out of Oklahoma, too, and they came further west. They looked like very dark-skinned Indians, but they were not from India, and they were really a mixture, which included the maroons."

"Why 'maroon'? The color?"

"Not at first. 'Cimarron' is Spanish for a horse that runs off and survives and reproduces in the wild. 'Marron' came to mean black runaways who did the same—in Haiti and Jamaica and Cuba they formed their own *towns*—here they mixed with the Indians, and moved west with them. But the name stuck. Survivors of genocide. Just wanting to be allowed to live. And Uncle Sam chasing them all the time, with intent to kill."

He looked at me. "Your father was drafted in the last stages of the Viet Nam war, when everyone knew we were beaten and quitting. Unlucky

lottery number. They didn't think he'd be sent over there, but he was, and was killed in less than a week. Your mother didn't know she was pregnant until after she found out he was dead—it happened so fast. Uncle Sam took your daddy away so quick—and for nothing."

I sat there and cried, without sobbing. Grandpap got up and went into his study, and came back with a book in his hand. "Here. Read this."

One thing I've learned about old people. If they're the alert kind, they're hard to fool, especially if you live with 'em. "You been fighting again?" Some people don't notice black and blue marks on copper/brown skin, but Grandpap does. "Who with? Pete?"

"Yeah."

"What now?"

"He said the United States was the best country in the world, and before I could say anything I was all over him. He got a good one here on my cheek, but you should see *him*—"

"Best country in the world, eh? Did you try to tell him anything, or were you too busy beating him up?"

"I told him plenty, sittin' on his chest. Made him cry, finally, and not 'cause I hit him. Maybe I *did* teach him a little."

"Tell me."

"I told him all about slavery, and how Washington and Jefferson owned hundreds of slaves. How the slaves weren't paid for 246 years of hard

work. How the *CONSTITUTION* kept us in slavery, treated us like property, and forced *everyone* to turn in the runaways. I quoted that guy, from the book you gave me, 'There has been much shooting of Negroes in this neighborhood recently, in consequence of symptoms of liberty having been discovered among them.'"

"What'd he say?"

"He said all that was in the past. That the Civil War ended



Drawing from *Hotcha!* (Urban Gwerder, CH-7243, Switzerland).

that. That it had nothing to do with now."

"You agree?"

"No. The blacks are still put down. The Indians have lost everything, and are *still* being lied to. I even told him what Frederick Douglass said, about the Fourth of July."

"Ah, Yes. That same book."

"The Fourth of July is *yours*, not *mine*." I asked him what's so great about stealing people from their homes, and branding people, and cutting people's hands and feet off, and murdering people, and *owning* people! That's when he said the Civil War ended all that, but I told him it was still going on."

Grandpap touched my sore cheek gently. I flinched a little, but then let him rub it. We were quiet for a long time.

"Grandpap, what's communism?"

"Communism is the belief that the people should own the means of production."

"What does *that* mean?"

"Coal mines, railroads, highways, bridges, factories, farms, power companies, all that kind of thing—should be run for the people, and not for private profit."

"Is that bad?"

"I don't think it's as bad as most Americans seem to think it is. Why do you ask?"

"Pete said he figured I must be a communist."

"Oh, he did."

"I told him I didn't even know what one was, and I didn't think he did either."

"I see."

"Our country is the best there is, he says, because it's the most anti-communist."

"Some people think that."

"And to prove it, we get into a lot of wars—like the one that killed my father—" I stopped to swallow a hard lump in my throat.

When I could talk again, I changed the subject. "Grandpap, what about *your* family tree?"

"What about it?"

"Any squirrels in it?"

"You're lookin' at him." We grinned at each other and I felt a little better.

"Draw me the diagram. You know, the family tree. You know how to draw one, don't you?"

"Maybe."

I ran for a pencil and paper. When I came back he was excited. "This'll be interesting, but incomplete. I can't do anything at all on your father's side—"

"I want *your* part."

"O.K. Here's you, your father, your mother. Here's me. Here's your grandmother. My father, my mother. I had one brother. Here he is. He's been dead a long time—and I haven't kept track of his family. He had three kids, last I knew. They don't keep track of *ME*, either. No kidding—I *am* the squirrel! They think I'm a communist!" He grinned.

"My uncles and aunts. Let's see—this may take a while. Gimme a little time to work on it. How far back you wanta go?"

"How far back *can* you go?"

"I dunno. Not really very far."

"What kind of people were they?"

"Farmers. Poor proud people. Quakers, some of 'em. No Sons or Daughters of the American Revolution. No Uncle Sam. Lemme work on it."

"I never told you much about my wife, did I?"

"Grammy? No."

"You didn't like her much, I know. She was strange. Native of here. Called herself Spanish. May have been, even though most Chicanos are about half Indian, whether they admit it or not. Your grandmother didn't have much time for Indians, or blacks." He let it dangle a bit, and I waited.

"Your grandmother had blue eyes. And your mother isn't dark at all. But I'm not sure all your color comes from one side only. It gets passed on, somehow." He stalled again, and I waited some more.

"Anyway, she was no flag-waving America-firster, lemme tell you. Texans stole her father's ranch in some legal deal. She hated the way the land was bulldozed and destroyed. 'Gringos can't leave anything the way it *is*,' she used to say. She scorned words like 'equality, liberty, justice'—'There's never been any such thing,' she used to say. 'They just mean here come the thieving murdering gringos with more trouble.'"

"She showed off that green-painted rifle that's up in the attic. 'This is the rifle my great-grandfather carried in the war against the Texans and the

Americans.' They took half of Mexico away from Mexico in that war—and the language and way of life of the people who were already here. She read up on all that stuff in both languages, and knew the long history of the massacres and lies and hatred, hatred of people who had never done anything wrong, except they were living on something they intended to steal from them."

"The land. This land."

"Yes. She had a phrase. 'They hate us, because we remind them of their evil deeds.'"

"Why'd she marry you?"

"Good question. Fascination with squirrels, maybe."

Slavery. Genocide. Empire. I'm learning some new words, and I notice they make the history teacher uncomfortable. Grandpap's my special tutor. Slavery and genocide help me understand the past. And empire explains what's going on now.

Pete doesn't know what to think. He's quit teasing me—I mean, he's so careful now, it's almost comical. But I know he worries about me. Sometimes I think he's afraid he may catch some infection from me. Some disease of the ideas.

He brought up that Uncle Sam stuff again. I told him I had things in my family tree that I was proud of, too. Runaway slaves, who would rather live wild than be slaves any more. Indian fighters—not meaning people who killed Indians, for sport and pay, but Indians who fought to defend their families and their homes.

"But what about Uncle Sam?" he asked.

I shut him down flat. "He's not my uncle."

Harry Willson is the author of the recently released This'll Kill Ya and Other Dangerous Stories (III Publishing, POB 170363, San Francisco, CA. 94117-0363).



Bicycles & Civilization

By Michael William

Before moving to Montreal in the '70s I drove a car for about a year in Ontario, the province next door.

In the areas I moved to close to downtown Montreal, I found that I could walk to most of the places I needed to reach on a regular basis. That, plus a variety of other frustrations related to driving, induced me to avoid thinking about using a car in Montreal.

My problematic relationship with the automobile may have been a harbinger. But in the '70s and into the '80s I was basically pro-tech. Not that I was fervent, a proselytizer. I simply took the techno-structure as a given like almost everybody else. It certainly seemed completely normal, basically healthy, and after a century and a half of techno-optimism and non-stop industrial expansion, to be unshakeable. The very materials, the steel and massive slabs of concrete, exuded a solidity, a triumphal permanence. Although they had only been around for a short period of time, it was as if they had always been there.

After years without any form of personal transportation, toward the end of the '80s I discovered the bicycle. By this time my outlook had changed considerably. As an apparently ecologically sound antidote to the automobile, the bicycle seemed to fit in perfectly with my by now anti-civilization outlook.

I used my bike almost every day. I explored distant and unfamiliar areas of the city, saved bus and metro (subway) fares, could get to where I wanted to go faster and was able to expand the number of places I could comfortably reach. I used my bike right through January and February (many people are unaware that a bike can be used all winter, even in an icy city like Montreal. It's only slippery during and just after a snowfall.

On the other hand the salt on the streets has a very corrosive effect and tends to wreck the bike).

uses. Bicycles, which require a lot of room, are not enough of a priority so they are shunted into the space reserved

for motor vehicles. The congested inner city streets where I use my bike are a zone of constant vulnerability. At any moment a car can come zooming up from behind without my noticing, a parked car can start up and plunge out in front of me, or kids can leap out from behind parked cars. But if there are very real risks which can be calculated and taken when I use my bike, the scope of these challenges is very limited. These are not the kind of risks which are taken in order to unlearn our domestication and go wild, to confront the demons within and surrounding us. The

risks involved in bike riding are simply a question of calculating how many corners you are going to cut safety-wise, which often boils down to how much you're willing to stick your neck out to get somewhere faster: speed is the essence of civilization.

Walking is a time to daydream, to analyze, to people-watch. But when I'm on a bike it is almost impossible to let my thoughts and emotions flow because I have to constantly monitor the activities of the metal monsters surrounding me. I could simply ignore them, but that would quickly become fatal. Not that this monitoring activity requires a lot of conscious effort, nor am I usually in immediate danger. But it remains an ongoing irritation because it is constantly intruding. Like an omnipresent pollution, it makes bike riding *unpleasant*.

As well it's hard to have other than an alienated relationship toward people driving cars. Especially at night you can't even see the drivers and passengers properly because they lurk in the shadows, distorted by rapidly moving shapes on curved glass surfaces. Driving trans-



"The GM float at the Pasadena parade." Collage by Michael William.

Having used my bike on a regular basis for several years, however, I am now thoroughly fed up. Whenever possible I avoid my bike and walk. Whereas I previously saw bikes as at least a partial negation of civilization's worst aspects, they now appear to be an integral part of the megamachine.

* * *

Each day more and more of the surface of the earth is gobbled up by streets and highways. Uprooting everything in its path, this onslaught replaces the irregular, spontaneous, unpredictable surfaces of nature with the flat surfaces, the 90-degree angles, the monotonous predictability of the rhythms of the megamachine. When the asphalt crumbles from the constant pounding, and shoots of nature reassert themselves through the cracks, they are crushed and obliterated by cars and trucks until a steaming layer of asphalt 'disappears' them and the cycle begins anew.

Cut into rectangles and squares, space in the city is proportioned for specific

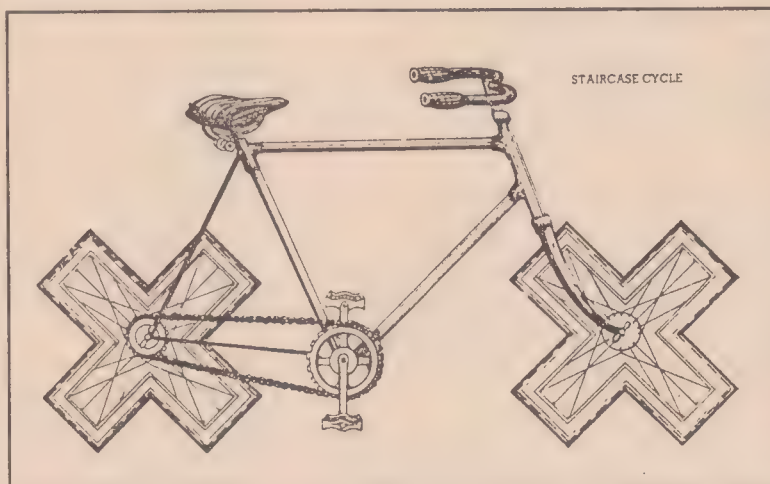
forms the personalities of motorists, who take on its frustrations while at the same time exercising the power it conveys. Bicyclists are intruders, an irritant, and the scarcely-veiled hostility of motorists makes bike riding all the more disagreeable.

Like a moth to the light I get drawn toward the sidewalk, where I can bike along without thinking about cars, at least until I get to the end of the block. But here an inversion takes place: on the sidewalk I become towards pedestrians what cars are towards me on the streets—a physical menace and a general pain in the ass. Since I'm not interested in plowing into kids and little old ladies clutching grocery bags, I usually avoid the sidewalks and end up back on the streets.

Not that I obey the rules, as I was reminded by an ad in a local bicycle-oriented tabloid which featured a number of safety tips: "obey traffic signals" (I don't); "wear a helmet" (I don't); "ride with the traffic flow" (I don't on occasion); "be visible" (I frequently wear dark clothes at night). If I arrive at an intersection and there are no cars coming I see no point in waiting until the light turns green. Industrial civilization has created a labyrinth of absurd regulations, which I attempt to outflank when possible. On the other hand my erratic moves contribute to the bad rep bicyclists have earned with motorists, who in a sense are justifiably exasperated by our antics. Although I am always cutting corners, I contradictorily expect cars to obey the rules, because whimsy and spontaneity on their part rapidly becomes deadly.

However my regulation avoidance, such as it is, has little impact on what happens in the streets: cars and trucks control the space, do what they like, and bikes are ultimately irrelevant and can only adapt. But if the world of cars—speed, power, alienation and pollution—is synonymous with civilization, bikes are not as detached from or hostile to this world as might first seem the case. Since we are constantly interacting with cars, we internalize their rules and logic. But bikes also resemble cars in the sense that, though engineless, they are composed of many of the same materials. Which implies the mines to extract the

metals, the factories to process the rubber and plastics and to assemble the bikes, trucks to transport various materials connected with the production process, and the bikes themselves when they are assembled. Not to mention the shops devoted to retailing and repairing bikes, where we run into more boring jobs, commodity relations as usual and a plethora of accessories and gadgets, implying more mines and factories and more boring jobs processing, transporting and selling the stuff. Take a bike, follow it back to where it comes from, and you end up recreating the mega-



"Staircase cycle." By Jacques Carelman from *The Catalogue of Unfindable Objects*.

machine. With the contradictory—or hypocritical—note which often creeps into our relations with our street co-occupiers, bicyclists complain about trucks but tend to forget that we're dependent on them as well, as long as we're in an urban environment and unable to provide food in order to create the material basis for self-sufficiency.

If bikes are constantly adapting to the language of cars, cars are an essential component of the larger entity which imposes its needs and logic: the city-state. Streets are the circulatory system, the hardened arteries of the mega-machine. They occupy an enormous amount of space because an enormous number of people have to go often considerable distances as directly as possible on a daily basis. In the city, efficiency and utilitarianism rule (or rather an ideology of efficiency, since something as bureaucratic as a city is highly unlikely to function in a sensible way).

But transportation cannot be detached from where we're going and why: boring jobs, empty entertainment, mindless shopping, etc. Bikes are a scaled-down

version of a need to get somewhere—or nowhere—fast; a coercive rhythm which is internalized and continues to function on automatic outside work-related activities.

Today, when the city has taken center stage in much of the eco-anarchist milieu via Murray Bookchin's "libertarian municipalism," questioning the city as such becomes all the more apropos. Using the Athenian polis as an inspiration, Bookchin's updated version features a triple whammy of municipality worship, electoral politix and high-tech fetishism. "Obviously very wonderful opportunities" gushes Bookchin when asked about the opportunities he sees in the "mass technology of the so-called information age": "I believe that science and technology should be used in the service of refurbishing and rehabilitating a new balance with nature." But Bookchin's vision of a high-tech apparatus passively "in the service" of humanity—a discourse he shares with all the technocrats—denies the qualitative leap, the autonomization of technology which occurs with the implementation of mass tech-

niques in the metropolis. Later, Bookchin backhandedly acknowledges this autonomization, when the underlying techno-determinism of his discourse makes "sophisticated technology" a universal given: "...the very things we are using presuppose a great deal of sophisticated technology. Let's face the fact that we need these technologies." Rather than presupposing a great deal of sophisticated technology, isn't it more appropriate to question "the very things we are using?" When Bookchin says "we need" these technologies, he is speaking only for himself.

Questioning bikes will be heretical for some, no doubt. But questioning everything, if offering no guaranties, at least allows the possibility of creating situations which are truly different. For now I continue to use my bike and mass transportation but walk whenever possible. Only when walking do you have time to really look at things, or to think about things in the most uninterrupted, spontaneous way.

* All quotes taken from an interview with Murray Bookchin appearing in the "Anarchism" supplement of the *McGill Daily* of 8 April 1992.

Positive Child-Adult Sex: THE EVIDENCE

By Joel Featherstone

"When I was eight my parents sent me to boxing school. I was fascinated by my teacher's biceps. One day the kids asked him to flex his muscles and I think he noticed how I got into it.

"I don't remember when it first happened but he would take me into the back room and pretty quickly we got to the genitals. I enjoyed it a great deal. I gave him all the encouragement I could."
(quoted in Rush, 1980, p. 178)

"Yes, I've heard before, too, that girls who fall in love with older men are really wanting father figures. I've also heard that older men who like younger girls are insecure. Jimmy wishes I were a lot older, or that he was a lot younger but no one can change our age difference. Or the way we feel. So I say to Hell with what everyone else thinks." (Laura, quoted in Blume, 1986).

No one doubts that negative child-adult sex occurs. Adults, usually parents or step-parents, abuse and exploit children in countless ways; a significant minority of such abuse takes sexual forms. Sexual abuse of children may be as gross as forcible rape, or as subtle as the insidious double-binds common to parent-child incest. No controversy exists regarding the fact of child sexual abuse, nor is there any shortage of media attention to this and related issues. On the other hand, do any children involved sexually with adults ever consent to, enjoy, or even initiate such contacts? Both in conversation and in the media, such a possibility is largely unspeakable, and hence, unlistenable. Despite this taboo, there are growing cracks in this wall of denial.

Most published evidence of non-abusive relationships appears in professional, scholarly, and technical journals. Such publications have always been semi-exempt from the taboo; psychiatrists, psychologists, social workers, and others who must deal directly with consenting children, need to discuss relevant topics among themselves and debate courses of action. As a result, the usual propaganda which passes as discourse around this issue is partially abandoned in the interests of clarity and enhanced intra-professional communication.

Evidence of non-abusive adult-child contacts has accumulated at an accelerating pace in the past

decade, Haugaard and Emory (1989), for example, report that a distinct subgroup of their sample of college students who has experienced childhood sexual contact with an adult described the relationship in positive terms, leading the authors to conclude that these subjects "had a different experience from the others" (p. 95). However, relevant research publications have appeared as far back as half a century ago. In a now-classic study, psychiatrist Dr. Loretta Bender and her co-worker Dr. Abram Blau presented case histories of children admitted to the children's ward of the Psychiatric Division of Bellevue Hospital in New York City (Bender & Blau, 1937, pp. 500-518). One such case was that of Fannie S., age eleven, whose sexual 'delinquencies' included masturbation and sex with boys. Fannie was placed in an institution for 'problem' girls, until social workers discovered that she was regularly sneaking out of a window at night for sexual trysts in the homes of several neighborhood men. To prevent her from having a sex life, the authorities then committed Fannie S. to the state mental hospital (p. 508).

Two other case histories from Bender and Blau's study involved members of what modern tabloids call a 'sex ring'. 12-year-old Dorothy R., the ring-leader,

"related an unabashed story of having contacted two men herself and having been responsible for introducing other girls to them....She showed no anxiety or guilt regarding the situation. She agreed that she was sorry she had engaged in the relationship, but it was obvious that this reaction was due to the inconvenience of her detention rather than an understanding of the nature of her delinquency (sic)" (p. 510).

One of Dorothy's fellow 'delinquents' in the ring, 11-year-old Frances C., also wound up on the same ward. Of this little incorrigible, Bender and Blau write,

"She did not present any neurotic or emotional reaction to the situation and had no insight into the significance of her behavior. She merely agreed that it must have been 'bad' because the judge had told her so" (p. 509).

Bender and Blau note,

"The most remarkable feature presented by these children who have experienced sexual relations with adults was that they showed less evidence of fear, anxiety, guilt or psychic trauma than might be expected. On the contrary, they more frequently exhibited either a frank, objective attitude, or they were bold, flaunting and even brazen about the situation...At first the children often showed no guilt but this tended to develop as they were separated from their sex object and means of gratification, and as they were exposed to the opinion of parents and court officials. It occurred especially with the more intelligent children and seemed in part a reflection of adult censure and not to carry any real conviction to the child. In some instances this seemed to result in an intellectual and emotional bewilderment resulting from their effort to reconcile their personal experience with the attitude of authority" (p. 510-11).

Certain linguistic conventions are rigidly maintained in the journal literature. Consensual relations between persons of disparate ages are disguised behind oxymorons such as "participant victim." Words such as 'molestation', 'abuse', and 'offender', are sometimes used in silly ways.

For example, psychologist and circuit court clinical consultant, Dr. Mary de Young (1984), reports several case histories of consenting prepubertal girls. Eight-year-old Edie,

"was sexually molested (sic) by her mother's new boyfriend. [Edie] had suggested to him that he fondle her genital area, and although he had initially refused, he later acquiesced" (p. 336).

De Young could detect no anxiety symptoms in Edie as a result of the boyfriend's reluctant willingness to do as Edie had asked him to.

In another of de Young's case histories, six-year-old Lisa was

"sexually molested (sic) by a teenaged male babysitter who fondled her and had her masturbate him weekly over a 3-month period of time. Lisa pressured him to keep their relationship a secret, and called him several times a week for assurance that he would be available for babysitting later that week. She experienced no noticeable symptoms that could be related to the molestation (sic)" (p.336).

De Young also discusses seven-year-old Marie who

"invited an adolescent neighbor to take a bath with her and, in doing so, he fondled her while she masturbated him. Less than 2 weeks after that, she performed fellatio on her mother's boyfriend, telling him that she liked to make men happy. No apparent anxiety was noted after these subsequent molestations (sic)" (p. 337).

In an earlier work, de Young (1982) notes *"three young victims (sic) appeared to be virtually indifferent to their molestations (sic). There were*

no real signs of trauma in these youngsters except for an annoyed impatience with adults in their lives who were clearly more traumatized by the molestation (sic) than were the children."

De Young reluctantly describes these encounters as 'gentle' and in each case involving "an adult whom the child knew, liked and trusted" (p. 136).

Dr. Ann W. Burgess, a 'radical' pro-censorship feminist, and an instructor at the FBI Academy, has received hundreds of thousands of dollars in research grants from the U.S. Justice Department. Ms. Burgess, along with her equally 'radical' co-author FBI Special Agent Kenneth Lanning, are leading crusaders in the battle against sexual freedom for children. Nevertheless, even Burgess admits that in some cases of exposure of a child/adult "sex ring" the child,

"resents the interference of the authorities, and feels there is 'much ado about nothing.' The child maintains emotional, social, and economic ties with the offender (sic) and feels sorry or angry that the adult was exposed and convicted. The problem and 'hassle' are seen as caused by the authorities and interveners ('Why don't you get off my case?')." (Burgess et. al., 1984, p. 659).

Burgess acknowledges elsewhere that many children do experience sexual contact with the right adult as pleasant. Burgess and Holmstrom (1975) note,

"There were some victims (sic)—7 out of 12—who found the sexual activity pleasurable. These tend to be cases in which hand-genital contact was used rather than penetration. One 19-year-old woman recounting her childhood experience with her grandfather said, 'He would sit me in his lap with my legs slightly spread apart and stroke my inner thighs, labia and genital area...I found it very pleasurable. I would have my back against his torso, my head on his chest and sometimes fall asleep. He was always so warm and gentle and he would tell me stories.'"

"The most remarkable feature presented by these children who have experienced sexual relations with adults was that they showed less evidence of fear, anxiety, guilt or psychic trauma than might be expected. On the contrary, they more frequently exhibited either a frank, objective attitude, or they were bold, flaunting and even brazen about the situation..."

Beth Kelly (1979), a feminist of the genuinely radical variety, recalls her initiation into lesbian love, at age eight, by her Aunt Addie.

"The first woman I ever loved was my great aunt: our feelings for each other were deep, strong and full. The fact that she was more than fifty years

older than I did not affect the bond that grew between us, and, yes, I knew what I was doing—every step of the way—even though I had not, at the time learned many of the words with which to speak of these things...I adored her; that's all there was to it...It never occurred to me that it might be considered 'unnatural' or 'anti-social' to kiss or touch or hold the person I loved, and I don't think that [Aunt] Addie was terribly concerned by such things either. I DO know that I never felt pressured or forced by any sexual aspects of the love I felt for her. I think I can safely say, some twenty years later, that I was never exploited physically, emotionally, or intellectually—in the least."

Forensic psychiatrist, Matti Virkkunen, who received every instance of a child examined in a pedophilia case at Helsinki University Central Hospital between 1951 and 1972, found that 48.4% of the children played some role in initiating or maintaining ongoing sexual relationships with their adult partners. He observes:

"Normally this was done by just visiting the offender (sic) repeatedly. The large number of victims (sic) resulted from the fact that the original victim (sic) usually brought his [or her] playmates, too.

"Aggressive features did not seem to be linked at all to the victim-precipitated offenses (sic). The study indicated that aggressive behavior was not as a rule characteristic of these offenders (sic); on the other hand they seemed to be in a pronounced manner gentle, fond of children and benevolent" (Virkkunen, 1975, p. 179).

Dr. Theodorus Sandfort of the State University of Utrecht in The Netherlands, located 25 consenting boys, age 10 through 16, through their adult partners (Sandfort, 1981, 1984). The adults were members of the Pedophile Workgroups of The Netherlands Society for Sexual Reform. This sex-radical education and support group, with a dozen local groups in cities and towns throughout Holland, deals with such issues as consensual pedophilia, child sexuality, and youth liberation, by means of public meetings, lectures, and a monthly magazine. The children in Sandfort's sample expressed overwhelmingly positive attitudes towards their adult lovers and relationships.

"The major conclusion of this research is that some sexual contacts exist be-

tween children and adults which are experienced in a predominantly positive way by the children and which the children report as having no detrimental effects on their sense of well-being. The adults did not, in the opinion of these children, misuse their authority" (Sandfort, 1984, p. 140).

Clinical psychologist, Dr. Frits Bernard (1981) published nine accounts of positive child/adult relationships in former child's own words. One older man recalls,

"When I was 7 I came into contact with a man who was especially nice to me. He used to take me to his attic, sit me on his lap, and play with me sexually. I thought it was very nice and enjoyed it. I always looked forward to Wednesday afternoons, the days when we saw each other. This lasted a long time.

"Later I had many contacts with other men but never with boys of my own age. I have never missed not having girls like many others. Now, at almost 68, after a good life, I can see those former contacts as very positive to my development. I would not have wanted to have missed them, and I do not envy the people who never had these opportunities.

"I was, and am, a homosexual and have lived for about 20 years with my friend. Before that I had a married bisexual friend with whom I was very happy too" (p. 194).

Bernard quotes another man, age 25, who states,

"When I was about 8 years old I got to know a man in the street who thought I played very nicely. He invited me out for a bicycle ride and, later on, to visit his home. Although my parents had warned me not to do it, I just could not see the dangers that they had confronted me with. I could not imagine that this gentleman would harm me. I got to know him really well at our first meeting at his house. We became friends and I was allowed to call him by his first name. So, gradually, we got to know each other even better and I was confronted by his homosexuality, which certainly did not hit me like a bombshell, but it was something that I wanted to know more about, and he instructed me in sexual matters. Other subjects such as bisexuality and heterosexuality came into the discussion which were quite beyond my parents

[willingness to discuss with me] (for which I never blamed them).

"The bond between us and our friendship became even stronger. From him I received some love, which actually I had never known. That is not in the way as at present with my wife. But our friendship was, and still is, one that I could imagine with no one else. Later when I was 10 or 11, we had sex with each other; something I always enjoyed" (p. 915).

In another of Bernard's case histories, a middle-aged woman recounts her positive experience at the hands of a loving adult and her negative experience at the hands of the authorities:

"Perhaps you cannot imagine this but, when I was 12, I was very much in love with a man of 50 and he with me. I don't know who made the first move now, but we stroked each other and experienced a sexuality together. It relaxed me wonderfully.

"One day my parents found out and the police were called in. The examination was terrible, I denied and denied again. Then I gave in. My older friend was arrested. My parents, after my forced confession, made out a formal complaint. Nothing then could be of help anymore. I have never been able to forget this. It wasn't just. It could have been such a beautiful memory. I am married and have four children. I would not object to their having sexual contacts with adults. I regard it as positive" (p. 195).

Dr. Joan Nelson, a sex researcher now in clinical practice in California, published a study entitled "The Impact of Incest: Factors in Self-Evaluation" (Nelson, 1981). She writes in the introduction to this study about her relationship with an adult, male cousin at the age of 8.

"When I was a child I experienced an ongoing incestuous relationship that seemed to me to be caring and beneficial in nature. There were love and healthy self-actualization in what I perceived to be a safe environment. I remember it as perhaps the happiest period in my life. Suddenly one day I discerned from playground talk at school that what I was doing might be 'bad.' Fearing that I might, indeed be a 'bad' person, I went to my mother for reassurance. The ensuing traumatic incidents of that day inaugurated a 30-year period of psychological and emo-

tional dysfunction that reduced family communication to mere utilitarian process and established severe limits on my subsequent developmental journey" (p. 163).

Nelson was attacked personally in print by various professionals who vilified her for having published the above passage. People who publicly state that they, as children, had consensual sex contact with an adult, pay a much heavier social price than those who reveal having been a child victim of non-consensual sex. As a result, many former consenting children do not, as adults, speak out about their positive early experiences. For example, in her doctoral dissertation on incest, Nelson (1984, p. 220) quotes one of her respondents as confiding,

"My therapist is so opinionated against child molesters that she wouldn't be able to understand if I told her I enjoyed it. I'm sure she'd kill me."

John Crewdson's book, *By Silence Betrayed*, is filled with dubious tales of satanic rituals in daycare and the like. Yet even Crewdson admits that some 'victims' appear to enjoy their 'abuse' so keenly that they come back repeatedly for more. One woman, who began a relationship at age seven with Clay, a neighborhood man, explains why she kept it a secret;

"Cathy [another little girl] had told me about being with him before, so I think I was pretty forewarned about what we were getting into. I think she was getting a real giggle out of it. She took me to his room to show me 'look what Clay can do...' Clay never told me to keep it a secret. I think it was just understood. It's the same kind of thing as little boys and little girls going out in the garage and playing doctor. I was pretty aware that you don't go home and tell your mother that either. He gave me a lot of nice presents. It wasn't part of the deal, but I was always rewarded by being his special little girl. I really loved him romantically, like a man and a woman. He was very exciting to be around. I got pleasure from it in a cuddly way, being held and petted. The payoff wasn't orgasms, it was something else. But I liked the sex part. I like a man's body, especially a nice, healthy man like him. Even when I was very little I liked that. There is something quite thrilling about the opposite sex, especially when you don't know what men look like or feel

like or taste like" (pp. 52-54).

Crewdson acknowledges the now well-known fact that the vast majority of "missing children" are run-aways or abducted by non-custodial parents. However he also mentions the little-known fact that "most of the few [missing] children known to have fallen into the hands of pedophiles appear to have done so voluntarily" (p. 111). One such case was 11-year-old Bobby Smith of Long Beach, California. After successfully managing to remain 'missing' for 21 months, the luckless Bobby was 'rescued' by police in Providence, Rhode Island. He had been living contentedly with his adult lover, David Collins. Testifying at Collins' trial, Bobby stated that he himself had asked David Collins to take him away from his parents forever. At the time of Collins' arrest the two of them were posing as father and son with Collins holding a steady job and Bobby attending school. The boy insisted that he was never held against his will, had been free to come and go as he pleased and had been welcome to phone his parents at any time, an option which he chose never to exercise. He did report feeling afraid of being found by the authorities. "I was getting more and more scared," he said, "I was afraid they were getting more and more close to finding me" (p. 111). Bobby's dread of being torn from the arms of the man he loved and returned to his parents were heightened when he saw his own picture scroll by on the TV screen along with dozens of other missing children during Reagan's April 1985 "Adam Role Call." Despite Bobby's tears and pleas, the jury found David Collins guilty.

UCLA researcher Paul Okami (1991) in his new study of adults reporting positive childhood sex contacts states, "In place of the sense of helplessness, rage, guilt, or 'numbness' that typically emerge from accounts of negative experiences, one finds in many of the positive reports—particularly as expressed in the more detailed, open-ended replies and interviews—expressions of warmth, pleasure, affection, humor, and even lustiness. Positive responders did not label their experiences 'sexual abuse'... and generally reported no harm as a result of their experiences. In fact, they frequently claimed positive benefit." (p. 25, 26)

Space does not permit a complete review of all of the accounts of positive

child-adult sexual contacts even in the sources already cited, much less in the entire bibliography. For readers who wish to pursue this topic further Okami (1988, p. 24) cites nine sources of evidence of initiation of sexual contact with an adult by the child, and no less than 23 sources supporting the existence of apparently benign and voluntary adult-child contacts. Jones (1982) provides a somewhat dated but nevertheless extensive bibliography relating to consensual boy-man relationships. Also, NAMBLA (1982) contains numerous positive accounts in the child's own words and several interviews with consenting boys. Clearly, as the evidence of benign child-adult relationships continues to mount, those who would continue to argue that all such contacts are abusive have got their work cut out for them.

The author of this article, Joel Featherstone, is a self-described "radical pervert" and a member of the writing collective of the New York based girl-love journal, *Uncommon Desires*.

References

- Bender, L. and A. Blau, 1937. "The reaction of children to sexual relations with adults." *American J. of Orthopsychiatry*, Vol. 7.
- Bernard, F., 1982. "Pedophilia: psychological consequences for the child." In *Child and Sex: New Findings, New Perspectives*, L.L. Constantine & F.M. Martinson eds. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.
- Blume, J., 1986. *Letters to Judy: What your kids wish they could tell you*. New York: Putnam.
- Burgess, A.W., C.R. Hartman, M.P. McCausland and P. Powers, 1984. "Response patterns in children and adolescents exploited through sex rings and pornography." *American J. of Psychiatry* 141:656-662.
- Burgess, A.W. and L.L. Holmstrom, 1975. "Sexual trauma of children and adolescents: Pressure, sex and secrecy." *Nursing Clinics of North America* 10(3):551-563.
- Crewdson, J., 1984. *By Silence Betrayed: Sexual Abuse of Children in America*. New York: Harper & Row.
- DeMott, B., 1980. "The pro-incest lobby." *Psychology Today* 13(10):11.
- DeYoung, M., 1982. *The Sexual Victimization of Children*. Jefferson NC: McFarlane & Company.
- DeYoung, M., 1984. "Counterphobic behavior in multiply molested children." *Child Welfare* 63(4):333-339.
- Haugaard, J.J. & R.E. Emery 1989. "Methodological Issues in Child Sexual Abuse Research." *Child Abuse & Neglect* 13:89-100.
- Jones, G., 1982. "The social study of pederasty: In search of a literature base—An annotated bibliography of sources in English." *J. of Homosexuality* 8(1):61-95.
- Kelly, B., 1979. "On 'woman/girl love'—or, lesbians do 'do it.'" *Gay Community News* (Boston) March 3. See also O'Carroll, T., 1980, *Pedophilia: The radical case*. Boston: Alyson, p. 90, and *Uncommon Desires* 1(2):17-21.
- NAMBLA, 1986. "Boys speak out on man/boy love." *NAMBLA*, 537 Jones St. #8418, SF,CA, 94102.
- Nelson, J., 1981. "The impact of incest: Factors in self-evaluation," in *Children and Sex: New Findings, New Perspectives*, L.L. Constantine & F.M. Martinson eds. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

References continued on next page...

Deconstructing the Columbus Myth

Notes continued from page 51

Henry, *Their Numbers Become Thinned: Native American Population*

Dynamics in Eastern North America (University of Tennessee Press, Knoxville, 1983) and Thornton, Russell, *American Indian Holocaust and Survival: A Population History Since 1492* (University of Oklahoma Press, 1987). For additional information, see Dobyns' bibliographic *Native American Historical Demography* (University of Indiana Press, Bloomington, 1976).

10. These figures are utilized in numerous studies. One of the more immediately accessible is Kuper, Leo, *Genocide: Its Political Use in the Twentieth Century*, Yale University Press, New Haven, CT, 1981.

11. See Dobyns, Henry F., "Estimating American Aboriginal Population: An Appraisal of Techniques with a New Hemispheric Estimate," *Current Anthropology*, No. 7, pp.395-416.

12. An overall pursuit of this theme will be found in Ashburn, P.M., *The Ranks of Death*, Coward Publishers, New York, 1947. Also see Duffy, John, *Epidemics in Colonial America*, Louisiana State University Press, Baton Rouge, 1953. Broader and more sophisticated articulations of the same idea are embodied in Crosby, Alfred W. Jr., *The Columbia Exchange: Biological and Cultural Consequences of 1492* (Greenwood Press, Westport, CT, 1972) and *Ecological Imperialism: The Biological Expansion of Europe 900-1900* (Cambridge University Press, Melbourne, Australia, 1986).

13. One of the more thoughtful elaborations on this theme may be found in Smith, Bradley F., *Reaching Judgement at Nuremberg*, Basic Books, New York, 1977.

14. See Todorov, Tzvetan, *The Conquest of America*, Harper and Row Publishers, New

York, 1984.

15. Sale, Kirkpatrick, *The Conquest of Paradise: Christopher Columbus and the Columbian Legacy*, Alfred A. Knopf Publishers, New York, 1990, p.155.

16. Las Casas, Bartolomé de, *The Spanish Colonies (Brevisima relación)*, University Microfilms reprint, 1966.

17. Las Casas, Bartolomé de, *Historia de las Indias*, Vol. 3, Augustin Millares Carlo and Lewis Hanke (eds.), Fondo de Cultura Económica, Mexico City, 1951; esp. Chap. 29.

18. Las Casas, quoted in Thatcher, *op. cit.*, pp.348ff.

19. See Hanke, Lewis, *Aristotle and the American Indians: A Study in Race Prejudice in the Modern World*, Henry Regnery Company, Chicago, 1959. Also see Williams, Rob, *The American Indian in Western Legal Thought*, Oxford University Press, 1989.

20. The most succinctly competent overview of this subject matter is probably Cecil, Robert, *The Myth of the Master Race: Alfred Rosenberg and Nazi Ideology*, Dodd and Mead Company, New York, 1972.

21. The polemics of Columbus' strongest supporters among his contemporaries amplify this point. See, for example, Oviedo, *Historia general y natural de las Indias*, Seville, 1535; Salamanca, 1547, 1549; Valladolid, 1557; Academia Historica, Madrid, 1851-55, esp. Chaps. 29, 30, 37.

22. Sale, *op. cit.*, p.156.

23. On Columbus' written expression, see Milani, V.I., "The Written Language of Christopher Columbus," *Forum italicum*, 1973. Also see Jane, Cecil, "The Question of Literacy of Christopher Columbus," *Hispanic American Historical Review*, Vol. 10, 1930.

24. On Columbus' signature, see Thatcher, *op. cit.*, p.454.

25. City of Genoa, *Christopher Columbus: Documents and Proofs of His Genoese Origin*, Istituto d'Arti Grafiche, Genoa, 1931 (English

language edition, 1932).

26. de la Torre, José, *Beatriz Enríquez de Harana*, Iberoamericana Publishers, Madrid, 1933.

27. Gandia, Enrique de, *Historia de Cristóbal Colón: análisis crítico*, Buenos Aires, 1942.

28. Manuel Luciano de Silva, *Columbus Was 100% Portuguese*, Bristol, RI, (self published) 1989.

29. Weisenthal, Simon, *Sails of Hope*, Macmillan Publishers, New York, 1973.

30. Vignaud, Henry, "Columbus a Spaniard and a Jew?", *American History Review*, Vol. 18, 1913. This initial excursion into the idea was followed in more depth by Francisco Martínez Martínez in his *El descubrimiento de América y las joyas de doña Isabel* (Seville, 1916) and Jacob Wasserman in *Christoph Columbus* (S. Fisher Publishers, Berlin, 1929).

31. Madariaga, Salvador de, *Christopher Columbus*, Oxford University Press, London, 1939. His lead was followed by Armando Alvarez Pedroso in an essay, "Cristóbal Colón no fue hebreo" (*Revista de Historia de América*, 1942) and Antonio Ballesteros y Beretta in *Cristóbal Colón y el descubrimiento de América* (Savat Publishers, Barcelona/Buenos Aires, 1945).

32. Maria, Brother Nectario, *Juan Colón Was A Spanish Jew*, Cedney Publishers, New York, 1971.

33. A much sounder handling of the probabilities of early Jewish migration to the Americas may be found in Keyserling, Meyer, *Christopher Columbus and the Participation of the Jews in the Spanish and Portuguese Discoveries*, Longmans, Green Publishers, 1893 (reprinted, 1963).

34. For a complete count, see Conti, Simonetta, *Un secolo di bibliografia colombiana 1880-1985*, Cassa di Risparmio di Genova e Imperia, Genoa, 1986.

35. These claims are delineated and debunked in Heers, Jacques, *Christophe Colomb*, Hachette Publishers, Paris, 1981.

Positive Child-Adult Sex: THE EVIDENCE

References continued from previous page

Nelson, J., 1984. "Incest." Unpublished doctoral Dissertation. Institute for the Advanced Study of Human Sexuality, San Francisco.

Nelson, J., 1986. "Incest: Self-report findings form a non-clinical sample." *J. of Sex Research* 22:463-477.

Okami, P., 1988. "Child sexual abuse: A critical evaluation of new perspectives." Paper presented at the 31st Annual Meeting of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex. San Francisco, Nov. 10-13.

Okami, P., 1991. "Self-Reports of 'Positive' Childhood and Adolescent Sexual Contacts With older Persons: An exploratory study." *Archives of Sexual Behavior* 20(5).

Rush, F., 1980. *The Best Kept Secret: The sexual exploitation of children*. New York: Prentice Hall.

Sandfort, T.G.M., 1981. *The Sexual Aspects of Pedophilic Relationships: Experiences of boys*. Sociological Institute: Utrecht, The Netherlands.

Sandfort, T.G.M., 1984. "Sex in pedophilic relationships: An empirical investigation among a non-representative group of boys." *J. of Sex Research* 20:123-142.

Virkkunen, M., 1975. "Victim-precipitated pedophile offenses." *British J. of Criminology* 15(2):175-180.

The
Revolution
of Everyday Life



by
Raoul
Vaneigem

Sacrifice

Continued from page 23

finied by the spirit of sacrifice. We have to go back to square one.

The surrealists—or some of them at any rate—understood that the only valid transcendence of art lay in direct experience, in works that no ideology could assimilate into its internally consistent lie. They came to grief, of course, precisely because of their complaisant attitude towards the cultural spectacle. Admittedly, the current process of decomposition of thought and art has made the danger of aesthetic assimilation much less than it was in the thirties.

The present state of affairs tends to favor situationist agitation.

Much mournful wailing has gone on—since surrealism's demise, in fact—over the disappearance of idyllic relationships such as friendship, love and hospitality. But make no mistake: all this nostalgia for the more human virtues of the past answers to one thing and one thing only, namely, the impending need to revive the idea of sacrifice, which has been coming under too heavy fire. The fact is that there will never be any friendship, or love, or hospitality, or solidarity, so long as self-abnegation exists. The call for self-denial always amounts to an attempt to make inhumanity attractive. Here is an anecdote of Brecht's that makes the point perfectly. To illustrate the proper way of doing a service for friends, and to entertain his listeners, Herr K tells a story. Three young people once came to an old Arab and said: "Our father is dead. He left us

seventeen camels, but he laid down in his will that the eldest son should have a half, the second son a third, and the youngest a ninth part of his possessions. Try as we will, we cannot agree on how to divide up the camels. So we'd like to leave it up to you to decide." The old man thought it over before replying: "I see that you need another camel before you can share them out properly. Take mine. It's the only one I have but it's at your disposal. Take it, divide the beasts up, and bring me back whatever you have left over." The young man thanked him for his friendly offer, took his camel and divided up the eighteen animals as follows: the eldest took a half, which was nine camels, the second son took a third, which was six, and the youngest took his ninth, which was two. To everyone's surprise there was still one camel remaining, and this they promptly returned with renewed thanks to their old friend. According to Herr K, this was the perfect example of the correct way to do a friend a service because nobody had to make a sacrifice. Here is a model which should be made axiomatic and strictly applied to all of everyday life.

It is not a question of opting for the art of sacrifice as opposed to the sacrifice of art, but rather of putting an end to sacrifice as art. The triumph of an authentic *savoir-vivre* and of the construction of authentically lived situations exists everywhere as a potentiality, but everywhere these tendencies are distorted by the falsification of what is human.

* * *

Perhaps the sacrifice of the *present* will turn out to be the last stage of a rite that has maimed humanity since its beginnings. Our every moment crumbles into bits and pieces of past and future. We never really give ourselves over completely to what we are doing, except perhaps in orgasm. Our present is grounded in what we are going to do later and in what we have just done, with the result that it always bears the stamp of unpleasure. In collective as well as in individual history, the cult of the past and the cult of the future are equally reactionary. Everything which has to be built has to be built in the present. According to a popular belief, the drowning man relives his whole life in the instant of his death. For my part I am convinced that we have intense flashes of lucidity which distill and remake

Disarm Authority! Arm your Desires!

Anarchy is a journal of *desire armed!* Neither left nor right, we're just uncompromisingly anti-authoritarian. *Anarchy* refuses *all* ideology. We criticize all religion, all spiritualism, all moralism, all political ideology. *Nothing* is sacred, least of all *anarchism*.

We want to create a genuinely different alternative vision—radically cooperative & communitarian, ecological and feminist, spontaneous and wild—a liberatory vision free from the constraints of our own human self-domestication. **Subscribe today!**

- _____ \$12.00 for six issues at the regular individual rate within the U.S. (3rd Class)
- _____ \$15.00 for six issues delivered in plain envelopes within the U.S. (3rd Class)
- _____ \$15.00 for six issues delivered to Canada or Mexico
- _____ \$18.00 for six issues in plain envelopes by 1st Class mail in the U.S.
- _____ \$18.00 for six issues Library/institutional rate
- _____ \$18.00 for six issues to other continents by Surface mail
- _____ \$36.00 for 6 issues to other continents by Airmail
- _____ Send back issues # _____ (enclose \$3.00 for 1st copy,
\$2.50 ea. for next 10 issues, and \$2 ea. for additional copies.)
- _____ Total enclosed _____ (ALL CHECKS MUST BE MADE TO C.A.L.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Country _____

PLEASE MAKE YOUR CHECKS OUT TO C.A.L. (WE CANNOT ACCEPT CHECKS MADE OUT TO *Anarchy*.) All subscription rates are in U.S. dollars. Subscribers outside the U.S. please send checks or money orders in U.S. dollars only. (For checks or money orders made out in foreign currencies you must add U.S.\$10.00 for conversion.) We can also accept U.S., Canadian, and English paper currencies. Subscriptions are free to prisoners. _____ Indicate here if you do **not** want us to exchange your address with other papers or projects we trust.

Send to: C.A.L., POB 1446, Columbia, MO. 65205-1446

#33

our entire lives. Future and past are docile pawns of history which merely cover up the sacrifice of the present. I want to exchange nothing—not for a thing, not for the past, not for the future. I want to live intensely, for myself, grasping every pleasure firm in the knowledge that what is radically good for me will be good for everyone. And above all I would promote this one watchword: "Act as though there were no tomorrow."

"Wear a mask!"

Continued from page 19

I believe that it was an expression of a legitimate rage against State sanctioned homophobia and I have no regrets that this destruction of State property happened. However, I feel incredibly stupid for not taking the simple precaution of covering my face and head from plain view. Over and over again, I have told myself that I should have known better. And I should have. Of course there is no use feeling sorry for myself. What's done is done. This is the situation and I have to deal with it. But there are many lessons to be learned. Over the course of the summer, while I am picking up empty Coke cans, painting over graffiti, or sweeping up vomit off the sidewalk, I will have time to mull this over. What this experience prompts me to do though is to try to educate other people about the necessity of safe protesting. Maybe I'll write more on that latter. But for now, just remember: *Wear A Mask!*

Anyone interested in helping out with Stefan's restitution and legal fees can contact him at: Stefan Wray c/o Coalition on Homelessness, 126 Hyde St., San Francisco, CA. 94102.

Anarchist press review

Continued from page 17

Guágarra Libertaria #49/Invierno '92 (ISHSS, POB 1516, Riverside Station, Miami, FL. 33135) is a 32-page Spanish-language journal produced by Cuban anarchist exiles & subtitled "A la Libertad Por la Libertad." Send a donation for a sample copy.

Anares Info #34/undated (Postfach 229, CH-3000 Bern 8, Switzerland) is the 24-page German-language newsletter of this archive and library. Write for more information.

Social Harmony #5/April '92 (POB 76148, Nea Smirni 17110, Athens, Greece) is an 8-page, Greek-language anarcho-communist/communist bimonthly. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

Librecana Ligilo #75/Unua '92 (Esperanto, Cargue Sac, F-47470 Beauville, France) is the 20-page bulletin of the libertarian/anarchist faction of the Esperanto-language workers' organization S.A.T., headquartered in Paris. Send a contribution for a sample copy.

Angels Mutiny #1/undated (POB 30557, 10033 Athens, Greece) is a new 8-page newspaper published by some members of a group which formerly published an information bulletin titled *Anarchikos* in collaboration with the Anarchist Black Cross Athens. Cover price is 200 drachmas.

Rosso e Nero Vol.3, #20/Aprile '92 (Via del Campani n.69, 00185 Roma, Italy) is a 6-page, Italian-language newsletter. Send a contribution for a sample.

The Iconoclast's Hammer

By Feral Faun

Insurgent Ferocity: The Playful Violence of Rebellion

"We don't just talk about violence; it is our element, our everyday fate...the conditions we are forced to live in..."

-Os Cangaceros

Social control is impossible without violence. Society produces systems of rationalized violence to socialize individuals—to make them into useful resources for society. While some of these systems, such as the military, the police and the penal system can still be viewed separately due to the blatant harshness of their violence, for the most part these systems have become so interconnected and so pervasive that they act as a single totality—the totality which is the society in which we live.

This systematic violence exists mostly as a constant underlying threat—a subtle, even boring, everyday terrorism which induces a fear of stepping out of line. The signs and orders from 'superiors' which threaten us with punishment or poverty, the armed, uniformed thugs who are there to "protect and serve" (huh!?!), the barrage of headlines about wars, torture, serial killers and street gangs, all immerse us in an atmosphere of subtle, underlying, rationalized social violence which causes us to fear and repress our own violent passions.

In light of the systematic

social violence that surrounds us, it's no surprise that people are fooled into viewing all violence as a single, monolithic entity rather than as specific acts or ways of relating. The system of violence produced by society *does* become a monolith, a monolith which acts to perpetuate itself.

In reaction to this monolithic system of violence, the "pathology of pacifism" develops. Unable to see beyond social categories, the pacifist creates a false dichotomy, limiting the question of violence to the ethical/intellectual choice between an acceptance of violence as a monolithic system or the total rejection of violence. But this choice exists only in the realm of worthless abstractions, because in the world in which we actually live, pacifism and systematic violence depend on each other. Pacifism is an ideology which demands total social peace as its ultimate goal. But total social peace would require the complete suppression of the individual passions that create individual incidences of violence—and that would require total social

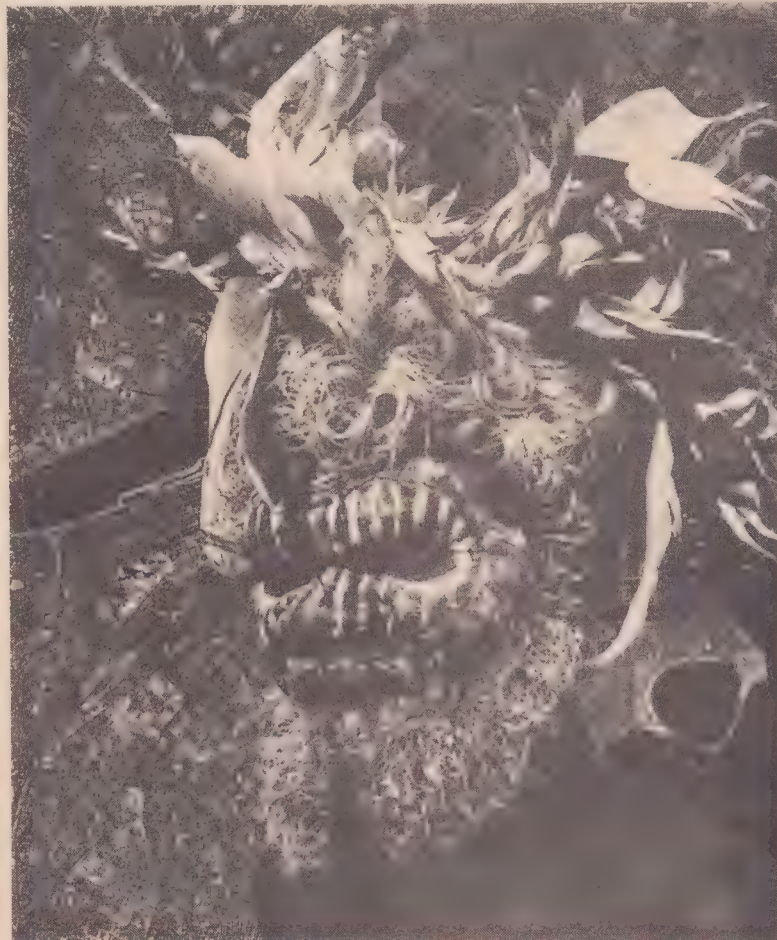
control. Total social control is only possible through the use of the constant threat of the police, prison, therapy, social censure, scarcity or war. So the pacifist ideal requires a monolithic system of violence and reflects the social contradiction inherent in the necessity that authority strive to maintain peace in order to maintain a smoothly running social system, but can only do so by maintaining a rationalized system of violence.

The rationalized system of violence not only perpetuates itself, but also evokes responses, often in the form of blind lashings out by enraged individuals, which the system then manipulates into justifications for its own continued existence, and occasionally in the form of consciously rebellious violence. But one of the most significant by-products of the system of violence stems from its need to suppress individual, passionate violence. The passionate violence that is suppressed turns in on the one feeling it, becoming the slow-killing, underlying violence of stress and anxiety. It is evi-

dent in the millions of little pinpricks of humiliation that pass between people on the streets and in the public places of every city—looks of disgust and hostility between strangers, and the verbal battles of wits exchanging guilt and blame between supposed friends. This is the subtlest and most total form of rationalized violence; everyone conforms out of fear of each others' disgust. This is the subtle form of violence practiced by pacifists.

"I do not dream of a gentle revolution. My passion runs to the violence of supersession, the ferocity of a life that renounces nothing". -R. Vancigem

Those of us who are fighting for the freedom to create our lives for ourselves need to reject both sides of the choice society offers between pacifism and systematic violence, because this choice is an attempt to socialize our



Collage by Freddie Baer (San Francisco, CA.).

rebellion. Instead we can create our own options, developing a playful and passionate chaos of action and relating which may express itself at times with intense and ferocious violence, at times with the gentlest tenderness, or in whatever way our passions and our whims move us in the particular moment. Both the rejection of violence and the systematization of violence are an attack on our passions and uniqueness.

Violence is an aspect of animal interaction and observation of violence among animals belies several generalizations. Violence among animals does not fit into the formula of social darwinism; there is no perpetual war of all against all. Rather at specific moments under particular circumstances, individual acts of violence flare up and then fade when the moments pass. There is no systematic violence in the wild, but, instead, momentary expressions of specific passions. This exposes one of the major fallacies of pacifist ideology. Violence, in itself, does not perpetuate violence. The *social system* of rationalized violence, of which pacifism is an integral part, perpetuates itself as a system.

Against the system of violence, a non-systematized, passionate, playful violence is the appropriate response. Violent play is very common among animals and children. Chasing, wrestling and pouncing upon a playmate, breaking, smashing and tearing apart things are all aspects of play that is free of rules. The conscious insurgent plays this way as well, but with real targets and with the intention of causing real damage. The targets of this ferocious play in the present society would mainly be institutions, commodities, social roles and cultural icons, but the human representatives of this institutions can also be targets—especially where they present an immediate threat to anyone's freedom to create their life as they desire.

Rebellion has never been merely a matter of self-defense. In itself, self-defense is probably best achieved by accepting the status quo or its reform. Rebellion is the aggressive, dangerous, playful *attack* by free-spirited individuals against society. Refusing a *system* of violence, refusing an organized militarized form of armed struggle, allows the violence of insurgents to retain a high level of invisibility. It cannot be readily understood by the authorities and

brought under their control. Its insurgent nature may even go undetected by the authorities as it eats away at the foundations of social control. From the rationalized perspective of authority, this playful violence will often appear utterly random, but actually is in harmony with the desires of the insurgent. This playful violence of rebellion kills "inadvertently as (one) strides out happily without looking back."

The playful violence of insurgence has no room for regret. Regret weakens the force of blows and makes us cautious and timid. But regret only comes in when violence is dealt with as a moral question, and for insurgents who are fighting for the freedom to live their desires, morality is just another aspect of social control. Wherever rebel violence has manifested playfully, regret seems absurd. In riots (other than police riots) and spontaneous uprisings—as well as in small-scale vandalism—a festive attitude seems to be evident. There is an intense joy, even euphoria, in the release of the violent passions that have been pent up for so long. Bashing in the skull of society as we experience it on a daily basis is an intense pleasure, and one to be savored, not repudiated in shame, guilt or regret. Some may object that such an attitude could cause our violence to get out of hand, but an excess of insurgent violence is not something we need to fear. As we break down our repression and begin to free our passions, certainly our gestures, our actions and our entire way of being are bound to become increasingly expansive and all we do we will seem to do to excess. Our generosity will seem excessive and our violence will seem excessive. Unrepressed, expansive individuals squander in all things. Riots and insurrections have failed to get beyond temporary release, not because of excess, but because people hold themselves back. People have not trusted their passions. They have feared the expansiveness, the squandering excess of their own dreams and desires. So they have given up or turned their fight over to new authorities, new systematizers of violence. But how can insurgent violence ever be truly excessive when there is no institution of social control, no aspect of authority, no icon of culture that should not be smashed to powder—and *that* gleefully?

If what we want is a world in which each of us can create our own lives free

of constraints, relating with each other as we desire rather than in accordance with socially defined roles, we have to recognize that, at times, violence will flare and that there is nothing wrong with that. Fullness of the passions includes full and expansive expressions of hatred and rage—and these are violent emotions. Though this violence can be used tactically it will not be systematic. Though it can be intelligent, it will not be rationalized. And under no circumstances is it self-perpetuating, because it is individual and temporary, spending itself fully in its free, passionate expression. Neither moralistic non-violence nor the systematic violence of military struggle can break down authority since both require some form of authority. Only the expansive and passionate violence of insurgent individuals playing alone or with each other has any chance of destroying this society...

*"Forward everyone!
And with arms and hearts,
Speech and pen,
Dagger and rifle,
Irony and blasphemy,
Theft, poisoning and fire,
Let us make...war on society."*

-Dejaque

Outwitting the state

Continued from page 15

and make them work.

Another case study, on the Russian Old Believers (*raskol'niki*) who currently live in Alberta, Canada, under (what they believe to be) the shadow of the antichrist (which is more or less tantamount to the modern state) is of special note. The Old Believers value very highly their *vol'nost'* (freedom). Indeed, it is in order to retain their *vol'nost'* that the Old Believers have migrated from place to place, always living on the edge of a nation-state until that state became too imposing with its controls and bureaucracy. As the title of this article suggests, "there is always somewhere to go." But *vol'nost'* specifically refers to freedom of action. According to Scheffel, as much as the Old Believers value their *vol'nost'*, just so do they abhor *vol'nodomstvo* (freethinking). The modern state has it the other way around. Here is permitted all the *vol'nodomstvo* you can eat, and forbidden is any of this *vol'nost'*. This begs the question of what kind of *vol'nodomstvo* is possible in a society bereft of *vol'nost'*.

In addition to the Nanumba and Konkomba, Old Believers, Ponapean chieftainships and Kreisha Bedouins, there are studies of the Cree Indians (James Bay, Canada), the indigenous polities of Pahang and Kelantan (Malaya), and of Maradi (Niger), as well as the coastal sultanates and inland chiefdoms on Borneo.

This is recommended reading for all nomads and 'bolo builders.

Have something to say? Write us!

We would like to encourage you to write us in order to continue this dialogue, whether you are sympathetic or critical of anarchist theories and practices. All letters to *Anarchy* will be printed with the author's initials only, unless it is specifically stated that her/his full name may be used or that s/he wishes to remain anonymous, or the name already appears in *Anarchy*—as in the case of an author of an essay or creator of artwork published here.

We will edit letters that are redundant, overly long, unreadable or excessively boring. (Ellipses in italicized brackets indicate most editorial omissions.) Please limit length to four double-spaced, typewritten pages. Address your letters to C.A.L., POB 1446, Columbia, MO. 65205-1446. We look forward to hearing from you!

A brilliant wit

Anarchy,

I would like to address two or three issues in your #30/Fall '91 paper. First of all, while I can't find the reference at this moment, someone mentioned that something Bob Black wrote was silly. I have been reading Bob Black for over a year, as well as other anarchist-oriented material, and one thing that he has never written is something silly.

Bob is a brilliant wit and has written some things that are very funny. And he has written some deep and thorough analyses of intellectual questions. He has a fine mind and is one of the better anarchist-oriented writers today, as well as an anarchist historian. He is a Mencken-style writer and sometimes steps on toes. One would not call him hail-fellow-well-met. The better minds seldom are. But "A.L., St. Louis, MO." showed his own low self-esteem and jealousy by calling Bob a "sour apple." (p.32) Bob's contribution to the anarchist field is immeasurable, fascinating, and well-documented.

Incidentally, *Anarchy* is one of the best, if not the best, of the anarchist press that I have discovered in 1½ years.

In the letter from Karen Eliot, "Schiz-Flux" on p.26, she lists some documented POWs and political prisoners in the US. She mentions: those from the Black Liberation Front; Puerto Rican independence; the American Indian Movement and peaceniks.

It is odd that she omits the White Nationalist Movement prisoners. Is this thoughtless

racism or conscious racism? I know several who languish in Marion lockdown and other facilities of "cruel and unusual punishments" of white prisoners, as well as non-whites, including diesel therapy. The latter being assigned to long bus trips around the country, sick or well, under trips from 9 to 16½ hour days, from prison-to-prison. Let's end Marion lockdown and in every other prison as well!

Most sincerely,
Novice @ Researcher,
Molly Gill
Rational Feminist
POB 28253
Ken. City Station
St. Petersburg, FL. 33709

Morons—old & young

Dear *Anarchy* friends,

I'd like to comment on E.B. Funck's and Gord H.'s pieces in *Anarchy* #31/Winter '92.

First of all, I never did figure out what a 'youth' is anyway. (I mean, I seem to be chronologically younger than many of the people in 'youth' groups, yet nobody considers me a youth because I started early, my old comrades are all middle-aged and cause I read the wrong stuff I guess.) This youth business is pretty foggy. I often see a lot of older folk talkin' youth struggle to get people into their thing (RCYB being the most memorable offenders at this time).

Funck thinks that it's the non-punks who are "comfortable hanging out and working with the older generation." It's not entirely true—although it's probably true that those are the folk

the older generation are more comfortable hanging out with. Come on, let's face it, a lot of these punks are just *morons*. How many punk 'anarchists' have I seen who were just political parrots? Punk ain't at all like it was in the old days, not even in Romania, man. I know plenty of punk anarchist types and just as many poseurs.

So what's so good about the older generation? I mean—just as many morons there. (Hey, guess moron is not cool as an insult anymore. Can't call 'em assholes, dicks are out...cretin is OK, I guess, 'cept some would consider me a cretin...English is a poor language.)

It's odd that Funck thinks youth ghettoize themselves when practically the whole movement is a ghetto. (The fact that the 'movement' is thought of in certain parameters is proof of that.) But I guess it strikes Funck particularly as there seem to be a lot of obnoxious young people out there. I think there are just a lot of fucking vanguardists out there who don't want to deal with anyone who is not a political virgin and who is not to a certain degree malleable. Thus it becomes a de facto age issue.

I can say for sure that anarchist youth have a different role than they had 10 years ago. Probably this has to do with the popularization and accessibility of the punk scene. Young people are more visible in the anarchist movement. I agree with Gord's reasoning—that there is increasing unemployment, greater flexibility for young people... but the central point in both pieces seems to be that there is a division between the "action faction" and the armchair faction and that this mostly revolves around age. (And, as a secondary factor, around class.) (OK, on second thought, in all fairness to Gord, that was *not* the central point of his column. But it was prominent enough to get me going. Did appreciate the first 2/3s of article.)

In N.Y. at least the "action faction" are older. Many of them are those poverty martyrs who actually have money stashed away or an education or marketable skill under their belt. Are

these simply the folk who have been able to make the decision to put theory into practice?

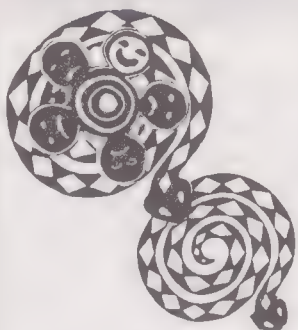
Yo Lev—Toni—someone—come in. "You don't seem to have noticed that the anti-work articles we've run are already an attempt to 'take as many steps as possible to empower people *now*.' Without understanding the global context in which a genuine refusal of work can begin, mindlessly 'practical' alternatives will only provide a way of adapting oneself to the conditions of life under the domination of capitalism." So you have part of this action faction trying to make practical alternatives, cause they feel that, for now anyway, buying at the co-op is better than at Key Food, and you got some saying they're rejecting everything, even though more likely than not they're not—which, they figure has more to do with refusal than writing articles about it.

Youth is really a peripheral issue in both these articles. The real issue seems to be the nature of anarchist projects.

Gord H. writes that "the tendency among younger comrades to reject theory sees its reflection in the tendency of older comrades to reject action." Well, first of all, what's theory, what's action? I see what he's getting at and I think his definitions are pretty narrow, from both sides. How does he then account for all these 25-45 year olds who are split in numbers? It's not along class distinctions. And what about all the hundreds of young people who put out and read zines, live comfortably at home, get sent off to the colleges, do basically the same thing as the "old boys" 'cept in the punk/marginal milieu...Are these people less in numbers than Gord's "politicized youth"? Don't think so.

So, you guys are taking steps to empower people now (don't they empower themselves?) these people who call you old fart theorists are taking steps....

The idea of youth as unco-opted vanguard went out with the Yippies and the Komsomol. Leaving aside the evaluations of what Gord thinks 'youth' are trying to do and what he sees us "old boys" as doing (us because



FEELING left behind by hi-tech society? Tired of endless New Age seminars and overpriced therapists? Fed up with monotheism? If you're looking for that something extra-special to spice up your life, here's your one and only chance to get in on Do-It-Yourself healing and primitive spirituality...

Become an **Urban Shaman!**TM

YES. This is the antidote to alienation you've been waiting for: your **Direct Line to the Nature-Spirits!** Exorcise that emptiness inside you by enrolling now in our **Crash Course in Core Shamanism.** We'll teach you all you need to know to heal your self, your loved ones, even your neighbors, of all the psycho-somatic ills induced by daily life in industrialized civilization.

YOU'LL re-establish contact with the primal authenticity of Nature and your Inner Being at your own leisure. As a certified **Urban Shaman,**TM you'll stand in a proud lineage stretching back into prehistory: artist, doctor, priest, politician, the tribal shamans of the past fulfilled all these roles in one. As a 20th century shaman, you will be able to transcend the demeaning fragmentation imposed by modern society's division of labor, if only in your spare time.

ONLY the choicest shamanic ingredients, culled by a board of professional anthropologists from the most savage, uncivilized cultures left on the face of the earth, make up our crash curriculum designed for the health and happiness of today's dissatisfied urban denizens. In our week-long intensive program, we will teach you our tried and true **E-Z Out** drumming and chanting techniques, guide you on your first **Trance-Journeys** into the spirit-world of the shamans, and instruct you on how to find and train your very own **Spirit-Ally**, who will assist you in all your future endeavors, from astral projection to getting that next job promotion. You will be guided by actual disciples of original **Aboriginal Shamans**, and supplied with all the customized chants, rituals and magical accessories you'll need to start off on your new adventure as an **Urban Shaman.**TM We even instruct you on how to construct a sweat-lodge in the comfort of your own apartment or backyard.

NO need to fuss and fret about social critique, no more messy, impractical desires to change the world! Why bother attacking the roots of the dis-ease when you can alleviate its symptoms? As an **Urban Shaman,**TM you can transform your world just by changing your personal life. We're positive you'll find our **Crash Course** to be the perfect placebo for the spiritual and social bleakness endemic to modern life, consumable at your leisure and in the privacy of your own home.

OUR unique crash program has already proven to be just the thing for bringing family and friends closer together by sharing in the exotic thrills of primitive spiritualism. As a member of our **Healers' Network**, you may even meet your future significant other in the intimacy of sacred dances to the money-spirits. Be the first on your block to say, "I'm an **Urban Shaman!**"TM You'll cash in like never before on the cosmic energies of consumer culture when your **Shamanic DreamQuest**TM takes you on visionary tours of the radioactive shopping malls and freeways of the future.

REMEMBER, time is running out: the real shamans may be disappearing fast, but if you act now, *you* can be in the vanguard of those helping this time-honored tradition survive into the 21st century and beyond, and only at the low, low cost of \$999.99 per person. Just call this toll-free number and we'll sign you up today: **1-800-SHAMANS** (VISA and Mastercard accepted). **We guarantee:**

Your life will be transformed OR YOUR MANA BACK!!!



Reproduction of ancient Australian petroglyph said to foretell the coming of Urban Shamans.

SHAMANIC PRODUCTIONS, UNLIMITED/"Putting the Primitive to Work for You"

I think I'd get lumped into that group through association), I find this division dangerous, based in ghettoized reality and ageist.

Laure A., Queens, NY.

'Re-tread' rehabilitated

Dear Lev,

Congratulations on the success of *Anarchy*! Enclosed please find my subscription order and payment. Your journal has been vital to my rehabilitation as a 're-tread' anarchist from the '60s anti-war movement.

As such, I have been giving a lot of thought on the role of non-violence in anarchist revolution. I have come to the conclusion that violent revolution can only succeed in creating a new ruling class and that therefore a truly free, non-hierarchical, stateless society (i.e. anarchy) can only be created through nonviolent direct action [...]

In solidarity,
H.O., Pittsburg, CA.

Little funky strangities

Dear deer,

Wow, what another series of powerful mis, dis, or impeachable expressions. I hadda write. H.M. [see *Anarchy* #30, p.28, "With child/ adult sexuality proof doesn't matter"] in good ole Sheepland, England, authors of the demise of P.I.E. (just for desiring to defend themselves from sexual hysteria, England stomped 'em out), got my slimy bucket lurching.

I was listening contentedly as s/he spoke of being "torn between" the two beliefs of children's rights and her belief that they need protection, when then the dogma hit the fan. So many little funky strangities s/he whipped up (such an easy whip-up I must add), those any sheep can partake of from daily media hysteria, etc. etc. I had hoped s/he might *actually* question themselves objectively (*Oh no, not that!*).

I like the idea of questioning my sexual orientation but not using a map of dogmatic all-inclusive generalization-mongering. As 'sick' and 'perverted' and 'slimy' as I am (the individual person who loves boys and ain't

afraid to look into your eyes when I say it), I am in search of truth within my orientation. I am also interested in in-depth free-thinking. But H.M. doesn't give free-thought a chance. Using words worn out by every publication one can find in this 'free' country of ours, not even letting the idea of it (intergenerational consensual sex) edge onto an edge.

So I am tempted to follow each line of her/his monologue and question it or fuck with its dogmatic manipulations. But, then I realize one just can't change the opinions of a devout one by words from space alone. You either have got to know their game better or let the kids speak up. Lev did a damn fine job in doing better, I think [...]
C.D., Somerville, MA.

Porn is the theory...

Dear @ friends,

Just finished your 'women's' issue with its alarming number of feminist bashing articles, so I thought I'd write to try and balance the picture a bit.

First of all, I was left with the distinct impression that 'feminists' are somewhere out there—not here amongst us. The tone of political correctness seeped into many paragraphs unfortunately unnecessarily. Anarchism doesn't need to critique feminist ideology so much as recognize and integrate it. And feminism, as several writers pointed out, needs to sharpen up its critique of society beyond men. However, this does not call for inaccurate and downright wrong-headed name-calling.

Feminism does have an analysis of power—power at the personal level. This is what is so annoying to men. We won't let them intellectualize about the fascist oppressor, we require that they look at their own interactions with other human beings on a day to day, hour by hour basis. The Personal is the Political is the essence of feminism—and the denial of this insight lies at the heart of all critique of feminism. The Personal is the Political also lies at the heart of anarchism. How is it then, that throughout the history of anarchism men failed to write

about/recognize/deal with 'women's' issues. How is it that all these great august leaders overlooked personal oppression based on gender? It was certainly there—in marriage laws, in who did the laundry, in lower pay for women in the emerging capitalist system...how is it that they missed that capitalism only works because (as Ivan Illich has pointed out to us) women do the "shadow work"—the unpaid labor needed to support the wage slave? Well, feminism has noticed all this—since the 19th century—but, of course, men don't read women's books do they?

So. Feminism does have an analysis of power—of personal power, of economic power, of political power. Feminism more than another of our current ideologies has also had a long commitment to exploring and understanding the whole system of oppression. A flaw, which many of us are working to highlight, is that the major system of oppression—capitalism—is not well argued and understood by the sisters who are by and large the beneficiaries of that system. The major flaw is that feminism is a white/middle class/intellectual movement. If the depression gets going, they might suddenly see the light, however, as the major objective of this depression is to obliterate the middle class.

I would also like to hold forth briefly on the topic of pornography. It seems that this is a continual topic in your publication, one which the critics are hesitant to take on. You know that if you so much as mention it, you'll get a patronizing response from Lev—heavily laden with sarcasm and defensiveness. Well, I'm tough, so here goes.

To begin with, pornography is not about sex—it's about power. Anybody who's done any studying of the iconography and feminist analysis of porn will "get it." How can you tell it's about power? It's about who gets to look at who's body parts without asking (why not ask a real woman if you can look?); it's about who gets to decide the dominant images in our society—about who controls the porn industry (guess which sex?); it's about

camera angles; it's about 'gaze'—who it is created for (*Playgirl* is for gay men, not women). Pornography is not about sex, I repeat. I asked a young man recently what it was for—he said it was to masturbate to, that men liked nice pictures to look at while they pleased their bodies. So I said, okay, but then what are the images about pulling women up by chains attached to their breasts for? He didn't have an answer. None of the men I asked do. They claim not to know what snuff films are for either. Pleasure? Gimme a break! But women know. I know. I know how those images feel insight of my head and my heart. I know the fear that they are intended to perpetuate. But be careful, woman, I tell myself. Be careful because men will even try to deny your perspective, to deny, belittle, criticize, attack, denigrate—whatever. You should know, the misogynist voices whisper in my ear—you don't have the correct analysis. You're a puritan, you're trying to deny someone's rights to consume images of their choice. Nowhere, however, is there the mutual respect for my insights, my analysis, my feelings.

Porn is also about the power to make objects of people. It's why men won't deal with 'real' women—they have objects to deal with. I have to ask another hard question—why is this stuff made for men primarily? Why don't women use it? (I can hear Lev in the background saying, some do. Well, some women also support George Bush, buy fur coats, etc. etc.) Porn is not made for women, it's made for men. But wait a minute—

Porn is also about the power to use women as objects to get people to buy other objects. Porn is the theory—as one writer put it, and rape is the practice. I agree but more importantly, advertising is also the practice. Women's bodies fuel the fires of consumer capitalism. They always have. Porn is about the power to get people to buy things. It's not about sex. If it was about sex, we'd have more sex. But they use images of women's bodies to keep consumer capitalism going. And they do it, because it works. And it

works on both men and women. Women do, I humbly submit to my sisters—"buy" into pornography. Through advertising. Where it's more 'nice'. Where we can deny it too. Where it's only 'annoying'. But remember, it works. So if you're against capitalism, you have to be against advertising, and against porn. Because, as I said, porn is the theory. Its iconographic conventions are quickly moving into MTV, for instance, and into the advertising industry. They use it because it works. And what it gets us to do is buy stuff—not have pleasant relationships. Look around you at all the dysfunctional relationships between men and women.

Porn reduces women to objects for consumption. And as a woman I resent that. I am tired of seeing the dominant images in my culture of women twisted to the ends of consumer capitalism. And I'm really tired of so-called progressive men who "don't get it."

I'm also getting to the point where I don't want to debate with men about this unless we both have the same information. I've gone to a great deal of time and trouble to educate myself to the issues surrounding pornography. I am sensitive to others' rights. But I'm also tired of people (mostly men) hiding behind those rights and not addressing the issues I raise in a logical, consistent manner. For reading may I suggest: Andrea Dworkin, *Pornography*; Sut Jhally, *Codes of Advertising*, and his video on MTV, *Dreamworlds*; Susan Kappeler, *The Pornography of Representation*; the Film Board of

Canada's film, *Not a Love Story*. See, we do have an analysis of power. A feminist/anarchist analysis.

Sincerely,
A Feminist, Mankato, MN.

[Since this writer seems to think it's necessary to make snide comments about me, I'll contribute a couple remarks in reply. It seems to me that this type of response helps illustrate why there are so many anarchist women & men who refuse a 'feminist' identity. Certainly anarchist men & women have much still to learn in sensitivity to certain "women's issues." But too many ideological feminists also have a long way to go in leaving the theory & practice of male-bashing & sex-phobias behind. There are many things worth criticizing about pornography as it presently appears, however the anti-porn cliché which characterizes porn as the theory of rape is about as accurate as the anti-feminist cliché which equates feminism with sexual frustration. I really think we can rise above this level of discussion in these pages. -Jason]

Tight assed

Dear *Anarkie*,

Funny how a magazine calling itself *Anarchy* is so relentlessly conventional and tight assed in its utilization of form. I knew it was going to be bleak just by flipping thru it at the newsstand but purchased it anyway, hoping against hope that the themes of "Anarkee, Wymyn, and Gindurr" would turn up some females who were not lame.

First I skimmed a revue of *Sex Work* in which a daring individual calling himself 'D.' ignored

the most interesting implications of the book and resorted to platitudes and P.C. rhetoric about the evils of prostitution. Then after reading the essays, my belief that the Wymmin's Moovement is rife with uncreative dogma spewing harpies was reaffirmed. (I myself am female but am loathe to call myself a feminist or even a wo-man. I feel I am a space person trapped in the body of a stripper.)

In the first place, L. Susan Brown's use of the word 'power' in her essay "Beyond Feminism etc." is general and unconsidered. If anarchy is about destroying/denying power in all of its forms, yoo people can have it. *Dream on, little girls*. Of course, it makes sense that those who are the most deeply enslaved would be unable to distinguish between power and authority. And do you really feel that you are breaking ground by publishing articles like "Anarchism & Gender" and "There is no 'natural' human sexuality"? Come on—anyone can sling that shit around in Gender 101 at Anycollege, USA. Or get it in its more spectacular form on Donahue or Oprah, for free.

Last & least can't you find anyone who writes better than Laure Akai? It pained me to read scathing observations like: "if I were to say in the company of men or women that I would like to get into some guy's pants, the reaction would not be the same as if a man said this of a woman." Wow. Thank for the criteek.

Not anybody's sistur,
Candy Stör, Los Angeles, CA.

Against structurelessness

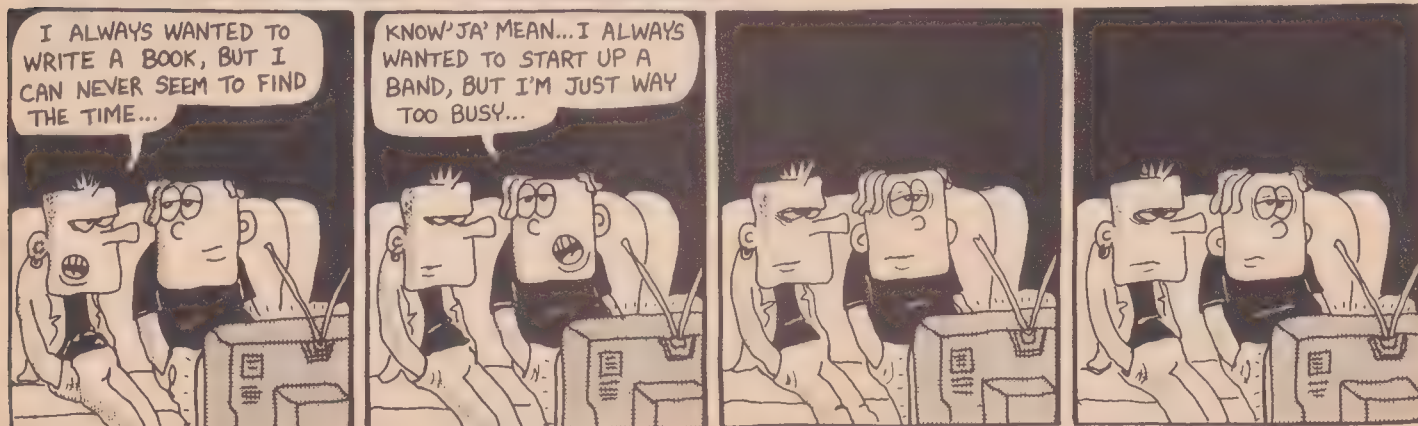
Dear *Anarchy*,

I am writing to comment on L. Susan Brown's article "Beyond Feminism: Anarchism and Human Freedom" appearing in your Winter '92 edition. In particular, I wish to defend Jo Freeman's article, "The Tyranny of Structurelessness," as I believe Brown has either unfairly or unknowingly misrepresented the thesis of Freeman's article.

"The Tyranny of Structurelessness" is an excellent feminist/anarchist essay that not only refutes popular myth that anarchy means disorder and chaos, but that describes concrete methods of abolishing power and domination (especially sexist domination) within collective groups. Freeman's main argument (which Brown obviously missed) is that it is impossible within any group to completely do away with structure. Some kind of structure will arise whether we like it or not. The point, therefore, is to *consciously* organize a structure that is free from hierarchy and domination, as opposed to allowing ourselves to fall into conditioned behavioral patterns that reinforce oppressive social relations.

For example, I am a member of a collective in Tallahassee, Florida, that consists of eight women and five men. As we do quite a bit of organizing in the local community, we quite often have to make important and sometimes urgent decisions. For a long time we tried to operate on a structureless basis, relying on a goal of informal consensus.

TWISTED IMAGE by Ace Backwords ©1992



We had no guidelines for procedure. Our decision-making body simply met once a week, sat around a table and, well, made decisions. Something happened that was unexpected but I'm sure is very common. Very soon, two or three of the men (myself one of them) ended up making almost all the decisions. Without realizing it, a tiny elite formed among us along gender lines. More particularly, what happened was the men, who have been socially conditioned to be assertive and unyielding, ended up doing ninety percent of the talking, and the women, many of whom have been conditioned throughout their lives to be passive and pliant, sat quietly, becoming more and more frustrated as time went on. Eventually this frustration turned into anger and by the time the women aired their grievances, we were all too emotionally involved to work our way out of the mess. Our group almost fell apart completely. The ironic thing is that we were all friends and had the same values regarding power, domination, sexism, etc. The problem therefore wasn't our intentions, but the fact that we had no process to formalize them. Our social conditioning, and our mistaken belief that we could form a structureless group, led us into a sexist hierarchy nearly beyond repair.

Luckily (and I truly mean that) we happened to be visited by Samara Smith and Joe Lowndes, two eco-anarchists from the Minneapolis-based anarchist political collective, AWOL, who were touring the country lecturing to youth green groups. Samara's lecture was on non-sexist, feminist/anarchist group process. It couldn't have come at a better time. We invited her back a few days later to do a workshop with our collective where we analyzed sexist behavior and discussed ways to eradicate it within our group. One of the ways is to have a rotating facilitator whose responsibility it is to make sure that some people aren't dominating the discussion and to encourage the more timid members to speak up (note: this means more than making sure everyone has a chance to speak up). Another

responsibility of the facilitator might be to watch for and point out those forms of unspoken sexism; like when men repeat what a woman just said or when the men are giving each other eye contact but not the women. Another method is to have critical discussions after each meeting on how the meeting went. What's important to remember, Samara told us, is that nobody is claiming there is a set of procedural rules that can impose egalitarianism on an unwilling group. There must be a human element of desire involved. What she was claiming, however, was that the absence of any organizational structure will elicit hierarchical behavior patterns in almost all groups, no matter what their intentions are.

A formal structure was therefore needed to eradicate these patterns. This is Jo Freeman's point in "The Tyranny of Structurelessness." The question of power is not one of structure

heterosexual lines. They may even transcend biological or lifestyle categories. For example, friends may simply form themselves into elites within a group because they happen to be more assertive (this does not imply that they do it consciously, although they might).

Most of us who work in collectives have probably experienced these subtle power relations, on one side or the other. Some people claim they demonstrate "human nature." Anarchists claim they show conditioned behaviors and can be unlearned. That is what Jo Freeman says in "The Tyranny of Structurelessness," something that L. Susan Brown seems to have missed. I wonder if she has even read the article, for some of Brown's statements amaze me. Consider the sentence: "Jo Freeman...argues that feminists must abandon their small leaderless groups in favor of delegated power and a strong, centralized,

feminist organization." What?! Nowhere in Freeman's article does she say anything like that. By using the words 'leaderless', and 'centralized' she portrays Freeman's critique of structurelessness as a call for a Leninist vanguard, something anyone who has read Freeman's article knows is ridiculous. And where did she get "delegated power" from? I just don't understand.

"The Tyranny of Structurelessness" is so clear that I believe Brown has perverted Freeman's essay to pad her own otherwise excellent article. Kind of like the

straw man argument. You create a weak opponent—a "straw man" (or in this case a woman)—so you can knock her down easily, thus providing an impetus for your own argument. The only problem with this is that Jo

Freeman is a real woman, with valuable information for all of us interested in creating a non-hierarchical society. By straw-woman-ing her, you may make your point understood more clearly, but you harm all of us at the same time.

Solidarity,
M.S., Tallahassee, FL.

Who laughs last?

Lev,

You are a snake combining my letter to the editor with other material. So, you found a way to print the letter and avoid the confrontation. Some editor of what is supposed to be anarchy. [Note: see the letter from D.S. titled "Uniquenesses?" on page 36 of issue #31/Winter '92.]

No wonder you don't find Stirner light-hearted. He laughs in your face. He says, Lev, get out of my sunshine.

On p.20 he also says Jews cannot be spiritual, or assign "no value" to things. No, Stirner would not be light-hearted to a Jew.

Your rag is coming apart at the seams because you avoid issues, and that is the cause of your financial distress, not otherwise.

I wonder what Sagehorn will say now. Your financial difficulties advance the cause of anarchy light years.

D.S., Bonsall, CA.

[I appreciate neither your implied put-down of the reptilian suborder Serpentes, nor your half-digested reading of Stirner, who would not be likely to cheer the 'advance' of any 'cause' but his own! As for your allegations that we combined your letter with other material, you are the one who put the material together. We merely transcribed it from your juxtaposition of photocopied and penned words, all of which we assumed you intended for publication. And although some parts of your missive made some sense, neither I nor other readers that I've talked to have been able to decipher what exactly your central point was supposed to be. -Jason]

Society is fucked

Dear Lev Chernyi and Toni Otter,

My name is J.F. and I am 13



"Awaken." By Marie Catherine (Columbus, OH.).

versus no structure, but rather of informal, hierarchical structure versus formal, egalitarian structure.

Similar types of hierarchies develop in all-women groups. They may form along lesbian or

years old. My brother bought your magazine and I saw it laying around, and I started reading it. I could not understand a lot of stuff, but I did not know that anarchy is something the Sex Pistols were into and I dig them immensely. They are one of my fave bands along with Bob Dylan, Fugazi, Vu, and The Replacements. My brother turned me on to all of them, except for Dylan who my dad used to listen to all the time until he blew his brains out last August. Anyways, I've thought about killing myself too but I probably won't do it. I really do think that society is fucked though. I guess that's why I'm writing you. It's not like I was going to write fucking Dear Abby and read her bullshit 6 months from now in the *L.A. Times*. I know I'm not making any sense right now, but that's just the way it is. I wish I didn't have asthma because I'd love to get high. I did it twice last year but I ended up hacking up blood. I don't know. Never mind. There's a cat outside my window that is making a noise that sounds like 'Help'. I'm going to check it out. Now I changed my mind. I think the reason I'm writing is to tell y'all that it is really cool that you gotta magazine like you do. Hopefully enough people will read it that one day we can destroy all the bullshit that this fucking society has falsely created. I want to do something, but most of my friends are just poser stoners or fools. I'm no Einstein myself, but I realize that I don't want to end up at some dead end lame ass job like my old man did. I guess I'm asking for some advice—I don't know, I sometimes just like to put the pen to paper. I would like to hear from you guys, though.

Thanks,
J.F., Los Angeles, CA.

Mexican contacts

Hi Lev et al at C.A.L.,
[...] Tim & I went down to Ocotopac, Morelos for the Mexican Anarchist Gathering in September and got a chance to meet some really good people down there and spend a week developing contacts. It basically was a first meeting so a lot of

BUREAU OF POLITICAL CORRECTIVENESS DIRECTIVE 2358-A

In order to further augmentiate the empowermentalization of the pluralist societization, the Bureau of Political Correctiveness (BPC) has issued new, more 'accurate' designatory termisticalisms.

All columnists, pundits, college professors, federal bureaucrats, sensitive souls and aware individuals are required forthwith to strike all terms from the left-hand column and replace them with the more 'accurate' terminologies expressualized in the right-hand column. This directive to be implementalized immediatelistically.

Lost	LOCATIONALLY CHALLENGED
Low-life Scum	DIFFERENTLY ENLIVENED
Crooked (see also Politician)	ETHICALLY CHALLENGED
Rich	DIFFERENTLY INCOMED
Homeless	RESIDENTIALLY CHALLENGED
Columnist, Pundit	INTELLECTUALLY CHALLENGED
Bush, George Herbert Walker (see also Quayle, J. Danforth)	DIFFERENTLY ENMACHOEED
Obese	DIFFERENTLY METABOLIZED
Skinny	INSULATIONALLY CHALLENGED
Sociology Professor (see also Postmodern Deconstructionist Marxist)	DIFFERENTIALISTICALLY VOCABULARIZED
Endangered Species	HABITATIONALLY CHALLENGED
Reagan, Ronald Wilson	DIFFERENTLY REALITIED
Politically Correct	PROPERLY ENLIGHTENED

Please post, recopy, reproduce, reprint, republish, redisseminationalize in order to expeditionate the diffusionary processualization. In order to access additional terminologisms, and/or to provide feedbacks, please contact: Bureau of Political Correctness (POB 31848, Seattle, WA. 98103-1848).

the Mexicans were basically doing the same thing—testing the waters for future connections, hearing about various projects, various personal & organizational histories, etc. Among these are a Mexican Anarchist Archive in Mexico City, various community centers, collective health projects, newspapers, magazines and future meetings. One of the most interesting is a bee-culture/community health care collective in Querétaro, from whom we just received a letter asking for support from us 'wealthy' gringos. Their plan is to have 200 bee hives to make & sell honey & honey products which will

support their collective so they will have time to work on community health projects in the poor barrios of their region. They want to build a dormitory for women coming to their community from the countryside and need \$5,000 to complete their project. If anyone would like to financially help out, they can send money to: Gloria Estrada Tellez, Apartado Postal 36-4, Querétaro, Qro. C.P. 76080, Mexico.

Take care,
T., San Francisco, CA.

More of the same

Dear *Anarchy* readers,

Lev Chernyi is right when he wrote in issue #30 about the necessity of undermining "the emerging faction of western capital." Now that the Soviet Union has dissolved into smaller nation-states and the world political climate has changed considerably from the "cold war," the world situation seems clearer than ever. The great majority of people on the planet continue to have their lives, on every level,

Anarchist Contacts

This will be a new listing of addresses of groups and individuals who would like to see the growth and development of anarchist practice of one form or another. The list will help enable those participating to make regional contacts and intercommunication links based on their self-defined perspectives.

If you'd like to see your address added to this listing just write to us and we'll include your name, address, and a short (20 words or less) description of your perspective, practice and/or desires. Each contact address will be run in two successive issues.

(Note: We are only compiling this list, we are not endorsing the positions of those who have asked to be listed.)

Josephine Geurils
POB 684323
Austin, TX. 78768

Assn. for Ontological Anarchy
c/o Autonomedia
Box 568
Brooklyn, NY. 11211

Bayou La Rose
c/o Arthur Miller
302 N. "J" St., Apt 3
Tacoma, WA. 98403

Attack International
BM 6577
London WC1N 3XX
England

"bOB" McGlynn
528 5th Street
Brooklyn, NY. 11215

Trevor
POB 23061
Knoxville, TN. 37933-1061

Tad Kopley
c/o Autonomedia
POB 568
Brooklyn, NY. 11211

David
18 N. Boundary Rd.
Burnaby, B.C. V5K 3S3
Canada

Wendy S. Duke
POB 80044
Akron, OH. 44308

Eleutheros Prod.
POB 2265
Albany, NY. 12220

James Koehnline
POB 85777
Seattle, WA. 98145-1777

Rhonda K. Kitchens
POB 20872
Tampa, FL. 33622-0872

Rob Los Ricos
504 W. 24th #81
Austin, TX. 78705

James H. Diggs
2301 Maryland, #102
Baltimore, MD. 21218

Ron Sakolsky
Fools Paradise
Pawnee, IL. 62558

(d)anger
POB 203
Portland, OR. 97201

warped and perverted by the use of hierarchies and power relationships to enforce the consensus reality of adherence to the logic of the "super community of capital" that is a more realistic description of the "New World Order."

We are definitely headed for more of the same in a different wrapper unless some fundamental changes occur. The U.S. government and its politicians are now talking about the need for the U.S. to keep its status as world leader and this translates into a whole slew of domestic repercussions, one of which looks to be, in guise of the "National Security Education Act," a greater effort on the part of intelligence agencies to recruit new life forms from academia. This would perfectly complement the statement made by Bush on national TV after the latest war, "What we say goes!"

Needless to say, this is all very transparent to those of a critical awareness of the long sad history of this civilization (War after war, power games, environmental destruction, static, fixed

proliferation of anti-authoritarian ideas among the general population. Before critical theory should come practical, relevant steps that people can take in their daily lives. One example of this could be striving for equality in relationships, basing them on honesty and mutual respect, and laying the framework for wider awareness and different more satisfying social relationships in the future. And we have to become less afraid of controversy in our personal interactions. A few alpha/theta waves to break up the dominant beta wave—the stress mindstate that most adults have in their daily lives—are always a good thing! But for those who don't want to be publicly associated with controversial ideas, there's much more that can be done anonymously, like letters, radio call-ins, pranks, graffiti, flyering, etc.

We have to experiment in all avenues of our lives to continually push for authentic experience and freedom, and to me this has a lot to do with alternate states of consciousness in ourselves and others. But we

structures designed to implement decisions made by an elite that are self-serving and violently expansive, lack of awareness of the interconnectedness of life, and other nice things). I realize there are efforts underway right now to resist all of this, and I think we could always use more

can't hold others up to our standards or coerce them; we can only offer suggestions and intervene where necessary to challenge basic attitudes that encourage division such as racism, sexism, homophobia, reality-ism, age-ism, etc. But attack is not always the best form of defense. Why not withdraw the support our internal processes give to the mortar of the wall before we ram our heads into it? This can, and will, be a difficult process, but it must be done if that wall is to crumble.

For a crisis of consciousness, Fugitive Jester, Carbondale, IL.

Ps. When people speak about the "end of history," I'm curious as to what this entails in their minds. I assume this is, among other things, a way of expressing the desire for absolute divergence from the process of conflict as seen in the dialectical view of history as well as a desire to be free from the enforcement of linear perception? I'd be interested in hearing from other readers about this.

Quitting the rat race

Dear Lev,

I would like to respond to two letters that appeared in recent issues of *Anarchy*.

Letter from Feral Faun, Spring 1991 issue: "I'd like to see more descriptions and examinations of rebellious activities... that spring from the real lives of people.... Rather than trying to convert people to anarchism, we'd do better to share dreams, desires, passions—and information about the ways people elsewhere have actively expressed these things...."

Letter from C.W. in the Summer 1991 issue: "I don't see much in the way of practical alternatives to go along with the scathing critiques!...A lot of people would agree that current ways of attempting to meet human needs are corrupt [and] contradictory...But unless a break away is actually possible and not just poetic/rebellious speculation where are we?... How about more specific examples of alternatives? How things can get done, how things have been done in the past (and pres-

ent) situations to establish a real relevance to the anti-state concept.... I would like to hear an argument for meeting these needs in a modern day context in a non-authoritarian way...."

There is indeed a way of actively expressing the anti-state concept in one's personal life—a "practical alternative [to the] current ways of attempting to meet human needs." I have devised and practiced such an alternative in my own personal life.

I Shrugged away many years ago, resolving to live in such a way that I would make the smallest possible productive contribution to the State. Over the years I have devised a lifestyle that gives me a very high standard of living and considerable economic security while safely denying to the State any benefit from my creative ability.

I am reluctant to publish a detailed description of my lifestyle, but I would welcome correspondence with other libertarian-minded folks who sincerely want to quit the rat race and establish a lifestyle consistent with the ethical philosophy we share.

David King
58 Spring Valley Drive
Milford, WY. 82520

Autonomist poets?

Dear folks at C.A.L.,

Hi, my name is Packrat and I'm writing from Oakville, Ontario in Canada. I've enjoyed your publications @ & N.A.A.R. for quite some time and would like to enlist your help with a project I am currently working on, which is a monthly journal of poetry stemming from the autonomous movement. The paper is called the *Cockroach* and I've enclosed issue #1 in this letter. What I need is submissions of poems, songs & artwork by working class/autonomous revolutionaries & sympathizers. Any help you can give (even just printing this letter) would be greatly appreciated. Thanks a lot & keep it up!

Truth & solidarity,
Packrat
c/o Cockroach Collective
113 Elmwood Rd.
Oakville, Ont. L6K 2A6
Canada

Anti-Authoritarians Anonymous is no more

Anti-Authoritarians Anonymous receives, on a daily basis, requests for flyers and/or the compilation of AAA flyers known as *Adventures in Subversion*. While it is flattering that various publications continue to discover and recommend our stuff, it's also difficult to satisfy queries: *Adventures in Subversion* has been out of print for years and AAA, strictly speaking, has been extinct for even longer. So please aim requests elsewhere. On the other hand, anyone interested in publishing an updated version of *Adventures* is invited to contact AAA, POB 11331, Eugene, OR. 97740.

Thanks,
J.Z., Eugene, OR.

Intellectual pooh-pooh

Dearest *Anarchy* people,

Even though I canceled my subscription over 2 years ago, I find that I've continued to get a hold of a copy of every issue and read it cover to cover. Damn, it makes me mad/frustrated to read much of the puffed up intellectual pooh-pooh—but so does everything else I read. Deep down I love your magazine and I attribute much of my own political & personal development to the ideas that have been laid out on the pages of *Anarchy* since I first picked up a copy in 1985 at the gentle age of 16. In a way, *Anarchy* relieved me of my mindless political virginity.

Thanks! Enclosed is my \$9.
Have a nice day—@,
E.F., Portland, OR.

More grassroots meetings

Dear *Anarchy*,

It seems to me that this decade should be dedicated to action, not sitting on sofas and reading eloquent, suffocating articles. Connect us. Connect us. I take my guides from prisoners in this country, as I feel that we are all imprisoned until there is a mass revolution. Why waste paper writing about things most of us know already? There isn't time enough. Resist everything. Boycott everything. Except phys-

ical action & freedom of speech. Overseas journals such as *Attack* I think put your press to shame.

I vote for more pages on grassroots meetings all across America so we can really begin rage & terrorism. The voices in your letters column are so angry, so ready to respond & to act. Anything else is just apathy, giving in to fear of the president, a fucking waste of trees, death of youth, masturbation.

Bomb the Banks,
Wavering sustaining contributor

'Dezombization'

Dear Lev,

We now & then hear of the human as *zomby*.

But let's say the *civilized* human.

Prior to civilization, prior to some 6,000 years back, was the human anything *but* a *zomby*? Like *animals in the wild* anything but.

But what's a *zomby*? I'd define it as anybody *half-dead*.

Now to be half-dead means the half-alive is continually straining at the leash to become, *again* become, *all-alive*, to revert to the all-aliveness of precivilization, prehistory.

And that about describes the civilized human—us, that is—this split between what's dead in us & what's live, engendering the *zombyism*, or *live-corpse* condition.

So *how*, 6 millennia back, did we come to *half-die*? Well, to build a sedentary setup known as civilization—the end of nomadism, domestication of animals, agriculture, etc.—all this *looked pretty good*. Who cares to bust his butt always hunting down a wild cow, pig, chicken, etc., when these could be *domesticated, farmed*, and the milk or meat always available! Or, from planting, *vegetables* always available.

So civilization did bring on certain improvements, comforts, a food surplus (no more hand-to-mouth). And order.

Order? Guess where this *order* had led to. It led to, as the crow flies, a *government*, a *state—priests, politicians, bureaucrats, cops!* The whole *shebang!*

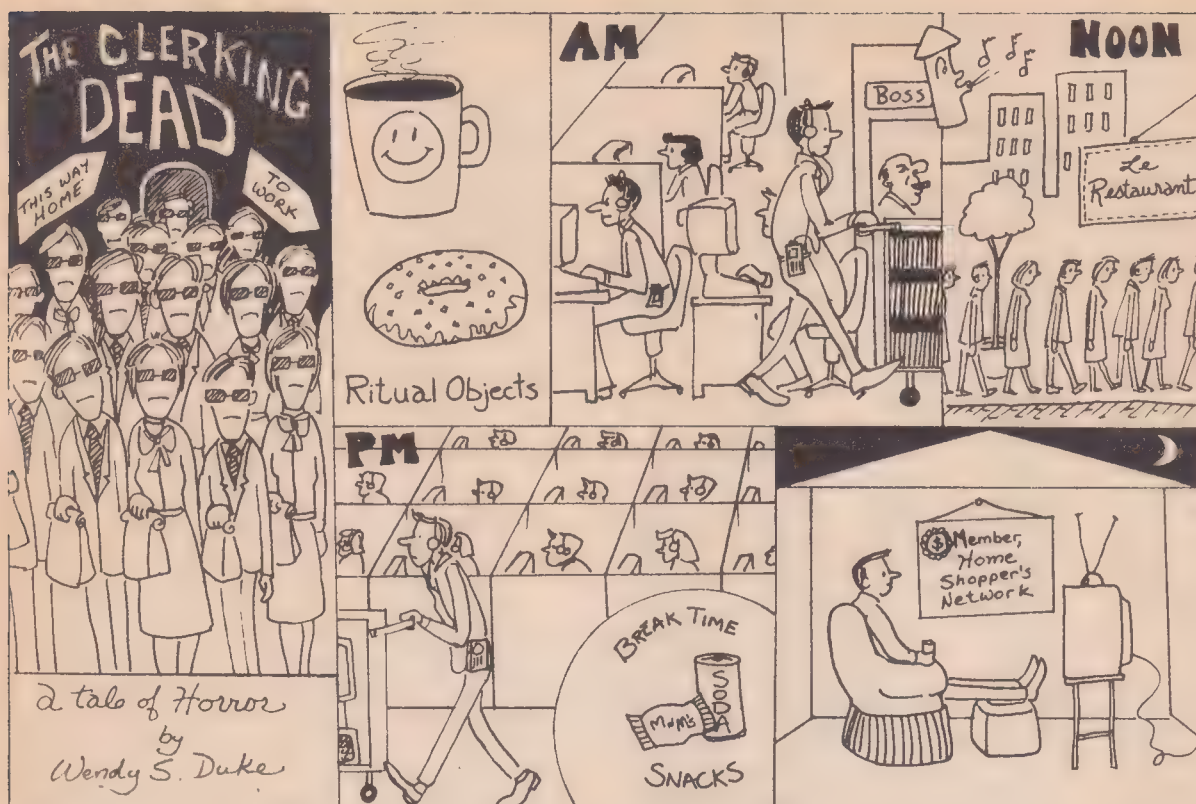
Who decided this state? Good question! We know who *benefit-*

ted from it—those few males who, disrupting the foregoing matriarchal equal-sharing, had grabbed the lion's share of the surplus & agricultural land, setting up a *class setup*, and the *state* to *protect* it, a setup to this very day, the past couple of hundred years known as capitalism.

Actually, though, the bulk of the population, by passively *going along* with this new setup, *in effect* had decided or endorsed it, as they do to this very day, be it West, East or Third World, endorsement of the classism underwritten and enforced by the statism.

We endorse, we go along, mainly because the authoritarian state is not only *outside* us but, like a termite embedded in wood, *inside* us, inside *each* of us. An *internal* cop. To expel or expunge this cop is as difficult as to expel the *external* one. Why? Because each of us in the 6,000-year civilization, as I started out saying, is but half-alive, straining—mostly subconsciously or ancestral memory—to be *all-alive*, to *bust out* of this 6,000-year state of alienation (*state* as double-entendre). In this subconscious straining, striving, we become *hyper*, what Thoreau called "quiet desperation"—in which "the mass of men live." Or *anomie*, *alienation*, *estrangement*, *angst* ("angst in the pants"). We can't relax. Not really, not naturalistically. Not as we could in precivilization. We can't be doing just *nothing*, as could an animal in the wild (after it has its meal).

So what has this civilizational hyper to do with the inability at getting rid of that *internal* cop? Well, to be hyper is to go off half-cocked, like berserk! A propensity at *doing* something, *anything!* Smoking! Boozing! Coffee-drinking! Drugs (licit or illicit)! Junk foods! TV-watching hours on end! All sorts of *formal* exercise—jogging, pushups, etc.! (Ever see an animal do push-ups?) Spectator sports, 20th-century "bread & circuses"! And if all that still won't calm us civilized homo sapiens, then war *will!* For *awhile* anyway (till the body bags start coming home). War is (re: Randy Bourne) the health of the state—for *sure* war



between nations or ethnic groups, as the state in each stays. "The enemy is at home!"

But more than "at home," the enemy as I'm saying, is in each of us, *each civilizational psyche*, that *internal cop*. Our helter-skelter activities block us from dealing with *this cop* no less than with the *external* one. As anarchism remains, at best, a distant dream.

How make anarchism not-so-distant? At least internally, psychically! *Decivilize? Run off to the woods & be a recluse?* Not really. Even Thoreau, running off to Walden, still paid visits to his ma's house, if but to raid the cookie jar. And even *he* said civilization had some good points.

Thus needed is not a decivilization but a *destatized* civilization, *de-authoritarianized*. And if not *destatized* externally, then at least *internally*. But how? *How to get rid of that internal cop!* A particular way is to emulate the prehistoric person, though not in every way (like giving up our flushing toilets or telephones), but in some vital ways. Like *natural foods*, fruit in particular. The prehistoric person, at least the *early* one, the *dawn* person,

was *frugivorous*. And are we not by *nature* frugivorous (rather than carnivorous or omnivorous)? *We are!* (with no apologies to the meat eaters).

This selective emulation of the non-statized, non-hyper prehistoric ancestor is a way, actually, of busting out of the *Catch-22*—our hyper deflecting us from dealing with the internal cop (or external) and this cop causing our hyper. Let's, then, suggest *one more* emulation, this time in the *sex* or *love* area. The prehistoric ancestor, definitely the *dawn* ancestor, was into *free love* (as *most* animal species are into). The monotony of monogamy was still far down the evolutionary track, not really emerging until *civilization* sets in, when we get not only monogamy but *coerced, mandatory* monogamy (along with the coerced polygamy, to this very day in parts of Africa & Asia, women forced to wear the veil).

Non-monogamy! Non-polygamy! FREE LOVE! This precivilizational, pre-statist trait, and particularly coupled with the dawn-person natural non-hyper diet—this trait ought to be on the agenda of anyone seeking to *destatize*, to *anarchize*, to *rid*

oneself of one's internal cop. It's then not just anarchism but *practicing, existential* anarchism, taking anarchy out of cloud-9, where it's been the past 6,000 years, and placing it (as we explore the theories of Wilhelm Reich and the like) in our everyday lives!

Existential anarchy is perhaps better known as *personal revolution*. Whatever the term, it spells *dezombiyization*.

S.C., Detroit, MI.

Three faces of the media

The validity of underground information is often hurt by the inability to verify a lot of it. But then again, think of mass media coverage of the Gulf War; there were many unsubstantiated reports aired, for instance, every missile attack by Iraq was prejudged by the media to be a chemical attack, when that didn't even actually happen once.

I'm bringing all of this up now to share my perspective on the way information about what was going on came to me. I'm the editor of a magazine dedicated almost exclusively to reprinting articles from underground and alternative publications. Besides

receiving many newspapers and magazines, I also get a lot of flyers and pamphlets. As the Gulf War approached and came in December 1990 and January 1991 I was glutted with material. The anti-war movement was circulating all kinds of stuff that was pretty hard to verify.

We all know the story, but please allow me to rehash for a moment in order to keep it all straight. The information I had at the time was basically unsubstantiated hearsay, a lot of it was bad photocopies of typewritten rambling and ranting, but it all pretty much said the same

thing. It said that Iraq had invaded Kuwait because they were overproducing oil, which pushed the price down and was costing debt-ridden Iraq big bucks. The kicker was that Iraq also alleged that Kuwait was slant-drilling into an Iraqi oil field.

This seemed really odd. The general notion was that Iraq had invaded Kuwait 'for' oil. Now people were saying that the invasion wasn't for oil, but 'about' oil, and there was more to it. Iraq had made an ultimatum to a US ambassador, asking the US to take a stand. The US ambassador basically told them that they had to work out their differences between themselves. We'd never heard any of this from the mass media. But you've got to remember, this was information being passed around as flyers; hard to validate....

Around the time the US bombing of Iraq began in January 1991, the story had been validated and was being published by the regular alternative press. By "regular alternative press" I mean publishers who have reputations and who can't just mouth off the way you can in the underground. Whether the underground was mouthing

off or not, they had the right story and they had it first.

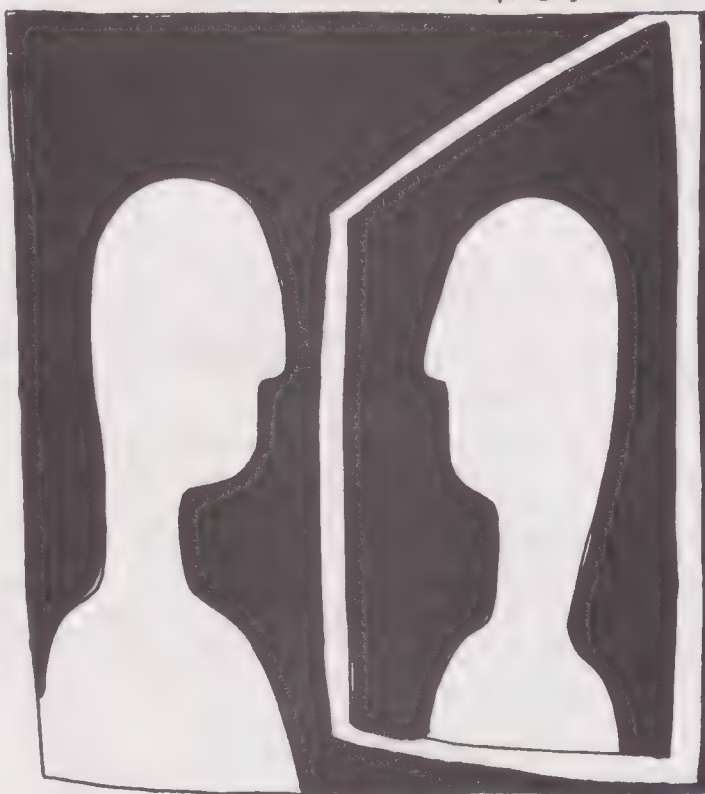
This pre-invasion story never surfaced in the mass media until the war was nearly over, around mid-February '91. The US Ambassador, April Glaspie, said herself that she may have made a mistake by not taking a US stand on the Kuwait-Iraq conflict, which has got to be one of the great understatements of the century....

So, here's the mass media finally reporting a story that was circulating in the underground as much as five months earlier. What's the new story that's receiving emphasis in the underground? The new story is that while Ambassador Glaspie was telling Iraq that the US didn't take a stand on the conflict, the US was telling Kuwait not to even talk to Iraq, but of course, this was all unsubstantiated underground scuttlebutt anyway.

I vividly remember and was impressed by what happened next. By the time the mass media was reporting a ground war, the underground and alternative presses simultaneously turned their attention toward the declining state of education in America. Once the war was over and fast becoming a fogged memory, the mass media turned its attention toward: the declining state of education in America.

The underground tends to be about one to three months ahead of the mainstream, but by the same token, one step behind. Stories surface in the mainstream then submerge to the underground for closer examination, with the potential to resurface with added trimming. The mainstream, alternative, and underground presses all drink from the same watering hole, but each leaves with a different portion of the goodies. An example of this is the BCCI scandal. In this story the mainstream down-played CIA and US Government involvement, while concentrating primarily on general private sleaziness. The alternative press to varying degrees, took both possibilities into consideration. The underground and more extremist alternative press overemphasized CIA and US Government involvement with-

What meeting your creator looks like:



©1992 by Mr. Fish (4510 Ritchie Street, Philadelphia, PA. 19127). Mr. Fish

out much comment on the general private sleaziness.

With so much variability in viewing the information it's pretty difficult to unearth the truth.

In conclusion I'd like to explain how I determine what I consider the truth to be. When a story breaks in the mass media I tend to immediately doubt its validity because they slant everything with so much bias the truth is lost in the gutter. The alternative press is just as biased, but in a different direction. And the underground gets to mouth off without proof!

I can see that each source of information concentrates more on its own bias than on the truth. For this reason the truth lies somewhere in the muck. When a piece of information appears by itself in the mainstream, alternative, or underground, it may be a one-third truth. When the same information appears in two of the three, it may be a two thirds truth. When something appears in all

three, it's definitely the undeniable, inescapable truth, but don't you believe it.

Ken Wagner
Blue Ryder Magazine
Box 587
Olean, NY 14760

Woes/throes linger

Dear Editors,

I am moved to assert my being in receipt of #30 Fall '91 edition of *Anarchy*. A lively edition with an appealing cover. I thank you for keeping me on your mailing list, whereupon you did not hide thy face and forge-test my affliction and my oppression. This edition will temporary elevate my mind from my present prison environment. The tyrant warden inflicted myself with a sack lunch. Three cold meals a day in a sack (bag). This sack lunch is a means of discipline. A disposition for allegedly breaking one or more of this prison's million rules. That you usually do not know exist until

you allegedly broke them.

I petition the court the evidence (I shall) adduce in respect of the administration of discipline within Columbia Prison will disclose a disregard of constitutional guarantees of so grave a nature as to violate the most common notions of due process and humane treatment; without adequate food my strength and mental alertness decline rapidly. The security warden Kyle Davidson enjoys complete control over all resources of pleasure, comfort and basic needs. Moreover, the pains of hunger constitute a dull, prolonged sort of corporal punishment.

In *Landman v. Royster*, 333 F., Supp.621, where the court considered a bread and water diet, the practice is therefore both generally disapproved and obsolescent and even within this penal it is not seriously defended as essential to security. It causes therefore an unnecessary affliction of pain. Furthermore, a technique designed to break a person's spirit not just by denial of physical comforts but of necessities to the end that his powers of resistance diminish, the bag lunch diet is inconsistent with current minimum standards of respect for human dignity. The courts in Wisconsin will have no problem determining that it is a violation of the Eighth Amendment; also of 300 F.,Supp.832. So hopefully a change will manifest in this regard. The food drugging continues; so do my endeavors to curtail it. Some changes have manifest in the areas of brute harassment. All other woes/throes linger. Surely, the government has earned itself dire foe via my experience: "In wisdom is much grief and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."

Very truly yours,
Ernie Gray
Columbia Prison
P.O. Box 900
Portage, Wisconsin 53901

A world without dominators and dominated

Hi companions!

I'm writing to you imbued with great enthusiasm, happy to know that there exist men in this planet who are living for a big-

Orgasmic Communion

An Immodest Proposal

Have you ever thought, "I wonder how many people are having sex at this particular moment?" I know I have. And what I'm now proposing consecrates this simple idea. I suggest that on June 21, 1992 we set aside the hour between 2:00am and 3:00am GMT to celebrate an Orgasmic Communion. Now, 2:00am Greenwich Mean Time, if I've got this right, translates to 9:00pm June 20, 1992 in New York, 8:00pm in New Orleans, 7:00pm in Denver, and 6:00pm in Los Angeles.

Say What!

During this hour of Orgasmic Communion, all those so inclined will indulge in their favorite non-coercive sexual activity with or without a partner (or partners), knowing that they do so in conjunction with a multitude of others.

Why?

I feel, in this age of AIDS and the repression of sexual liberty, that it is important that we affirm the healthful and connective powers of our capacity for sexual pleasure in all its guises and acknowledge that the pleasure we find in our bodies is a thread that runs through the lives of all the people of the earth, transcending race, religious creeds, national boundaries, and physical attributes. There is an ecological aspect as well, because sex, as part of the natural rhythm of life, can awaken in us a sense of our responsibility to each other and to the earth, our home. You could even have sex outdoors during the event to affirm our connection with the earth. This Orgasmic Communion might also, in some small way, combat the guilt and fear that attends too many of us in the acting out of our sexual natures.

Although it's called an Orgasmic Communion, please don't feel that an orgasm is required. You're quite welcome to simply sit and sip your tea, beer, or expensive champagne and try to grok the notion of so many people throughout the world enjoying themselves.

It's also up to you whom you tell about your participation. It can be done without telling anyone or you can an-

nounce your intention to join in the Orgasmic Communion on national television.

And What About AIDS?

The reality of AIDS should make us just that more aware of the need to be responsible in our interactions with each other. If you do participate in the Orgasmic Communion, please do so responsibly.

How Is Everyone Going To Find Out About This Event?

The Orgasmic Communion will be generated on a grassroots level; there's no big organization behind it. In fact, as I write this, there's only me, and I certainly don't have the resources to promote it by myself. So, either enough people will be turned on by the idea of an Orgasmic Communion to make it happen on the scale that I envision or it'll only take place in a limited way.

What Can I Do?

- 1.) Make copies of this and distribute it to anyone you think might be interested. Talk it up.
- 2.) Contact any local media that you think would be willing to publish or broadcast the information here.
- 3.) Send all appropriate national, foreign, or international publications copies of this information. Don't worry about duplication, the more people they hear from the better.
- 4.) If you have the personality and the courage for it, try going on radio and television.
- 5.) Use your noggin and think of even better ways to get the word out.

If This One Is A Success, Why Not Another One?

Sure, why not?

Theme song: "Come Together" by the Beatles

Possible incantation:

"With juice and jism
bridge the chasm.
All draw strength
from this communion."

Stan Major (POB 408, Chloride, AZ. 86431)

I hope you'll join us.

ger ideal. That they fight and are utilizing the written word to bring consciousness to the crowds, preparing their minds to be self-governed.

But the principal reason resides in my wish to take part actively in the anarchist movement, because I have been suffering in maintaining the functioning of a machine in which I don't believe, in selling my self for a price when I don't want to, and in representing fidelity to the oppressors.

Ending, I ask you to write me giving ideas that let me know about the anarchistic things of your country, or else, send me all of your magazine issues, OK?

I say goodbye, in hopes of collaboration for a world without dominators and dominated.

Thanks for your attention and good will.

Libertarian Salutes,
Moésio Rebouças
Caixa Postal 78
1150 Cubatão-SP
Brasil

Glancing through

Dear *Anarchy*,

I received an issue of your magazine through a friend (#31 to be exact) and I was glancing through it not really paying rapt attention until I got to the "Letters" and began to read them.

Being confined myself in the Wisconsin State Prison system I understand all of what L.V. from Gordon was saying and I agree totally, and not only with him but also A.F. from Oxford, the overcrowding in this state is so far out of hand it is becoming chaos. Rooms meant for single prisoners are doubled & double rooms are tripled with serious talk of turning those into four man rooms.

I am currently at an institution that has a segregation (the hole) unit that is full constantly, that is doubled up and that has bathroom facilities consisting of a pot with a lid that the prisoners are allowed to empty twice a day. If someone complains it's written off because of overcrowding!

As repulsive as I find child abuse to be I can't help but wonder if A.F. is not or is telling the truth about his case of entrapment. In my own case of delivery officials lied on the stand, had conflicting stories, it was proven the same day by the police's own recording that he lied and still the judge refused to dismiss my case, I was still found guilty & sentenced to seven years. I am appealing but since I cannot afford a real lawyer of my own, my chances of actually winning are a joke in this state.

After reading all the letters I took a second look at the whole issue and for the most part I agreed with a lot of the articles. I would like to be put on your mailing list to further explore on points of view that were

stated in your magazine. [...]

Thanks,
E.P., Fox Lake, WI.

Desperate, subversive act

Dear *Anarchy*,

I am a former student of Political and Social Thought at the University of Virginia who now is receiving a real education in political thought, serving a thirteen month sentence in a federal prison for two doses of LSD (a serotonin inhibitor which is a marvelous paradigm smasher and I must credit for breaking me out of a thanatophilic mental cage that I was in, my senior year of high school, as an Eagle Scout and ROTC applicant—fashioning myself to be a willing implement of destruction for the corporate state. I would not unconditionally recommend it for everybody as one's chemical balance can be a hazardous thing with which to mess, but in my case it was a desperate, subversive act by the human being in me to overthrow the death-robot that 18 years of cultural programming had constructed in my mind.)

I have come across *Anarchy* #31, which another inmate passed on to me, and been delighted to find such a nexus point of free thinking. While not wanting to encase my political views into a labelled position, I have been struggling out of the bonds of the dominant paradigm since my awakening—so I am acting as an anarchist as such is understood in the context of this forum (one is never really a position, rather one acts out the conception of one).

I would be pleased if you would extend me a free subscription as you know we prisoners are an impecunious lot. I shall soon try to send a submission for your disposal. As my sentence is relatively short (but more than long enough) and I shall soon be transferred to a larger prison which some would call 'freedom' by August 11th of this year, the filthy lucre which is still in this capitalistic system will be floating your way by then, if not sooner.

I would appreciate your placing me on your mailing list and printing this letter and address

to tell my friends that I am beating the system by enjoying myself. Prison is merely the natural extension of government by visible means and is not anything with which I have not had to deal before as a citizen of a nation state.

Remember T.A.N.S.T.A.G.I.
(There Ain't No Such Thing As Government Interference) in your heart.

Sincerely,
James P. Graham #02806-084
FCI - Petersburg, Camp
POB 1000
Petersburg, VA. 23804-1000

Technology & education

Enclosed is \$50.00. I credit your publication for changing my views toward politics, history and organization of our society.

I look forward to your publication and appreciate the information of where to get alternative publications and information.

I would appreciate more issues on the negative effects of our technological society (even though I know how important a laser printer is to your work). Is

technology a tool? toy? or tyrant? What are the effects of all the gadgets and gizmos on family, community and society at large. Look what happened to the Luddites.

Also dedicating some issues to the deadliness of American educational system. Its destructive effects on children, family, community and society as a whole. Preventing us from "arming our desires." Also if you would contribute an article in each issue dedicated to people past and present who contributed to the growth of anarchy.

Thanks.

R.R., Grove City, OH.

[You're in luck! This issue includes a piece by Michael William critical of bicycle technology. And we certainly hope to run more articles critical of technology in the future. For now I'd suggest picking up a copy of John Zerzan and Alice Carnes' *Questioning Technology*, recently reprinted by New Society Publishers and available from many sources, including Left Bank Distribution (see our distributors listing on page 4). We also hope to publish an issue critical of education & schooling in the near future. As far as running articles 'dedicated to people past and present who contributed to the growth of anarchy,' I'm sure we'd be interested

in including such pieces if only more people were writing them! -Jason]

Articles on communes

Anarchy,

I dwell in the city. I work at a job to earn money for my food, clothing, shelter, and 'entertainment'. Why?

I thought because I don't exploit anyone in my job then I'm OK. But my use of money, my continuous separation of free time and work time, my so-called 'alternative' tastes all conspire within a system that does exploit everyone.

I suggest a special issue of *Anarchy* or at least an in-depth series of articles on communes, communal farming, organic horticulture, etc. What are the basics for we who are just now waking up from a lifelong consumeristic sleep? Who knows what a person like me should do?

Thanks,
K.L., Los Angeles, CA.

Free market anarchism?

Sirs,

Please devote a future issue of *Anarchy* magazine to individualism/free market anarchism. If an issue devoted to this subject has appeared in the past please notify me about the particulars, as I wish to purchase that issue. Best wishes on your excellent publication.

R.T., Dallas, TX.

Bored with two parties

To the editors,

I want to use this forum to throw out an idea: *The Third Party*. I'm sure someone else has had this idea before, and I'm sure he or she had to listen to the same well-reasoned arguments proving it's a dumb idea and it won't work. Well, fuck it. I'm sick of people telling me to be realistic. I'm angry. And I'm bored with the present two-party system. Bored bored bored bored. Am I making myself clear? Is anyone else bored out of their fuckin' minds out there? Has anybody else heard expressions like "tough choices" or "stand tall" or "free fall in the polls" of Jesus if I hear the words "the economy" again this

"AGRO-BUSINESS"

THE FAÇADE / THE REALITY



Andrew Singer (POB 14392, Berkeley, CA. 94701).

week I'll....

Dig this. There are a lot of little third party alternatives to the Repocrats and the Democans, and some of them are quite nice. But this miserable so-called "two-party" system has grown into such a monster and the electorate has gone so fuckin' fast to sleep that something really *basic* has to be done. No more wise, intelligent, well-reasoned responses. *We gotta talk back* and we gotta do it with one voice, even if that one voice is a garbled babble of individuals all voicing every eccentric and idiosyncratic viewpoints the idea is we gotta shout all at the same time and we gotta shout loud 'cause this country is fast asleep and has got to wake up. Wake up and do what you ask? I don't fuckin' know. But I do know we've gotta *get loud*. Enough analysis already, enough hair-splittin' about tax incentives and mixed economy and free market and all that crap. *Just free associate* and try to get other people doing the same. If those of us who haven't been sucked into the fucking consensus pool a la CNN and ABC brings you Desert Storm: the laundered version and President Asshole hitting a home run...if we don't *get loud* pretty goddamn soon then *democracy is a dead duck in America*. And I for one don't want the duck to die and I want more democracy not less and if electoral politics is what they watch on TV then why not non-party-line parties? Why not a party more dedicated to throwing people out of office than to throwing them in? Why not a party that could just maybe get all the little parties together just once? Who says we *have to* bend over and let the Repocrats fuck the shit out of us? *Whyyyyyy* do we all assume the sheep will follow the same old shepherds, or that they even *wanna* be sheep at all? Maybe anarchists and free-thinkers are too damn smug. Maybe there are millions of free-thinkers out there. Ain't it worth a try? Forget all the bullshit about polite protest and "getting media attention." Blow up the TV station? I guess not *but we gotta get off our well-read well-reasoned asses and do something!!!!*

God doesn't have a womb, He has an asshole. That explains a lot.



©1992 by Mr. Fish (4510 Ritchie Street, Philadelphia, PA. 19127).

Anybody who's roughly as pissed off as this letter indicates I am is urged to write to:

Jerry Kann
205 West 79th Street 35G
New York, NY. 10024

The encouragement of enjoyment

Dear *Anarchy*,

Your Winter '92 issue was the first of your publication I had seen. I must return it to its owner tomorrow, but its contents could prove essential for an independent study on the women's movement.

Please send me a back issue. I've included a few clams for a subscription. [...]

Now that the business shit is done I can tell you what I liked so much about *Anarchy*. The piece by Raoul Vaneigem reminded me of the Marquis de Sade's *Conversation Between a Priest & a Dying Man*. I like very much the encouragement of enjoyment of the chance we have to be here and the denunciation of today's "live as plastic as you can" lifestyle of appearances which devalues the human connection.

It must take ages to put the rag together because of its diversity of information. I respect and drink to your efforts.

Blessed be all,
L.K., Waterloo, Ontario

Response annoying

Hello Lev!

I'm not a regular reader of *Anarchy*, but I thought it to be necessary to react to your response to H.M.'s (from London) letter in *Anarchy* #30. I found this response annoying.

I judged H.M.'s letter to be an honest attempt explaining her/his ideas on child abuse/sexuality. (And it could easily be a painful subject, being a rape victim; one of the worse forms of contempt for children.)

There are things which make you go out of your mind, but I don't see any reason for this in H.M.'s letter. Labelling someone's ideas to be moralistic or fascistic is such an easy way to dismiss what somebody is saying. This is a very common way of responding, but to me this doesn't broaden the discussion. Amongst anarchists there's quite a lot of disagreement. We'll

never get to agreement, when nobody listens to and tries to understand the ideas other anarchists have.

Come on Lev, don't be so quick to take offence. (And: what's moralism? [I thought your response to be an example.])

And about children's sexuality: why are only grown-ups talking so much about this? What about the ideas of children themselves? I think these are the most important!

P., Utrecht, Netherlands

Jason replies:

Anarchy is offensive

I'm glad to hear my words in favor of free sexuality are annoying to those who want to control the sexuality of others, whether they be adults or children. Too often, people think that a major goal of anarchists should be to avoid 'unnecessary' controversy, to avoid offending the mythical 'average' person (or 'average' anarchist), and to avoid confronting other 'anarchists' who spout off about how their pet 'vices' should be forbidden and suppressed in one way or another, *in order that* we can all get on with the more important business of smashing the state, or abolishing capital, etc.

As I see it, a saving grace of the anarchist movement or milieu (depending upon one's point of view) is that party lines are not usually tolerated, that everything which can be questioned sooner or later will be questioned, and that while controversy may not be well-liked in most anarchist circles, there is no easy way for it to be suppressed without those doing the suppressing having their commitment to anarchy severely questioned. For us involved in the production of *Anarchy* magazine, this means that we rarely have any problem with speaking our minds and pointing out that not only the emperor, but also most of his subjects, have no clothes! Just because a person purports to be an anarchist does not make any of her or his opinions any less subject to critical review than those of others. In fact, those identifying themselves as anarchists will in these pages be expected to hold to a much more consistent level of

free thought and activity, than those who make no such pretensions.

That H.M.'s letter falls far short of being consistent with any genuinely libertarian perspective on sexuality should be obvious to anyone who reads it. That H.M. wants to legitimate his authoritarian attitudes regarding sexuality by associating them with his alleged commitment to 'anarchy' involves a debasement of anarchist theory and practice that is not excusable by reference to his 'honesty' or the 'painfulness' of the subject. There are no rules that say those with authoritarian attitudes are not honest, nor that anarchists should be excused if they have authoritarian attitudes concerning subjects they find painful!

H.M. wants to deny the ability to consent to an entire class of human beings (children), effectively denying their very subjectivity, solely in order to convince himself and others that his own disgust at and/or fear of children's free exercise of their sexuality is really a universal moral law. But, in the first place, there simply are no universal moral laws, only humanly-created, inconsistently held moral beliefs. And in the second place, even if there were such idealized universals outside the perverse minds of moralists, those genuinely interested in freedom would pay them no mind, anyway.

H.M. quotes a passage from David Finkelhor that "The wrongness [of adult-child sex] is not contingent upon proof of a harmful outcome" as a further justification for the suppression of children's powers to choose their own activities. As I stated in my original response to H.M., this quote "exhibits the mentality of a fascist." I say this because the idea that any entire class of consenting activities should be suppressed even if the activities show no "harmful outcome" has absolutely nothing in common with a commitment to freedom of any sort. Instead it has everything to do with justifying an extreme authoritarianism like that exhibited by the paternalistic fascist state. If the 'wrongness' of any activity is purely in the mind of the person, or class of persons who conceive that 'wrong', bearing no relationship to whether people actually engaged in the activity enjoy it, or

even thrive with it, on what possible grounds do the perceivers of the 'wrongness' enforce their perceptions on others who may see only joy in their own activities? I await your answer to this question.

Feed my mind

Dear *Anarchy*,

I am very grateful for your publication recently falling into my hands and would like to use your forum to thank F.S.J.R. whose copy I stole when I transferred from maximum security to medium security prison. Thanks!

Anyhow as I sit here in this Wisconsin concentration camp, I have made a sincere promise to myself not to let my mind rot but to feed my mind with any and all anarchistic knowledge I can lay my hands on and spending my off hours sorting out what I learn. Is there anyone out there who cares to add to my enlightenment? If so, feel free to write and lay your mind-trip on me!

Peace, Love, Anarchy,
Steven A. Hansen #134444
POB 147
Fox Lake, WI. 53933

Freedom is conformity

Dear editor,

The review of *Sex Work* in #31 was dumb. Granted that some prostitutes might like their work, but I would suggest that people really interested in the subject read *Good Girls/Bad Girls*, (The Women's Press, Toronto, 1987) or *Sometimes God has a Kid's Face* and *God's Lost Children* (Covenant House). My impression is that prostitution and the sex industry is systematic violent exploitation of women and men. It seems so smug to think that prostitution is women's work. But, the end result of prostitution is systematic destruction of human interaction. The systematic degradation of human intercourse (pun intended) can only lead to a cheapening of what it means to be human. Thus, the ruling class (system, conspiracy) drives another wedge between individuals. People are driven to think of others as commodities, to be bought and sold (just like the big boys think and do) and the end result is mental fragmentation. People

are unable to co-operate because they are trapped into thinking of emotions and values as being commodities rather than their essence.

Bob Black's remarks on Eastern Europe were cryptic, being a new reader. They also were alarming. I hope to hear more firsthand accounts from the former Soviet Union. Recent Radio Moscow broadcasts make *Wall Street Week* sound like collectivism. It would be nice to hear the facts. A local newspaper printed a story that claimed with the evaporation of the central federal government the new governments had few laws and most people preferred the lack of laws.

Granted that the *new age* movement has more than its fair share of rip-offs. I was thumbing through an old book on Edgar Cayce and was nearly shocked that back in the late 1940s he claimed that there was a possibility that the Soviet Union would give birth to a new civilization based on co-operation.

I can remember the time, dimly, when I was a teenage anarcho-punk, but, the only grown-up anarchists I came in touch with were old fuddy-duddy "let's analyze and re-analyze it." Even though Stirner, Nock, and Tucker had done a better job a century earlier. So for nearly two decades I have been an anarchist without a home. The advantages of Ernest Mann's PES, personal economic system, is that you can find alternatives to wage slavery now. Never mind "when the revolution comes." There seems to be a reduction in choices today with more emphasis on the "package deal." For instance, during the *Gulf War*, patriotism was packaged with mass murder. If you were against killing Arab children you were unpatriotic. If you want to go to the food store and buy food to survive you are supposed to be pro-system. If you buy gas to get to work you have to be for air pollution. Individual freedom in America once meant accepting what you wanted, rejecting what you didn't want, and living with what was beyond your control. Today, freedom, in the new world order is conformity.

B.K., Contoocook, NH. 1

Houston @ conference

Howdy, Companera/os,

[...] more information about the upcoming anarchist conference in Houston, Tx. during the Republican/Nazi Convention. For the sake of security, most of the final planning of actions and events will take place the week-end before the convention (8/14-16). This counter-convention will be mostly concerned with demonstrating how an anarchist society will function. All attendees are requested to bring some food (large bags of beans, rice, potatoes, etc.) and—if possible—large pots and pans for cooking the food. Bring enough cash or travellers checks to cover transportation costs, possible legal costs, and maybe a few extra dollars for emergency funds.

Here, very loosely, are the plans so far:

Saturday, August 15th—Outdoor music festival. We will try to allow many lesser-known bands to play, and will not charge an admission (though we may pass donation cans around to pay for bands' travelling expenses).

Sunday, 16th—Barter fair and food festival—direct exchange of items without exchange of money. Free lunch for everyone who wants it. Frisbee. Skating. Singing. Merriment.

Monday, 17th—Establishment of Temporary Autonomous Zones throughout Houston. These will be as 'permanent' or as 'mobile' as the participants desire. There will be some 'legitimate' accommodations available for those who do not wish to be chased around town by police.

Tuesday, 18th—open date (depending upon the success of the previous day), to promote awareness of anarchist principles, this will be a day of action to either: (A) solidify and regroup our positions, (B) take to neighborhoods to engage the public in discussions and spread propaganda, or (C) take to the streets to ridicule government and its forces of repression.

Wednesday, 19th—Autonomy day—to demonstrate our independence from conservative laws, customs and morals: mud

people marches, lingerie parades, free sexuality demonstrations(?), pie fights, etc.

Thursday, 20th—General strike! Best chance to really fuck shit up!

Friday, 21st—Open date, to be planned during the preceding two days. Opportunity for spontaneous demonstrations.

Saturday, 22nd—Party for the remainder of the weekend.

These are only vague notions, and hardly represent any firm schedule of events. All interested parties should start discussing what and how they would like to agitate while in Houston and inform *Imminent Strike* of your ideas. There are probably other people across the continent who are planning similar activities as you, and you will be able to contact them through *IS*.

Come on down and raise some hell with us! Be bold!

Imminent Strike
504 W. 24th #81
Austin, TX. 78705

Type 3 anarchy

Dear *Anarchy*,

Kudos to Crowbar for the best letter in #32. It is not altogether irrelevant to the merits of ideas what sort of people hold them. Ideologies are only important insofar as they are acted on (or acted out) by ideologues with proper names. I made absolutely no "personal attacks" on Michael Kolhoff & Co. except my conclusion they are "power-hungry schemers" albeit inept ones. I consider it important to assign individual responsibility for foolish or malicious statements. Bill Meyers notwithstanding, I owe no apologies to someone who says all his adversaries hold views "akin to Fascism," although it is Syndicalism from which Fascism took its corporatist economic system.

Kolhoff, an excitable boy, did well to prompt his pal Meyers to act as his defense attorney since Meyers seems to offer a kinder, gentler kind of Syndicalism (why, some of us are even gay!). But the lawyer's English is little better than his client's. Kolhoff thinks Situationists were "neo-individualists" and Meyers thinks I am 'sectarian', though it is self-evident the one thing an anti-

organizationalist cannot be is sectarian. 'Sectarian' is an epithet usually used by sectarians. I

am certainly opinionated. Many years ago I subjected Syndicalism to close and sympathetic

scrutiny. But I rejected it then and I have found ever more reasons to reject it since. The

Given the controversy over Bob Black's guest column, "The Anti-Anarchist Conspiracy: A Empirical Test," published in Anarchy #30, we are reprinting Mike Kolhoff's original leaflet criticized by Black, so that readers who aren't familiar with it can judge for themselves. The leaflet originally appeared in 1989.

The Call for a North American Federation

There seems to be a growing call from various voices within the North American anti-authoritarian movement for the creation of an all-inclusive organization. This has of course met with resistance.

Anarchism, as it has developed on this continent, has always possessed a strong flavor of individualism. Max Stirner's ideas co-mingled freely with the rugged individualism espoused by our founding fathers. Tucker, Warren, and Thoreau questioned (or denied) the authority of the state, but never questioned the authority or autonomy of the individual. If they had been literate, the early pioneers, busily hacking away at the forests and eradicating the Native American, would've found much encouragement in many of the above mentioned authors' writings. As it was, they were not, so they did not, and individualistic anarchism died in the face of the industrial revolution and the need for organized resistance against a highly organized enemy.

It is somehow not surprising that in the decade of the 1980s, with the long reign of surely our most ignoble of presidents, and the wanton greed and egoism engendered by that reign, that individualistic anarchism, via France and the Situationists, should find a renaissance.

Anarchist theory, from the earliest writings of Proudhon to the works of Goldman, Berkman, and most recently Bookchin and Guerin, has always taken the needs of the individual into consideration, placing the individual's rights and needs above all matters of policy and administration. An anarchist society would be one composed of autonomous individuals working together for the collective good. And, as always, any collective organizations leading up to that goal should naturally mirror the end result. This would include any federations, collectives, leagues, or groups, created regionally, nationally, or internationally, for the purpose of creating an anti-authoritarian society. Each sub-group within the overall collective (down to and including the individuals within each sub-group) should possess complete autonomy of action, thought, and process. This is the only way in which the overall organization can nurture and accept the many varying tendencies within the anti-authoritarian movement, delivering the much needed benefits of coordinated action, timely communication, and easy access for any interested individuals.

The main point of contention, as voiced in the individualist journal *Fifth Estate*, is a steadfast refusal to accept the need for any organization of any kind. This is Stirnerism in its purest form. Not only should the individual avoid authoritarian organizations and structures, the individual should avoid organization and structure of any kind. For what reason? "Organization itself is evil in that it

subjugates the individual ego to the collective will of the group. It suppresses the minority in favor of the majority." Would this subjugation occur in an organization similar to the one I've outlined? Possibly, if the individual was not guaranteed complete autonomy of thought, action, etc. Naturally, no one person or group of persons would be allowed to speak for all members or sections. This would have to be clearly stated from the start. Any publications issued by this organization would have to carry all viewpoints on any given issue or subject. No tendency would be allowed to dominate. We could not tolerate a situation such as that which now exists at the *Fifth Estate*, a publication founded on principles vastly different from those which now control it., where one tendency has dominion over a publication with a circulation in excess of 4,000 copies, that doesn't even pretend to offer any assistance in the building of the anti-authoritarian movement, that continues to foist a situationist finger trap as the starting point for all discussion of anarchist theory. Their position has up to now been of an incredibly divisive nature, offering reductionism where unity is needed, insults and derision where wisdom and explanation are required. I once believed that "their existence is ample justification for their existence." I now question even that. One of their favorite cliches is "The worst enemies of anarchy are anarchists" or something to that effect. I would change that to: "some anarchists," and some anarchists who shrink from calling themselves anarchists. What, indeed, is in a name?

It is to be hoped that this summer in San Francisco we will see the formation of an all-inclusive North American organization. To continue in our present condition is, after all, completely elitist. Where does an individual go who is interested in anarchism and anarchy? To the public library in Omaha to read lies about the Spanish Civil War? Do they hope to find a directory of anarchist groups in the B. Dalton bookstore down at the mall? Is there any sort of national organization they can contact to obtain information on the subject? No, of course not. If they are lucky enough to live in a fairly large city they might discover some tiny group of anarchists putting out a small circulation newspaper or magazine. Chances are the newspaper or magazine will carry information relevant only to the particular tendency of the group which publishes it. Chances are also likely that this "affinity group" will be very reluctant to accept any new members (who might, after all, be police officers).

An all-inclusive organization would be open to new members, new individuals willing to join the struggle for anarchy. The days of closed rooms, closed minds, and paranoia are over. It's time to step out into the sun and, at the very least, influence the debate.

-Mike Kolhoff

only Syndicalism with a human face is one, like Meyers' version, which wears masks (ecology, feminism, etc.).

Meyers claims I got most of my facts wrong. He mentions three. Kolhoff did not, he says, issue the call for a North American anarchist organization. I never said he did; indeed I was unaware (though I am not surprised) there was an official proclamation. I said only what all know to be true, that Kolhoff issued "A Call" for such an organization. I could care less if Meyers' vision of this bureaucracy did not see it as 'authoritative'; Kolhoff's clearly is. Finally, to refute my claim that the 2,000-3,000 people at the last anarchist gathering "overwhelmingly" rejected a continental organization, Meyers states 50 people attended a workshop on the subject, 'some' of whom opposed the scheme. 99% or so opposed or ignored the organizers. I call that 'overwhelming'. I notice nobody is even trying to form such an outfit although *Love & Rage* and assorted Syndies have been beating the drum for one for several years. So much for getting the facts wrong.

The fact is that Syndicalism is a small and diminishing sector of anarchism, one with no more future than its cousin, Marxism. Its grand old men—Sam Dolgoff was the last—have passed away, replaced by semi-literate hysterics like Kolhoff and professional students like Jon Bekken. The belated embrace of more fashionable reformist causes only betrays the bankruptcy of the doctrine. Be sure the Syndicalist tail will never wag the leftist dog. The Syndies are sleeping with a corpse.

What to say to "A Reader" who anonymously accuses me, falsely, of writing anonymously—a Reader who can't Read? Also, Laure A. is not my "good friend," and *Anarchy* has never had me write anything—I write what I please and send it around, that's all. "The Anti-Conspiracy" was primarily intended for my forthcoming book *Beneath the Underground*.

Nick DiSpaldo's sidebar on the Harper and Riggins cases, which I am thoroughly familiar

with, is too alarmist. In Harper, the state's power to forcibly medicate a prisoner with antipsychotic drugs was upheld in the interest of protecting the prisoner and others from violence. I don't like the decision, but its rationale confines it to the incarceration context, it cannot extend to "unruly high school students" or "political protestors." The text makes Harper sound like a precedent for Riggins whereas the issues are entirely different and Harper was not even cited in Riggins.

In Riggins the defendant, a killer, was hallucinating in jail and received an antipsychotic at his own request. His sole defense was insanity, and months later he asked to be taken off the medication, probably so he would at trial more closely resemble his state during the killing than he would when medicated—he'd look more crazy, that is. The claim is that the drug rendered him competent to stand trial. Contrary to DiSpaldo it is not obvious such drugs always preclude but never restore competence. He does not indicate that the Nevada decision upholding the conviction is now before the U.S. Supreme Court. I am poised to write a law journal article on the case when it is decided. I predict reversal, but probably on a narrow ground—nobody ever determined that Riggins needed to be medicated in order to be competent. So probably no major rule of law will emerge from the case. Again, the high school students and political protestors have nothing to fear. Now yet, anyway.

Random ramblings...I thought my comrade Neal Keating's critique of John Zerzan was cogent, although I have great respect for Zerzan's trajectory (and I am relieved he has become a good writer). I would make a more general point about Zerzan's quest. It has a suspiciously Christian structure, so to speak. Zerzan wants to know where we went wrong. He is looking for the Fall. Was it government, measurement, symboling or (as Keating wickedly suggests) bipedalism that spelled an end to Eden? He keeps pushing it further back. But does

there have to be a First Cause of the decline into civilization? Is the first slip crucial? Or should we try to identify the point of no return and ponder whether, after all, we might return?

I was happy to see Ed Lawrence's meditation on Bartleby, the original dissident office worker—and a human copy machine. "I would prefer not to": a Type 3 anarchist credo if there ever was one!

Yours truly,
Bob Black,
POB 66153
Albany, NY. 12206

The Philippine scene

Hello!

I am Jonathan Casuncad from the Philippines and I have written to you in hoping that you publish this letter of appeal.

I am one of the "very few" people in our country who are able to have a more solid idea of what *anarchism* is all (or partly) about, because very few of us here are able to write to publications such as *Anarchy* due to financial reasons and just plain laziness (a lot of punks still think that wearing boots and chains is gonna bring about the changes they're blabbering about). Which is why there is a very minimal information we are receiving from the outside world. Our scene has been around for about a decade now but it still is practically stagnant when it comes to the political aspect.

This is a request to all anarchist-oriented organizations, publications, individuals, etc...out there to help me in spreading the doctrines of *anarchism* as you interpret it, by sending me copies of propaganda/reading materials (from theoretical to direct-action) directly or indirectly related to anarchism. Sadly, I will not be able to pay for anything you will be sending me, but I assure you it would be a great help in educating (I hate that term!) "future anarchists."

If we can find a place, we might be able to set up a small alternative library which we will fill with stuff you will be sending us. If we can't find a place, then we will distribute it at gigs and in the streets.

Thanx in advance to *Anarchy* and to you all! What we desire might be unrealizable but we can sure try.

Love and respect,
Atan Casuncad
136 Bayani St.
Caloocan City, 1400
Philippines

Ps. Our own fanzine *Blank Information* nos. 1,2,3 is available for \$3 (postage sucks!). Should you wish to contribute anything, just send it in, OK?...

Cautious & wary

Dear *Anarchy*,

Here's a contribution. I still find myself a little cautious & wary about your magazine, especially when I continue to compare it with ones from Europe, which seem more immediately connected with the anger of the working class and which view anarchy more as a philosophy of action than mere abstraction. It's a tricky balance—just don't be afraid to put a little fire in your literature—we are all like bats to your Dracula, driven by the need for consciousness & bricks, intelligent niches in the religious-tv-void...feed us blood, drive us—disintegrate us: more coffee houses, more places for intellectual *Action*—put blood in the veins of revolutionaries & deoxygenate the brains of politicians in the White House....

Mollie Cocktail, New York, NY.

Systematic Ideology rules

Dear editors,

I have to thank Lev Chernyi and *Anarchy* for the review of my books *Beyond Politics* and *Angles on Anarchism*, which appeared in No.31, Winter '92. It is one of the most informative notices yet. Concentrating on *Beyond Politics*, Lev shows open dislike of it, and readers of the review need to allow for this. They should note, for example, that by the review's own definition *Beyond Politics* does not use 'ideology' in the positivist sense; it does not limit the term to systematic political theories but gives prominence to the expedient, *unsystematic*, *untheorized*, ideology of the non-politicals. Making no claim to share in the

prestige (such as it now is) of science, it is not open to condemnation as 'pseudo-scientific'. Neither does it commit the absurdity of presenting social domination as natural. The review uses 'strategy' as a loaded term to impute a hidden motive, and the repeated use of 'mechanical' (one of the ways in which Lev conveys his dislike) obscures the strong dynamic element in the book; the ideological system is presented, and the society through which it finds expression, are emphatically evolving systems. The book ends with these sentences: "More than ever before, our world is a boiling, bounding, bubbling ferment of ideological novelty, and the rate of change is accelerating. If the ideological system has reached completion it is only in the sense that a newborn child is complete." Mechanical? An attempt to club down unruly ideas?

Readers need to ask themselves, for each charge the review brings against the book, whether it is supported with evidence. 'Naive', 'bizarre' (twice), 'erroneous', 'porous', all these terms are used, but (in the fine old phrase) not a jot or tittle of support offered for any one of them; if "counterexamples can be found by the dozen," why not name a couple? The claim that I assume anarchy to be "essentially impossible by nature" floats unsupported and is in fact false; I do not believe or assume this, and the book does not suggest it. Neither does it suggest that people should stop trying to abolish social domination. Just the contrary; the theory of systematic ideology gives ground for expecting these efforts to continue.

To say that in Spain "authoritarian elements were able to separate themselves from the rest of the movement" raises more problems than it tries to solve; if this movement was

anarchist (as that term is used outside Spain) what were authoritarian elements doing in it to start with? In fact the four members who became Ministers in the Madrid government (one of them Minister of Justice, in charge of prisons) were elected at a plenum of the movement. But overriding these detailed arguments comes the dominating feature of the behaviour of the Spanish movement. Not exceptional individuals, not 'elements', but the movement as a whole supported the Spanish Republican government. These 'anarchists' fought, died and killed other working people, in defence of a system which used prisons, police, and all the coercive apparatus of the state. All honour to them as heroic anti-fascists, but they were doing one thing, above all others, which shows their movement not to have been anarchist as that term is used outside Spain.

I started off with thanks for an informative review and have spent most of this letter correcting it, but this is not as absurd as it seems. The reviewer, as I have shown, makes almost no attempt to support his charges. He does not, in fact, seem to mean them very seriously and

they are easily dismissed. Once that has been done, and attention focussed on his report of what the book says, the review makes a valuable contribution.

Sincerely,
George Walford
London, England

Jason responds: Highly deceptive ideology

Gallant effort, but I'm afraid it won't fly in Missouri, George! Like the arguments made in the book, your reasoning here consistently falls short of its mark.

For example, it's impossible to say what "not limit[ing] the term [ideology] to systematic political theories but giv[ing] prominence to the expedient, unsystematic, untheorized, ideology of the non-politicals" has to do with any attempt at proving that this ideology of ideologies isn't better described as 'positivist' in orientation than as 'critical'. In fact, it would instead seem to only reinforce my argument, by demonstrating an uncritical tendency (like other positivist doctrines) to always claim to occupy neutral ground (thus concealing the actual interests served by the theory) from which everything can be accounted, classified and administered.

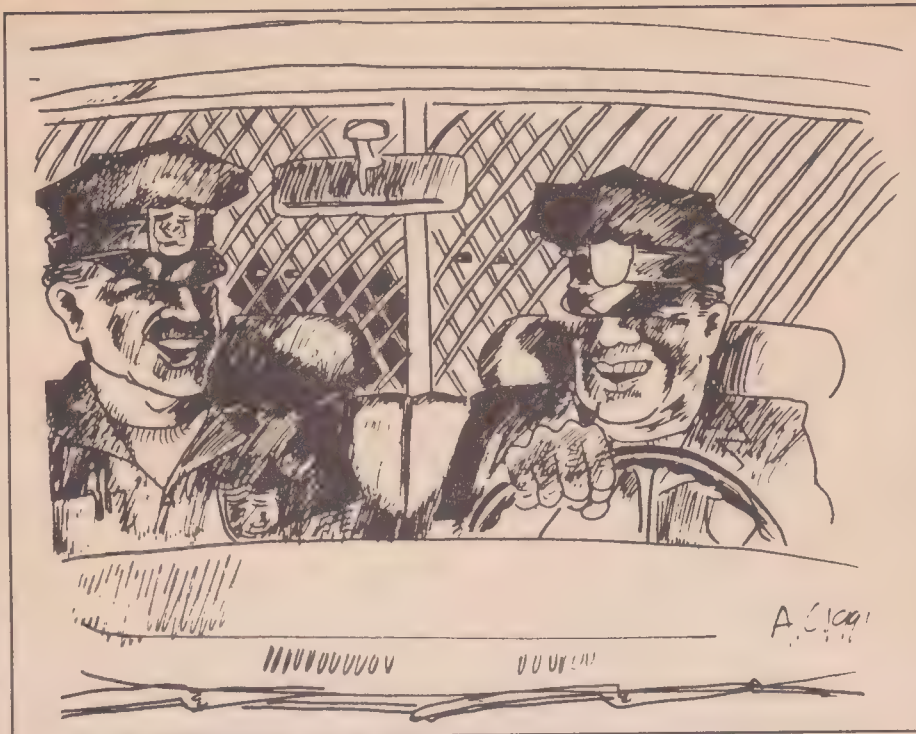
And again, just because no explicit argument is made in *Beyond Politics* that its ideology of ideologies is claimed to be 'scientific', does not prevent it from being accurately described by me as 'pseudo-scientific'. A reader need only observe the quest for academic respectability, the fetish for mechanical classification, the ideological reductionism and the resulting wooden 'explanations' exhibited in *Beyond Politics* to appreciate how much Systematic Ideology resembles other pseudo-scientific social-psychological theories. The metaphor is fitting.

Similarly, my description of the awkward, 'mechanical' relations generated from the "ideological series" pro-

pounded in *Beyond Politics* is in no conceivable way disproved by a metaphorical "boiling, bounding, bubbling ferment" appended to a previous 138 pages of reified, mechanical thinking in the book.

Contrary to the assertion, "the claim that [Walford] assume[s] anarchy to be 'essentially impossible by nature'" was quite well documented with Walford's own words by an example given in my review: "For this supposed anarchist sympathizer, attempting to create an anarchist world is like having 'human beings subsisting without food, air, or earth to stand on.'" Could Walford's meaning be any more clear?

As for the case of the anarchists in Spain during the Spanish Revolution, certainly my necessarily quick description of the contradictions involved when "authoritarian elements were able to separate themselves from the rest of the movement" raises many other questions. A whole book would be required to come to adequate terms with this complex episode of a minority anarchist movement (itself torn between two completely opposite strategic impulses) suddenly forced by circumstances to find its bearings at the head of a non-anarchist national majority while isolated internationally by competing capitalist and state-



"This land is your land, this land is my land, from California, to the New York islands!"

Communist power blocks. On the other hand, your 'explanation' reduces the situation to complete absurdity, since for you, if anarchists don't act as you think anarchists should act regardless of the actual historical circumstances they find themselves in, then they aren't really anarchists at all! A similar case could be made that 99% of all the people the world over who have called themselves Christian or Marxist weren't really Christians or Marxists after all because they didn't adhere to a particular interpretation of the New Testament accounts of the injunctions of J.C. or because they didn't really understand *Capital*. But what function does this type of argument really serve?

Unlike Walford's positivistic ideology of ideologies, genuinely critical, radical theories of ideology explore the hidden motives behind positivistic social theories which claim to be objective, systematic and predictive of an eternally unchanging hierarchical and exploitative social structure. Thus my highly critical review of Walford's highly deceptive ideology. Could one expect anything less from an anti-ideological journal?

Orders from Japan

Dear editor,

President Bush's current popularity is based largely on the success of his war with Iraq. There are, however, questions about why we chose to attack Iraq, when no responsible analyst could claim that it was really in our national interest to support Kuwait. In fact, our government seems, before the fact, to have quietly encouraged Saddam Hussein to deal with Kuwait in whatever way he saw fit.

The Iraq conflict was predicted by Joel Kurtzman in 1988 in his book *The Decline and Crash of the American Economy*. In this book, Kurtzman states: "If no politician begins to tackle the [national] debt, then our influence in the world will wane as we continue to go on our knees to the Europeans and the Japanese for more loans. We will be offering, in return, the protection of their oil as it travels through the Persian Gulf at the expense of American lives."

In fact, our excursion in

"Desert Storm" was, I believe, the result of secret negotiations between the Bush Administration and Japan. Our decision to attack Iraq was based on our need for more credit with Japan, not on any vital interest in the Gulf. Most of the oil produced in Kuwait went to West Germany and Japan, not to the U.S.! Our decision to go to war with Saddam Hussein, our recent ally, was based on our dependence on credit to support the National debt. In effect, our foreign policy was dictated by Tokyo. I find it appalling that George Bush is quite willing to sacrifice American lives, whether 10 or 10,000, to maintain good relations with the Japanese. But in fact they have it in their power to smash our economy by refusing us further credit, and of course smashing Bush's hopes for re-election.

In return for our help in the Iraq-Kuwait crisis, the Japanese have made financial commitments that make it possible for the federal government to maintain very low interest rates, continuing through November, and thus artificially bolster the American economy for Pres. Bush's benefit.

Sincerely,
Earl Lee, Pittsburg, KS.

Time for the warriors

Anarchy!

Having acquired many back issues last year, and now receiving current publications, it may qualify me to write and criticize everyone I've read. (?) Seriously, I appreciate all of the mag, particularly those ideas that I myself do not agree with, as it causes me to think. When the rusty gears begin to turn (with no noticeable noise or odor), I find me trying to stabilize whatever it is that I really believe that is mixed in with all the stuff that I've been told to believe. Over the past 20 or 30 years, my personal philosophy has been undergoing change. Since I thought 30 years ago that it was all settled, I had 'arrived' at intellectual maturity that is, it comes frequently to mind that there is every reason to believe I am as wrong now as then, but perhaps in other matters, not yet delved

into.

As a young person, I supposed that after sitting around with a few six-packs and friends for numerous hours, that we had thoroughly arrived at equally thorough solutions. *If only* the idiots would just listen to me and my friends, this would be a beautiful world. Alas, they did not, and it turned out that most of our ideas were terrible anyhow.

All of us 'do-gooders' have the tendency to think that however bad something is, at present, a few minor changes will set things right. This is analogous to thinking one can paint a fender on our rusty old pickup and turn it into an Indy racer. We are always disappointed when we have tried such things and they didn't work out. (Only a few more minor changes tho, and we can fix that!) Marxism was one of those neat things not too well thought out before executing the plan (no pun intended) and now they are turning toward an equally corruptible system to set things right.

What I'm trying to say is that we seem to always try to begin building new philosophies on top of the last failed one. Only an idiot would build a new house on an old cracked foundation in the physical, but mentally most of us tend to do that, in our minds we are doing something really radical—tearing down the old crack-box and replacing it with a mansion with towers and minarets, believing it will be a wonder to behold—but doing so on that old cracked foundation.

After a lifetime of teaching various ideas to people and having success only if they will accept some basic premises without question, I find myself unable to believe one can be 'taught' a truly new philosophy. I believe it is something one must discover within one's own self, and the hard part is separating what we would do for the betterment of everyone from what we would propose that would only be for our own betterment. Much of what I hear and read that I should do (and think) "for my own good" really appears to be a plan to help someone else attain their own

goals, doing little if anything, for me other than saddling me with the work and danger. Naturally, I'm not happy with people who try to do me this way.

Being somewhat of a history buff, and knowing all of the 'history' I can read has been tampered with by someone with their own agenda to sell, I've had a tendency to try and take pieces and parts from all these failed systematic philosophies and make a 'new' one that is not fatally flawed. In this endeavor I must admit I have, thus far, failed. Since I cannot think flawlessly, my thoughts are subject to review by higher authority(?), but who the hell is that? Everyone wants to be that "higher authority," all the while denouncing authority as a concept. Conclusion? I am the most trustworthy authority that I have total access to, and since the only knowledge I was born with was, and is, instinct, instinct is the only thing I have that has not been severely tampered with (since birth) although everyone has tried to make me change something about it.

I would like to share this thought with others, that people, like other animals, can be tamed, certain characteristics can be bred into or out of them, but instincts of say, dogs remain the instincts of a dog. A dog will not become a goat with goat instincts no matter what you do. Human instinctual desires are undifferent from other animals in that we all desire the same basic things, food, security, sex and status. It is only in how we go about attaining these things that we are different, and a big part of that difference is in inherent abilities to act in some manner consistent with procuring our desires. My Rat Terrier has little hope of pulling down a cow to eat, because she has been bred so to limit her abilities to do it. I assume her desire to do it is unchanged, but she settled for smaller game that is within her abilities, and she is quite good at what she does. I could train her to learn things on her own, with or without my help, and somehow I think that is best.

Organizations of all sorts have goals to breed a new strain of

human that is useful to the organizations involved. One that will accept limitations and adapt to an 8 hour workday, among other things. Much of this is done under the guise of improving 'health' of the species, and much effort is being expended towards identifying and curing all these 'disorders', and we are led to believe they only want to wipe out things like diabetes. Unfortunately however, the next step is to wipe out "improper thinking" à la Orwell, and produce a more amenable animal. This will evolve into trying to prevent the birth of all sorts of people who "might be" thieves, or murderers, or diabetics or whatever. They have decided that these types are not tolerable in "their society," and will extend their efforts to produce eventually some kind of nonthinking nerd who can learn to do certain things, but will be unable to do anything else. A lot has already been accomplished along these lines. There is already a majority of these beings (?) who accept being used by others to enrich and empower themselves. I do not believe I or anyone else can change these types' thinking simply because they do not have the ability to think (in abstractions) to begin with. They are comparable to "lap dogs," those animals who, as a result of breeding are unable to fend for themselves, and are dependent on someone to feed and care for them.

Some of us are still capable of fending for ourselves and surviving anything, but much of America's population is not so equipped. In my opinion, there are very few warriors left, some fighters, a lot of negotiators, but a large majority of followers or slaves. Right now the negotiators are in power, they decide who will fight who and how, who will work and at what, and reap all possible benefits from the work of others. Only because they are too greedy will they fail to remain in power. Eventually they will take too much from the slaves and they will revolt, but not to lead, only to follow some other exploiter who promises things will be better.

My own role as an anarchist is to disrupt as much as possible

all sources of power of people over other people. I can not see a way to do this by simply being obnoxious, flaunting my difference, because people tend to resent it, and they will not listen to someone who appears different from themselves. You cannot talk people into destroying the company which pays them when they are unable to provide for themselves any other way than to work for them in order to eat and have all the things they have been allowed to call their own. They have no vision of being smarter or happier, their vision is to be more prosperous, and you cannot hope to get them to make that choice. Someone will have to make that choice for them, and someone will, but if that someone is corrupt the cycle continues.

There is hope. All the signs point to the immediate collapse of this system from its own misdeeds. We can help it along but it will collapse. It is time for the warriors to take their turn again.

Many thanks,
D.A., Killeen, TX.

Right to rape

Yo folks,

The one and only Freddie Baer sent me a copy of your latest issue, #32, which I read with interest. Liked some of it a lot. Didn't get anything out of some of it. You know how it goes. My usual anarchist reading fare tends to be either *The Raven* or Kropotkin or anarcho-syndicalism. Now if only the *Libertarian Labor Review* were a section of *The Raven*, and if only this imaginary zine regularly ran Richard Kostelanetz....

What makes me put pen to paper (or fingers to keyboard, really) was your letters from folks in the groups like the North American Man-Boy Love Association, admitting that they aren't anarchists, but that they're nonetheless freedom fighters, and fighting for pride in their community, and so on and so on and so on.

The sexual freedom of youth is something worth fighting for, I think. It's an important aspect of the fight to overcome the current realm of unfreedom, and it's one that liberates enormous

revolutionary energies. If you printed letters from members of groups with names like—and here I'll make some up: Young, Sexually Active, and Proud; Youth League for Sexual Freedom; Smashing the Nuclear Family System that Tried to Smash Us—well, then I'd be very interested. People freeing themselves, now that's great!

But my impression from reading NAMBLA-related letters is that these folks are 'older' people who assert their right to sex with so-called 'minors'. My thinking on this kind of life-style is that it's not quite so rosy-cosy. There are, you know, like millions of young people out on the streets, having run away from child-beater parents, stepfathers who got off on raping the step-kids, and like that. These youth have to hustle, which means things like prostitution. Some of them, maybe most of them, harbor illusions about being picked up by some Sugar Daddy, who'll take care of them. But mostly they hang out in the usual places waiting for horny guys to pay to go down on them. Real great lifestyle, you know? Full of fun stuff like high risk for the usual killer diseases, lots of the usual killer drug addictions, lots of the usual bashings and strong-arming and so on that happen under the bridges of America.

Anyway, you know what the young street hustlers call their customers, these men who love boys? Chicken Hawks. Doesn't that seem to define a predator/prey relationship? What could be more authoritarian than the Chicken Hawk, with his rule maintained by twenty-dollar bills and lies about a Sugar Daddy? Maybe somewhere there are 'underage' youth who are, even under capitalism, freely choosing sex with 'older' men or women. Maybe this happens a lot. Me, I'll only defend the struggles of such youth to defend this freedom (which NAMBLA doesn't appear to be set up to do), but never the authoritarian privileges of 'older' men or women to freely use the power of money to open the hairless crotches of street kids (which NAMBLA looks like it could well be set up to do). I mean, what's to keep a

group that claims to defend the right of 'men' to 'love' boys from defending the right of fathers to rape their kids?

Yours for dream and wonder,
M.M., Seattle, WA.

Deep ignorance

Dear friends,

On the "Alternative Media Review" pg.11 of issue #30/Fall '91, you include *Rojo y Negro*, for which we are grateful. However, on the outlines of our organization (CGT) you say we are a split from CNT; a matter that could be discussed long on another letter. As to the term 'minority', it proves a deep ignorance and lack of information on real facts. Our doors are open to all that want to see and check on what, who and how many we are.

We would like you to disclaim the information you included on the mentioned issue and not to include it in the coming ones.

Yours sincerely for Anarchy,
José María Olaizola Albéniz
Secretary International Relations
CGT

C/. Sagunto
15 - 28010 Madrid
Spain

Why a comic figure?

Dear Jason aka Lev,

I was pleased to see Paul Goodman in the pages of *Anarchy*. I suspect that Paul is very little read by younger anars, the *Empire City* least of all. Coincidence: I mentioned in a recent letter to Taylor Stoehr that I was planning to write something about the paradoxes and dilemmas that life as anarchist in an archist society presents. And that's exactly what "Horatio" was talking about in the selections you used. My thing, I'll some day get around to.

Nancy Bogen's "imaginary life" of Hippolyte Havel—well, let me just say that Hippolyte deserves much better. Sure, you can make a comic figure out of him—for what purpose?

I don't believe I ever met Hippolyte but I knew about him from comrades, including my companion, Diva Agostinelli, who enjoyed visiting with him in his late years. Shortly after his

death a note about him appeared in *Resistance* (New York), issue of June-July 1950. It was unsigned and I'm not sure who wrote it (the style doesn't feel like mine). The informational part was adapted from *L'Adunata dei Refrattari*, the voice of the Italian anarchist movement in the U.S. Below, I copy the text. The first paragraph reflects how the then-mostly-young people of our group felt about Hippolyte.

"Hippolyte Havel, one of the colorful figures of the anarchist movement of the late 19th and 20th centuries, died on March 10 in New Jersey at the age of eighty.

"Born in Chicago in 1869 of Bohemian parents—his mother a gypsy, his father from the middle class—Havel returned with his family to their native Burowski. After graduation from school in Vienna, he became a journalist in the anarchist and underground revolutionary press. At 23 he was arrested in Vienna after a fiery May Day speech, served 18 months in prison, and was deported back to Burowski. After a demonstration in Prague he was arrested again. On release he became a traveling speaker and writer for the anarchist movement in Germany.

"Returning to Vienna to visit his family, Havel was discovered and jailed anew, then transferred to an insane asylum. While he was in the asylum, the psychiatrist Krafft-Ebing visited and talked with the patients and discussed psychiatry with Havel. Krafft-Ebing told the hospital authorities they had made a mistake. 'He knows more about my theory than I do.' The doctors protested that he was an anarchist. 'He is saner than any of us,' Krafft-Ebing replied. On his insistence, Havel was released.

"Deported again, Havel went to London in 1899, met Emma Goldman, attended the International Anarchist Congress in Paris the following year, and with Goldman returned to America. In Chicago where he wrote for the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, Havel was among the anarchists arrested after the McKinley assassination in 1901 and released after police failure to

invent a 'conspiracy'. He was a founder, with Goldman and others, of *Mother Earth* in 1906, and took part in many of the activities of the American anar-

those days. The complex tragedy of his life is not easily understood, especially by those of us who knew him only as an old man, his powers diminished and



Collage by Freddie Baer (San Francisco, CA.).

chist movement. *Revolt*, of which he was one of the founders, was suppressed in 1916 after seven issues, and his revolutionary anti-war views, which he maintained during two world wars, caused the suppression of *Social War*, published by Theodore Appel and himself in Chicago, in 1917. Havel's last noteworthy period of activity was as editor of *Road to Freedom* in New York in the early thirties.

"An outline of Hippolyte's activities, publications and arrests, however, hardly conveys his mind, activities and personality. In pre-World War I days Havel was an outstanding person in the radical-intellectual-artistic Bohemia of New York and environs; traces of his personality can be recovered in the memoirs of the writers and artists of

useless; nor was justice done to him by Eugene O'Neill, whose character evidently patterned after Havel in 'The Iceman Cometh' was a brutal caricature. Probably in good and bad senses, Havel was an aristocrat, a natural bohemian, with a brilliant mind, frequently prostituted to his friends to be able to live and drink another day; a tragedy of personality and a tragedy of society. Nevertheless, his mind did not waver; to the end of this life Havel remained firm in the faith and ideal that so many of his friends—and comrades—had found it convenient to repudiate, moderate, liquidate. It is sometimes the case that the nobility of an ideal is greatest amid the disasters of personality; the proud mind refuses to surrender. We do not say the death of the

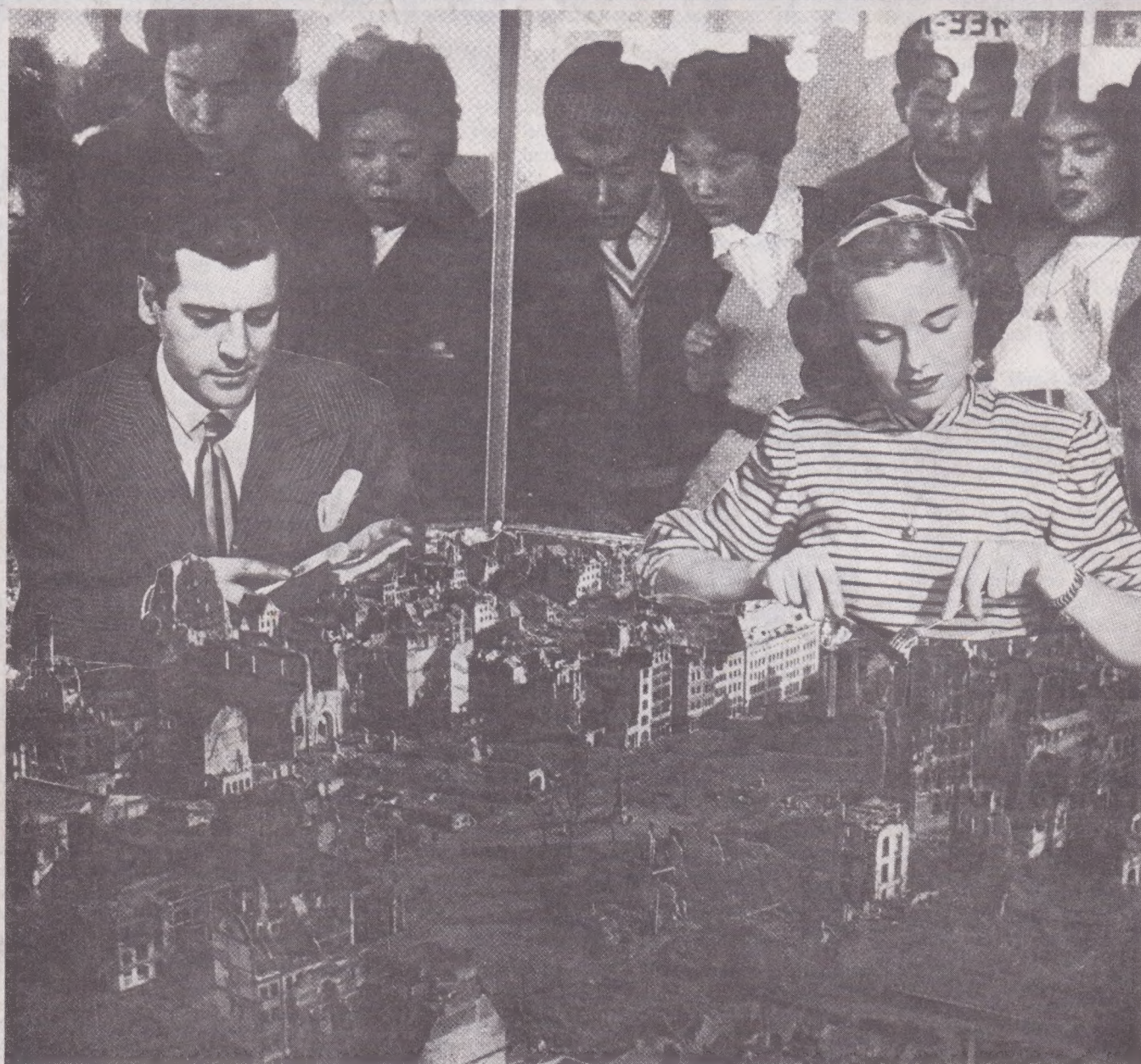
old man was a loss to the movement; the life of the man was a loss to the world in which he moved."

For those who know "The Iceman Cometh": the 'Hippolyte' character was 'Hugo', who was nothing but a bourgeois-hating drunk, not the cynical, disillusioned 'Larry'.

—After reading about the imaginary (?) Hippolyte Havel I looked into my file of the anarchist monthly *Man!* that Marcus Graham edited during the thirties. (My favorite anarchist paper). I couldn't remember having read anything by Havel and I was somewhat apprehensive—by that time Hippolyte was in his sixties and hardly to be expected, given the life that he lived, to be at the height of his powers. I found eight or ten articles—I didn't take a count. The writing is first rate. *Man!* gained a wider audience but in those days anarchists were speaking primarily to people who hadn't been near a college except perhaps in a janitorial capacity. (I intend no invidious comparisons.) Well, *The Brothers Karamazov* had recently been published in a cheap popular edition. What about a lengthy essay about the novel? Here, in *Man!*'s first year, was just such an essay by Hippolyte Havel—on the art and literature page. He didn't like the way Kropotkin and many others interpreted Dostoevski, i.e., negatively—and Hippolyte knew what he was talking about. Not an easy topic for a workingclass audience but it fit with Marcus's conception of the paper—it should be educational as well as political and revolutionary, a distinction that need not connote a difference. A fine essay, Hippolyte's, clean exposition and reasoning.

I really don't understand how one could write about Hippolyte without giving attention to his strengths. His published writings wouldn't be that hard to find. He didn't just piss on the bourgeoisie—something that takes no special talent. I get the metaphor and it's not a bad one. But then, as the French might say, there is pissing and there is pissing.

Yours for the free society,
David Wieck, Troy, New York



Collage by Johann Humyn Being (San Francisco, CA.).

C.A.L.
POB 1446
Columbia, MO. 65205-1446
U.S.A.

ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

Bulk Rate
U.S. Postage
PAID
Columbia, MO.
Permit No. 345